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CARLYLE'S COMPLETE WORKS
THE STERLING EDITION

OLIVER CROMWELL'S

LETTERS AND SPEECHES

WITH ELUCIDATIONS

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

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CONTENTS.

Part IX.

THE MAJOR-GENERALS (*Continued*).

		Page
Letter CXCVIII.	To Gen. Blake	3
CXCIX.	To Lord Fleetwood	6
CC.	To Mr. Secretary Thurloe	11
CCI.	To Gen. Blake	13
Compliment, Swedish Ambassador		14
Letter CCII.	To Gen. Blake	16
CCIII.	To Maryland Commissioners	18
Jamaica		22
Letter CCIV.	To Vice-Admiral Goodson	26
CCV.	To D. Serle, Esq.	30
CCVI.	To Major-Gen. Fortescue	31
CCVII.	To Henry Cromwell	35
CCVIII.	To the Same	40
CCIX.	To Generals Blake and Montague	42
CCX.	To the Same	45
CCXI.	To Gresham Committee	48

PAGE

CCXII. To Richard Cromwell 49

CCXIII. To Henry Cromwell 55

CCXIV. To Generals Blake and Montague 58

Speech V. Meeting of the Second Protectorate Parliament 62

Part X.

SECOND PROTECTORATE PARLIAMENT, 1657-1658.

Letter CCXV. To the Mayor of Newcastle 106

CCXVI. To Cardinal Mazarin 108

Speech VI. To the Second Protectorate Parliament . . 111

Kingship 119

Letter CCXVII. To the Same Parliament 122

Speech VII. To the Second Protectorate Parliament . . 128

VIII. To a Committee of the Same Parliament . . 130

IX. To the Same Parliament 134

X. Conference with the Committee of Ninety-nine in regard to the Title of King . . . 141

XI. Second Conference with the Committee of Ninety-nine in regard to the Title of King . 152

XII. Third Conference with the Same 170

XIII. Fourth Conference with the Committee of Ninety-nine 178

XIV. To the Second Protectorate Parliament in a Body 213

XV. To the Same Parliament on the Presentation of some Bills for Assent 218

PAGE

LETTER CCXVIII. TO GEN. BLAKE 219

CCXIX. TO GEN. MONTAGUE 223

CCXX. TO J. DUNCH, ESQ. 223

CCXXI. TO GEN. MONTAGUE 224

CCXXII. TO SIR W. LOCKHART 225

CCXXIII. TO THE SAME 229

CCXXIV. TO GEN. MONTAGUE 230

SPEECH XVI. TO THE TWO HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT; OPENING OF THE SECOND SESSION OF THE SECOND PROTECTORATE PARLIAMENT 238

XVII. TO THE TWO HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT; THE COMMONS HAVING RAISED DEBATES AS TO THE TITLE OF THE OTHER HOUSE 246

XVIII. DISSOLUTION OF THE SECOND PROTECTORATE PARLIAMENT 267

LETTER CCXXV. TO SIR W. LOCKHART 278

DEATH OF THE PROTECTOR 287

APPENDIX.

1. LETTER TO DOWNHALL 301

2. AT ELY 302

3. LETTER TO CAMBRIDGE, WITH "PROTESTATION" AND "PREAMBLE" 304

4. EASTERN ASSOCIATION: THREATENED RISING OF PAPISTS IN NORFOLK 308

5. GAINSBOROUGH FIGHT 310

PAGE

6. LETTER TWO DAYS PRIOR TO THAT CAMBRIDGE ONE . . . 316

7. TWO LETTERS: ACTION AT ISLIP-BRIDGE AND BLETCHINGTON. DITTO AT BAMPTON-IN-THE-BUSH 317

8. BATTLE OF NASEBY. BURIAL OF COLONEL PICKERING. TWO LETTERS CONCERNING ELY 321

9. LANGPORT BATTLE. SUMMONS TO WINCHESTER 326

10. ARMY TROUBLES IN 1647 328

11. WELSH DISTURBANCES IN 1648 332

12. LETTER TO THE DERBY-HOUSE COMMITTEE AFTER PRESTON BATTLE 336

13. LETTER TO DERBY-HOUSE COMMITTEE: MARCH INTO SCOTLAND, 1648 338

14. LETTER IN BEHALF OF YOUNG CHOLMELY 341

15. CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE MAYOR OF WATERFORD . . . 342

16. EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS: RENEGADO WOGAN 345

17. IRELAND: ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE THERE 346

18. IRELAND: OPERATIONS IN TIPPERARY 349

19. HASELRIG AND DUNBAR BATTLE 350

20. FOUR LETTERS TO THE SPEAKER, IN BEHALF OF INDIVIDUAL MILITARY GENTLEMEN, AND THEIR CLAIMS 352

20*. LETTER TO MAJOR HARRISON 355

21. MARCH TO WORCESTER 356

22. AFTER WORCESTER BATTLE: LETTERS TO THE SPEAKER . . 357

23. LETTER TO SISTER ELIZABETH 358

24. LETTER TO THE COMMITTEE FOR SEQUESTRATIONS, IN BEHALF OF MR. AND MRS. FINCHAM 359

25. TO OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE 360

Page

26. Letter to Lord Wharton about Henry Cromwell's Marriage 363

27. Scraps from 1653 364

28. From 1654–1655: Vowel's Plot; Rectory of Houghton Conquest; Penruddock's Plot; Letter to the Poet Waller; New England 369

29. Suffolk Yeomanry 380

30. Speech should be "XV." 381

31. From 1657. Last Royalist Plot 383

32. Two Mandates to Cambridge University 387

EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY.

Chapter

I. Harold Haarfagr 393

II. Eric Blood-Axe and Brothers 398

III. Hakon the Good 400

IV. Harold Greyfell and Brothers 406

V. Hakon Jarl 410

VI. Olaf Tryggveson 415

VII. Reign of Olaf Tryggveson 419

VIII. Jarls Eric and Svein 435

IX. King Olaf the Thick-set's Viking Days 440

X. Reign of King Olaf the Saint 447

XI. Magnus the Good and Others 469

XII. Olaf the Tranquil, Magnus Barefoot, and Sigurd the Crusader 480

Chapter Page

XIII. Magnus the Blind, Harold Gylle, and Mutual Extinction of the Haarfagrs 485

XIV. Sverrir and Descendants, to Hakon the Old . . . 486

XV. Hakon the Old at Largs 489

XVI. Epilogue 491

ILLUSTRATION.

CROMWELL DISSOLVING THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

Painted by BENJAMIN WEST. Photogravure by F. H. ALLEN.

Frontispiece.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

PART IX. THE MAJOR-GENERALS

(*CONTINUED*).

WITH ELUCIDATIONS.

VOL. XIX.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

LETTERS CXCVIII.-CCIII.

Six Letters of somewhat miscellaneous character; which we must take in mass, and with no word of Commentary that can be spared. Straggling accidental light-beams, accidentally preserved to us, and still transiently illuminating this feature or that of the Protector and his business, — let them be welcome in the darkness for what they are.

LETTER CXCVIII.

Besides the great Sea-Armament that sailed from Portsmouth last December, and went Westward, with sealed orders, which men begin to guess were for the Spanish West Indies, — the Protector had another Fleet fitted out under Blake, already famous as a Sea-General; which has been in the Mediterranean during these late months; exacting reparation for damages, old or recent, done to the English Nation or to individuals of it, by the Duke of Florence or by others; keeping an eye on Spain too, and its Plate Fleets, apparently with still ulterior objects.

The Duke of Florence has handsomely done justice; the Dey of Tunis was not so well advised, and has repented of it. There are Letters, dated March last, though they do not come till June: "Letters that General Blake demanding at Tunis reparation for the losses of the English from Turkish Pirates, the Dey answered him with scorn, and bade him behold his

Castles." Blake did behold them; "sailed into the Harbor within musket-shot of them; and though the shore was planted with great guns, he set upon the Turkish ships, fired nine of them," and brought the Dey to reason, we apprehend.[1]

"*To General Blake* [*at Sea*].

"WHITEHALL, 13th June, 1655.

"SIR, — I have received yours of the 25th of March, which gives account of the late Transactions between yourself and the Governors of Tunis, concerning the losses which the English have sustained by the piracies of that place; and [of] the success it pleased God to give in the attempt you made upon their shipping, after their positive refusal to give you satisfaction upon your just demands. And as we have great cause to acknowledge the good hand of God towards us in this Action, who, in all the circumstances thereof, as they have been represented by you, was pleased to appear very signally with you; so I think myself obliged to take notice of your courage and good conduct therein; and do esteem that you have done therein a very considerable service to this Commonwealth.

"I hope you have received the former Despatches which were sent unto you by the way of Legorne, for your coming into Cadiz Bay with the Fleet; as also those which were sent by a Ketch immediately from hence; whereby you had also notice of three months' provisions then preparing to be sent, — which have since been sent away, under convoy of the Frigates the *Centurion* and *Dragon;* and [I] hope they are safely arrived with you, they sailing from hence about the 28th of April.

"With this come farther Instructions concerning your disposing of the Fleet for the future; whereunto we do refer you. Besides which, we, having taken into consideration the present Design we have in the West Indies, have judged it necessary, That not only the King of Spain's Fleets coming from thence be intercepted (which as well your former

[1] Whitlocke, p. 608 (8th June, 1655).

Instructions as those now sent unto you require and authorize you to do), but that we endeavor also, as much as in us lies, to hinder him from sending any relief or assistance thither. You are therefore, during your abode with the Fleet in those seas, to inform yourself, by the best means you can, concerning the going of the King of Spain's Fleet for the West Indies; and shall, according to such information as you can gain, use your best endeavors to intercept at sea, and fight with and take them, or otherwise to fire and sink them; as also any other of his ships which you shall understand to be bound for the West Indies with provisions of War, for the aid and assistance of his subjects there; carrying yourself towards other of his ships and people as you are directed by your general Instructions. [I rest,

Your loving friend,

OLIVER P.]"[1]

The Sea-Armament *was* for the West Indies, then: good news of it were welcome!

Here is a short Letter of Blake's to the Protector, dated just the day before; in cipher; — which the reader, having never perhaps seen another Letter of Blake's, will not be displeased with. Unimportant; but bringing the old Seas, with their Puritan Sea-kings, with their "Plate Fleets," and vanished populations and traffics, bodily before us for moments.

"GEORGE, 12th June, 1655.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS, — The secret Instructions sent by your Highness, referring me to a former Instruction, touching the Silver Fleet of Spain coming from America, I have received; and shall carefully observe the same. We had information at Cadiz that the Fleet was expected about a month or five weeks hence. We are now off Cape Mary's; intending to spread with our Fleet what we can, and to range this sea, according to the wind and the information we can get; plying likewise over towards Cape Sprat, it being their

[1] Thurloe, iii. 547. (Same day, Letter to Poet Waller: Appendix, No. 28, § 7.)

most likely and usual course. They of Cadiz are very distrustful of us; and there being four Galleons designed for the Mediterranean, and six for New Spain, it is doubtful how they may be employed.

"We shall use our best endeavors to put the Instructions in execution, as God shall afford an opportunity; desiring your Highness to rest assured of our diligence, and of the integrity of,

"Your most humble and faithful servant,

"ROBERT BLAKE."[1]

June 13th is Wednesday. On the morrow is universal Fast-Day, Humiliation and Prayer, and public Collection of Money for the Protestants of Piedmont. A day of much pious emotion in England; and of liberal contribution, which continued on the following days. "Clerks come to every man's house," says a disaffected witness; "come with their papers, and you are forced to contribute." The exact amount realized I never could very authentically learn. The Dutch Ambassador says £100,000. The disaffected witness says, "London City itself gave half a million,"—or seemed as it would give. "The Ministers played their part to the full."—The Ministers and the People and their Ruler. No French Treaty signed or signable till this thing be managed. At length the French were obliged to manage it; 9th September of this same year the thing was got managed;[2] and by and by was got improved and still better managed, the Protector continuing all his days to watch over it, and over other similar things as they occurred, and to insist on seeing justice done respecting them.

LETTER CXCIX.

THE scheme of Major-Generals for England is not yet come to maturity; but it is coming: new occasional arrests and *barbadoes*ings continue, as the threads of old Plots are traced

[1] Thurloe, iii. 541.

[2] See Thurloe, iii. 549, 623, 745, &c.

farther and farther. Monk keeps Scotland quiet; the hydra is for the present well under foot.

Meanwhile Henry Cromwell is despatched for Ireland, to see with his own eyes how matters stand there. A reverend godly Mr. Brewster, hardly known to us otherwise, is also proceeding thither; with whom the Lord Protector thinks good to salute his Son-in-law Fleetwood, the Lord Deputy, Ireton's successor in Ireland. Henry Cromwell was there once before, on a somewhat similar mission, and acquitted himself well.[1] His title, this second time, is Major-General of the Army in Ireland. He is to command the forces in Ireland; one easily believes farther, he is to observe well and report faithfully how affairs are; and do his best to assist in rectifying them. Lord Deputy Fleetwood is by some thought to be of too lax temper for his place: he, with his Ludlows, Axtels and discontented Republicans, not to speak of other businesses, would need energy, if he have it not. Rumor has even risen that Henry Cromwell is now sent to supersede him; which, however, the Protector expressly contradicts.

The rumor nevertheless proved, if not true, yet prophetic of the truth. Henry Cromwell acquitted himself well this second time also; being, as we judge, a man of real insight, veracity and resolution; very fit for such a service. Many of his Letters, all creditable to him, are in *Thurloe:* "Petitions" from certain Irish parties come likewise to view there, That *he* might be appointed Deputy; which Petitions are, for the present, carefully "suppressed," yet have in the end to be complied with; — they and the nature of the case, we suppose, require compliance. Some fifteen months hence, Henry is appointed Lord Deputy;[2] Fleetwood, in some handsome way, recalled. In which situation Henry continues till the end of the Protectorate, making really an honorable figure; and then, the scene having altogether changed, retires from it into total obscurity, still in a very manful, simple and noble way.[3]

[1] March, 1653–4 (Thurloe, ii. 149).

[2] 21st November, 1657 (Thurloe, vi. 632).

[3] His Letter to Clarendon, in *Thurloe*, i. 763; see also Tanner MSS. li. 71, a prior Letter to Speaker Lenthall.

"My dear Biddy," in this Letter, is Bridget Fleetwood, whom we once saw as Bridget Ireton;[1] who, for her religious and other worth, is "a joy to my heart." Of "Mr. Brewster," and the other reverend persons, Spiritual Fathers, held in such regard by the Lord Protector as is due to Spiritual Fatherhood, and pious nobleness of Intellect under whatever guise, I can say nothing; they are Spiritual Great-*grand*-fathers of ours, and we have had to forget them! Some slight notices of Brewster, who I think was a Norfolk man, and more of Cradock, who was Welsh, — zealous Preachers both, — are in the *Milton State-Papers:*[2] they prove the fervent zeal, faith and fearlessness of these worthies; — not necessary to extract in this place. Cradock writes to Cromwell in 1652 that his heart overflows with prayers and praise to God for sending such a man; that he has often stept aside to pray for him, in some thicket or ditch by the wayside, while travelling along, and thinking of him; — which Dryasdust Nicols, the Editor of these *Milton State Papers*, considers a very ludicrous proceeding. Godly "Mr. Tillinghurst," so noble a phenomenon to Oliver and Fleetwood, is to us fallen altogether silent: — seemingly some godly Preacher, of very modest nature; who, in his old days, being brought once before the Lord Protector, cried it was a "shame" to trouble any Lord Protector, or Sovereign Person, with the like of him! The venerable hoary man. And godly Mr. Troughton, or "Throughton," too, was there. O Tillinghurst, O Troughton, how much lies buried![3]

[1] Vol. xvii. p. 247.

[2] pp. 85, 158, &c.

[3] Buried but indisputable traces of this Tillinghurst, certain authentic, still legible entries concerning him, in one of which Brewster too is named, have been detected by a friendly eye in the Record-Book of the Independent Church at Great Yarmouth; where Tillinghurst, it clearly enough appears, was Minister from 1651 to 1654, and much followed and valued as a Preacher and Spiritual Guide in those parts. Brewster, likewise an Independent, was of Alby in the same neighborhood. — MS. Excerpts penes me (*Note to Third Edition*).

[*To the Lord Fleetwood, Lord Deputy of Ireland.*]

"[Whitehall,] 22d June, 1655.

"Dear Charles, — I write not often: at once I desire thee to know I most dearly love thee; and indeed my heart is plain to thee as thy heart can well desire: let nothing shake thee in this. The wretched jealousies that are amongst us, and the spirit of calumny turn all into gall and wormwood. My heart is for the People of God: that the Lord knows, and will in due time manifest; yet thence are my wounds; — which though it grieves me, yet through the grace of God doth not discourage me totally. Many good men are repining at everything; though indeed very many good [are] well satisfied, and satisfying daily. The will of the Lord will bring forth good in due time.

"It's reported that you are to be sent for, and Harry to be Deputy; which truly never entered into my heart. The Lord knows, my desire was for him and his Brother to have lived private lives in the country: and Harry knows this very well, and how difficultly I was persuaded to give him his commission for his present place. This I say as from a simple and sincere heart. The noise of my being crowned &c. are similar[1] malicious figments.

"Use this Bearer, Mr. Brewster, kindly. Let him be near you: indeed he is a very able holy man; trust me you will find him so. He was a bosom-friend of Mr. Tillinghurst; ask him of him; you will thereby know Mr. Tillinghurst's spirit. This Gentleman brought him to me a little before he died, and Mr. Cradock; — Mr. Throughton, a godly minister being by, with [Mr. Tillinghurst] himself, who cried 'Shame!'

"Dear Charles, my dear love to thee; [and] to my dear Biddy, who is a joy to my heart, for what I hear of the Lord in her. Bid her be cheerful, and rejoice in the Lord once and again: if she knows the Covenant,[2] she cannot but do [so].

[1] "like" in orig.

[2] Covenant of Grace; much expounded, and insisted on, by Dr. Owen, among others; and ever a most fundamental point of God's Arrangement, according to the theory of Oliver.

For that Transaction is without *her;* sure and steadfast, between the Father and the Mediator in His blood: therefore, leaning upon the Son, or looking to Him, thirsting after Him, and embracing Him, we are His Seed; — and the Covenant is sure to all the Seed. The Compact is for the Seed: God is bound in faithfulness to Christ, and in Him to us: the Covenant is without *us;* a Transaction between God and Christ.[1] Look up to *it.* God engageth in it to pardon us; to write His Law in our heart; to plant His fear [so] that we shall never depart from Him. We, under all our sins and infirmities, can daily offer a perfect Christ; and thus we have peace and safety, and apprehension of love, from a Father in Covenant, — who cannot deny Himself. And truly in this is all my salvation; and this helps me to bear my great burdens.

"If you have a mind to come over with your dear Wife &c., take the best opportunity for the good of the Public and your own convenience. The Lord bless you all. Pray for me, that the Lord would direct, and keep me His servant. I bless the Lord I am not my own; — but my condition to flesh and blood is very hard. Pray for me; I do for you all. Commend me to all friends. I rest,

"Your loving father,

"OLIVER P." [2]

Courage, my brave Oliver! Thou hast but some three years more of it, and then the coils and puddles of this Earth, and of its poor unthankful doggery of a population, are all behind thee; and Carrion Heath, and Chancellor Hyde, and Charles Stuart the Christian King, can work their will; for thou hast done with it, thou art above it in the serene azure forevermore!

Fleetwood, I observe, did come over: in January next we find the "Lord Deputy" busy here in London with Bulstrode, and others of the Treasury, on high matters of State.[3] He did

[1] The reader who discerns no spiritual meaning in all this, shall try it again, if I may advise him.

[2] Thurloe, iii. 572.

[3] Whitlocke, p. 618 (7th Jan. 1655–6).

not return to Ireland; got into Major-Generalings, into matters of State, on this side the Channel; and so ended his Deputyship; — dropping without violence, like fruit fully ripe; the management of Ireland having gradually all shifted into Henry Cromwell's hand in the interim.

LETTER CC.

HERE, fluttering loose on the dim confines of Limbo and the Night-realm, is a small Note of Oliver's, issuing one knows not whence, but recognizable as his, which we must snatch and save. A private and thrice-private Note, for Secretary Thurloe; curiously disclosing to us, as one or two other traits elsewhere do, that, with all his natural courtesies, noble simplicities and affabilities, this Lord Protector knew on occasion the word-of-command too, and what the meaning of a Lord Protector, King, or Chief Magistrate in the Commonwealth of England was.

"Margery Beacham," Wife of William Beacham, Mariner, lives, the somnolent Editors do not apprise us where, — probably in London or some of the Out Ports; certainly in considerable indigence at present. Her poor Husband, in the course of "many services to the Commonwealth by sea and land," has quite lost the use of his right arm; has a poor "Pension of Forty shillings allowed him from Chatham;" has Margery, and one poor Boy Randolph, "tractable to learn," but who can get no schooling out of such an income. Wherefore, as seems but reasonable, Margery petitions his Highness that the said Randolph might be admitted "a Scholar of Sutton's Hospital, commonly called the Charterhouse," in London.[1]

His Highness, who knows the services of William Beacham, and even "a secret service" of his not mentioned in the Petition or Certificates, straightway decides that the Boy Beacham is clearly a case for Sutton's Bounty, and that the Commis-

[1] Her Petition printed, without date, in Scatcherd, &c. ubi infrà.

sioners of the same shall give it him. But now it seems the Chief Commissioner, whose name in this Note stands — — *Blank Blank*, is not so prompt in the thing; will consider it, will &c. Consider it? His Highness dockets the Petition, "We *refer* this to the Commissioners for Sutton's Hospital: 28th July, 1655;" and instructs Thurloe to inform Blank Blank that he had much better not consider it, but do it! Which there is no doubt Blank Blank now saw at once to be the real method of the business.

[*To Mr. Secretary Thurloe.*]

"[Whitehall,] 28th July, 1655.

"You receive from me, this 28th instant, a Petition from Margery Beacham, desiring the admission of her Son into the Charterhouse; whose Husband[1] was employed one day in an important secret service, which he did effectually, to our great benefit and the Commonwealth's.

"I have wrote under it a common Reference to the Commissioners; but I mean a great deal more: That it shall be done, without their debate or consideration of the matter. And so do you privately hint to —— ——. I have not the particular shining bauble for crowds to gaze at or kneel to, but — To be short, I know how to deny Petitions; and, whatever I think proper, for outward form, to 'refer' to any Officer or Office, I expect that such my compliance with custom shall be looked upon as an indication of my will and pleasure to have the thing *done*.

"Thy true friend,

"Oliver P."[2]

[1] "who" in the hasty original, as if Margery's self or Son were meant.

[2] Scatcherd's *History of Morley* (Leeds, 1830), p. 332. Printed there, and in *Annual Register* (for 1758, p. 268), and elsewhere; without commentary, or indication Whence or How, — with several impertinent interpolations which are excluded here. In the *Annual Register* vague reference is made to a Book called *Collection of Letters, &c.* "compiled by Leonard Howard, D.D.," who seems to be the first publisher of this Note; author, I suppose, of the impertinent interpolations, which vary in different copies, but being exactly indicated in all, are easily thrown out again as here. In Howard's Book (a disorganic Quarto, London, 1753; one volume published, a second promised

LETTER CCI.

We fear there is little chance of the Plate Fleet this year; bad rumors come from the West Indies too, of our grand Armament and Expedition thither. The Puritan Sea-king meanwhile keeps the waters; watches the coasts of Spain; — which, however, are growing formidable at present.

The "Person bound for Lisbon" is Mr. Meadows, one of Secretary Thurloe's Under-secretaries; concerning whom and whose business there will be farther speech by and by. Of the "Commissioners of the Admiralty" we name only Colonel Montague of Hinchinbrook, who is getting very deep in these matters, and may himself be Admiral one day.

"*To the General of the Fleet* [*General Blake, at Sea*].

"[Whitehall,] 30th July, 1655.

"Sir, — We have received yours of the 4th, as also that of the 6th instant, both at once; the latter signifying the great preparations which are making against you.

"Some intelligence of that nature is also come to us from another hand. Which hath occasioned us to send away this Despatch unto you, immediately upon the receipt of yours, to let you know That we do not judge it safe for you, whilst things are in this condition, to send away any part of the Fleet, as you were directed by our Instructions of the 13th of June;[1] and therefore, notwithstanding those Orders, you are to keep the whole Fleet with you, until you have executed the Secret Instructions,[2] or find the opportunity is over for the doing thereof.

"We think it likewise requisite that you keep with you

but nowhere discoverable), which is credibly described to me as "one of the most confused farragoes ever printed," search for this Note has been made, twice, to no purpose; and with little hope of elucidation there, had the Note been found. By internal evidence a genuine Note; and legible as we have it.

[1] Antea, Letter CXCVIII.

[2] In Blake's Letter, antea; — they concern the "Silver Fleet" most likely.

the two Frigates which conveyed the victuals to you; as also the *Nantwich*, which was sent to you with a Person bound for Lisbon with our instructions to that King. And for the defects of the Fleet, the Commissioners of the Admiralty will take care thereof; and be you confident that nothing shall be omitted which can be done here for your supply and encouragement.

"I beseech the Lord to be present with you. I rest,

"Your very loving friend,

"OLIVER P." [1]

Copied "in Secretary Thurloe's hand;" who has added the following Note: "With this Letter was sent the intelligence of the twenty ships coming across the Straits, and of the thirty-one ships and eight fire-ships — [*word lost*] — in Cadiz;" — dangerous ships and fire-ships, which belong all now to the vanished generations: and have sailed, one knows not whence, one knows not whither!

COMPLIMENT.

PRECISELY in those same summer days there has come a brilliant Swedish gentleman, as Extraordinary Ambassador to this Country from the King of Swedeland. A hot, high-tempered, clear-shining man; something fierce, metallic in the lustre of him. Whose negotiations, festivities, impatiences, and sudden heats of temper, occupy our friend Bulstrode almost exclusively for a twelvemonth. We will say only, He has come hither to negotiate a still stricter league of amity between the two Countries; in which welcome enterprise the Lord Protector seems rather to complicate him by endeavoring to include the Dutch in it, the Prussians and Danes in it, — to make it, in fact, a general League, or basis for a League, of Protestants against the Power of Rome, and Antichristian Babylon at large; which in these days, under certain Austrian

[1] Thurloe, iii. 688.

Kaisers, Spanish Kings, Italian Popes, whose names it may be interesting not to remember, is waxing very formidable. It was an object the Protector never ceased endeavoring after; though in this, as in other instances, with only partial, never with entire success.

Observe however, as all old London observes, on the night of Saturday, July 28th, 1655, the far-shining Procession by torch-light. Procession "from Tower-wharf to the late Sir Abraham Williams's in Westminster;" this brilliant Swedish Gentleman with numerous gilt coaches and innumerable outriders and on-lookers, making his advent then and thus; Whitlocke, Montague, Strickland (for we love to be particular) officially escorting him. Observe next how he was nobly entertained three days in that Williams House, at the Protector's charges; and on the third day had his audience of the Protector; in a style of dignity worth noting by Bulstrode. Sir Oliver Fleming; "galleries full of ladies," "Life-guards in their gray frock-coats with velvet welts;" lanes of gentlemen, seas of general public: conceive it all; truly dignified, decorous; scene "the Banqueting House of Whitehall, hung with arras:" and how at the upper end of the room the Lord Protector was seen standing "on a footpace and carpet, with a chair of state behind him;" and how the Ambassador saluted thrice as he advanced, thrice lifting his noble hat and feathers, as the Protector thrice lifted his; and then — Bulstrode shall give the rest: —

"After a little pause, the Ambassador put off his hat, and began to speak, and then put it on again: and whensoever, in his speech, he named the King his master, or Sweden, or the Protector, or England, he moved his hat: especially if he mentioned anything of God, or the good of Christendom, he put off his hat very low; and the Protector still answered him in the like postures of civility. The Ambassador spake in the Swedish language; and after he had done, being but short, his Secretary Berkman did interpret it in Latin to this effect" — Conceivable, without repetition, to ingenious readers. A stately, far-shining speech, done into Latin; "being but short."

And now "after his Interpreter had done, the Protector stood still a pretty while; and, putting off his hat to the Ambassador, with a carriage full of gravity and state, he answered him in English to this effect:" —

"My Lord Ambassador, I have great reason to acknowledge, with thankfulness, the respects and good affection of the King your master towards this Commonwealth, and towards myself in particular. Whereof I shall always retain a very grateful memory; and shall be ready upon all occasions to manifest the high sense and value I have of his Majesty's friendship and alliance.

"My Lord, you are welcome into England; and during your abode here, you shall find all due regard and respect to be given to your person, and to the business about which you come. I am very willing to enter into a 'nearer and more strict alliance and friendship with the King of Swedeland,' as that which, in my judgment, will tend much to the honor and commodity of both Nations, and to the general advantage of the Protestant Interest. I shall nominate some Persons to meet and treat with your Lordship upon such particulars as you shall communicate to them."

After which, Letters were presented, *etceteras* were transacted, and then with a carriage full of gravity and state, they all withdrew to their ulterior employments, and the scene vanishes.[1]

LETTER CCII.

It is too sad a truth, the Expedition to the West Indies has failed! Sea-General Penn, Land-General Venables have themselves come home, one after the other, with the disgraceful news; and are lodged in the Tower, a fortnight ago, for quitting their post without orders. Of all which we shall have some word to say anon. But take first these glimpses into other matters, foreign and domestic, on sea and land, — as the

[1] Whitlocke, pp. 609, 610.

Oblivions have chanced to leave them visible for us. "Cascais Bay" is at the mouth of the Tagus: General Blake seems still king of the waters in those parts.

[*To General Blake, at Sea.*]

"Whitehall, 13th September, 1655.

"Sir, — We have received yours from Cascais Bay, of the 30th of August; and were very sensible of the wants of the Fleet as they were represented by your last before; and had given directions for three months' provisions, — which were all prepared, and sent from Portsmouth, some time since, under the convoy of the *Bristol* Frigate. But the Commissioners of the Admiralty have had Letters yesterday that they were forced back, by contrary winds, into Plymouth, and are there now attending for the first slack of wind, to go to sea again. And the Commissioners of the Admiralty are instructed [1] to quicken them by an express; although it is become very doubtful whether those provisions can [now] come in time for supplying of your wants.

"And for what concerns the fighting of the Fleet of Spain, whereof your said Letter makes mention, we judge it of great consequence, and much for the service of the Commonwealth, that this Fleet were fought; as well in order to the executing your former Instructions, as for the preservation of our ships and interest in the West Indies: and our meaning was, by our former Order, and still is, That the Fleet which shall come for the guarding of the Plate Fleet, as we conceive this doth, should be attempted. But in respect we have not certain knowledge of the strength of the Spanish Fleet, nor of the condition of your Fleet, which may alter every day, — we think it reasonable, at this distance, not to oblige you by any positive order to engage; but must, as we do hereby, leave it to you, who are upon the place, and know the state of things, to handle the rein as you shall find your opportunity and the ability of the Fleet to be: — as we also do for your coming home, either for want of provisions or in respect of the season of the year, at such time as you shall judge it to be for the

[1] "commands of the Admiralty are required" in orig.

safety of the Fleet. And we trust the Lord will guide and be with you in the management of this thing.

"Your very loving friend,

"OLIVER P.

"[P.S.] In case your return should be so soon as that you should not make use of the Provisions now sent you, or but little thereof, we desire you to cause them to be preserved; they may be applied to other uses." [1]

LETTER CCIII.

[*To the Commissioners of Maryland.*]

"WHITEHALL, 26th September, 1655.

"SIRS, — It seems to us by yours of the 29th of June, and by the relation we received by Colonel Bennet, that some mistake or scruple hath arisen concerning the sense of our Letters of the 12th of January last,[2] — as if, by our Letters, we had intimated that we would have a stop put to the proceedings of those Commissioners who were authorized to settle the Civil Government of Maryland. Which was not at all intended by us; nor so much as proposed to us by those who made addresses to us to obtain our said Letter: but our intention (as our said Letter doth plainly import) was only, To prevent and forbid any force or violence to be offered by either of the Plantations of Virginia or Maryland, from one to the other, upon the differences concerning their bounds: the said differences being then under the consideration of Ourself and Council here. Which, for your more full satisfaction, we have thought fit to signify to you; and rest,

"Your loving friend,

[OLIVER P.]" [3]

A very obscure American Transaction; — sufficiently lucid for our Cisatlantic purposes; nay shedding a kind of light or twilight into extensive dim regions of Oblivion on the other side of the Ocean. Bancroft, and the other American authori-

[1] Thurloe, i. 724, — in cipher; and seemingly of Thurloe's composition.

[2] Antea, vol. xviii. p. 451.

[3] Thurloe, iv. 55.

ties, who have or have not noticed this Letter, will with great copiousness explain the business to the curious.

The Major-Generals are now all on foot, openly since the middle of August last;[1] and an Official Declaration published on the subject. Ten military Major-Generals, ten or finally twelve, with militia-forces, horse and foot, at their beck; coercing Royalist Revolt, and other Anarchy; "decimating" it, that is, levying ten per cent upon the Income of it, summoning it, cross-questioning it, — peremptorily signifying to it that it will not be allowed here, that it had better cease in this Country. They have to deal with Quakers also, with Anabaptists, Scandalous Ministers, and other forms of Anarchy. The powers of these men are great: much need that they be just men and wise, men fearing God and hating covetousness; — all turns on that! They will be supportable, nay welcome and beneficial, if so. Insupportable enough, if not so: — as indeed what official person, or man under any form, except the form of a slave well collared and driven by whips, is or ought to be supportable "if *not* so"? We subjoin a list of their names, as historically worthy, known or unknown to the reader, here.[2]

[1] Order-Book of the Council of State; cited in Godwin (iv. 228).

[2] *General Desborow* has the Counties: Gloucester, Wilts, Dorset, Somerset, Devon, Cornwall.
Colonel Kelsey: Kent and Surrey.
Colonel Goffe: Sussex, Hants, Berks.
Major-General Skippon: London.
Colonel Barkstead (Governor of the Tower): Middlesex and Westminster.
Lord Deputy Fleetwood (who never returns to Ireland): Oxford, Bucks, Herts; Cambridge, Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, — for these last four he can appoint a substitute (*Colonel Haynes*).
General Whalley: Lincoln, Notts, Derby, Warwick, Leicester.
Major Butler: Northampton, Bedford, Rutland, Huntingdon.
Colonel Berry (Richard Baxter's friend, once a Clerk in the Ironworks): Hereford, Salop, North Wales.
General (Sea-General) *Dawkins:* Monmouth and South Wales.
Colonel Worseley: Cheshire, Lancashire, Staffordshire.
The Lord Lambert: York, Durham, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Northumberland, — can appoint substitutes (*Colonel Robert Lilburn, Colonel Charles Howard*).

Soon after this Letter, "in the month of October, 1655," there was seen a strange sight at Bristol in the West. A Procession of Eight Persons; one, a man on horseback, riding single; the others, men and women, partly riding double, partly on foot, in the muddiest highway, in the wettest weather; singing, all but the single-rider, at whose bridle splash and walk two women: "Hosanna! Holy, holy! Lord God of Sabaoth!" and other things, "in a buzzing tone," which the impartial hearer could not make out. The single-rider is a raw-boned male figure, "with lank hair reaching below his cheeks;" hat drawn close over his brows; "nose rising slightly in the middle;" of abstruse "down look," and large dangerous jaws strictly closed; he sings not; sits there covered, and is sung to by the others bare. Amid pouring deluges, and mud knee-deep: "so that the rain ran in at their necks, and they vented it at their hose and breeches:" a spectacle to the West of England and Posterity! Singing as above; answering no question except in song. From Bedminster to Ratcliff Gate, along the streets, to the High Cross of Bristol: at the High Cross they are laid hold of by the Authorities;— turn out to be James Nayler and Company. James Nayler, "from Andersloe" or Ardsley "in Yorkshire," heretofore a Trooper under Lambert; now a Quaker and something more. Infatuated Nayler and Company; given up to Enthusiasm,— to Animal-Magnetism, to Chaos and Bedlam in one shape or other! Who will need to be coerced by the Major-Generals, I think;— to be forwarded to London, and there sifted and cross-questioned.[1] Is not the Spiritualism of England developing itself in strange forms? The Hydra, royalist and sansculottic, has many heads.

George Fox, some time before this, had made his way to the Protector himself; to represent to him the undeserved sufferings of Friends,— and what a faithful people they were, though sansculottic, or wearing suits sometimes merely of perennial leather. George's huge *Journal*, to our regret, has no dates; but his Interview with the Protector, once in these late months, is authentic, still visible to the mind. George, being seized in

[1] Examination of them (in *Harleian Miscellany*, vi. 424–439).

Leicestershire, "carried up to the Mews," and otherwise tribulated by subaltern authorities, contrived to make the Protector hear some direct voice of him, appoint some hour to see him. "It was on a morning:" George went; was admitted to the Protector's bedchamber, "where one Harvey, who had been a little among Friends," but had not proved entirely obedient, — the Harvey who will write us a very valuable little Pamphlet one day,[1] — was dressing him. "Peace be in this house!" George Fox "was moved to say." Peace, O George. "I exhorted him," writes George, "to keep in the fear of God," whereby he might "receive Wisdom from God," which would be a useful guidance for any Sovereign Person. In fact, I had "much discourse" with him; explaining what I and Friends had been led to think "concerning Christ and His Apostles" of old time, and His Priests and Ministers of new; concerning Life and concerning Death; — concerning this unfathomable Universe in general, and the Light in it that is from Above, and the Darkness in it that is from Below: to all which the Protector "carried himself with much moderation." Yes, George; this Protector has a sympathy with the Perennial; and feels it across the Temporary: no hulls, leathern or other, can entirely hide it from the sense of him. "As I spake, he several times said, 'That is very good,' and, 'That is true.'" — Other persons coming in, persons of quality so called, I drew back; lingered; and then was for retiring: "he caught me by the hand," and with moist-beaming eyes, "said: 'Come again to my house! If thou and I were but an hour of the day together, we should be nearer one to the other. I wish no more harm to thee than I do to my own soul.'" — "Hearken to God's voice!" said George in conclusion: "Whosoever hearkens to *it*, his heart is not hardened;" *his* heart remains true, open to the Wisdoms, to the Noblenesses; with him it shall be well! — "Captain Drury" wished me to stay among the Life-guard gentlemen, and dine with them; but I declined, not being free thereunto.[2]

[1] *Passages in his Highness's Last Sickness*

[2] *Fox's Journal* (Leeds, 1836), i. 265

LETTERS CCIV.-CCVI.

JAMAICA.

We said already the grand Sea-Armament, which sailed from Portsmouth at Christmas, 1654, had proved unsuccessful. It went westward; opened its Sealed Instructions at a certain latitude; found that they were instructions to attack Hispaniola, to attack the Spanish Power in the West Indies: it did attack Hispaniola, and lamentably failed; attacked the Spanish Power in the West Indies, and has hitherto realized almost nothing, — a mere waste Island of Jamaica, to all appearance little worth the keeping at such cost. It is hitherto the unsuccessfulest enterprise Oliver Cromwell ever had concern with. Desborow fitted it out at Portsmouth, while the Lord Protector was busy with his First refractory Pedant Parliament; there are faults imputed to Desborow: but the grand fault the Lord Protector imputes to himself, That he chose, or sanctioned the choice of, Generals improper to command it. Sea-General Penn, Land-General Venables, they were unfortunate, they were incompetent; fell into disagreements, into distempers of the bowels; had critical Civil Commissioners with them, too, who did not mend the matter. Venables lay "six weeks in bed," very ill of sad West India maladies; for the rest, a covetous lazy dog, who cared nothing for the business, but wanted to be home at his Irish Government again. Penn is Father of Penn the Pennsylvanian Quaker; a man somewhat quick of temper, "like to break his heart" when affairs went wrong; unfit to right them again. As we said, the two Generals came voluntarily home in the end of last August, leaving the wreck of their forces in Jamaica; and were straightway lodged in the Tower for quitting their post.

A great Armament of Thirty, nay of Sixty Ships; of four thousand soldiers, two regiments of whom were veterans, the rest a somewhat sad miscellany of broken Royalists, unruly Levellers, and the like, who would volunteer, — whom Venables augmented at Barbadoes, with a still more unruly set, to nine thousand: this great Armament the Lord Protector has strenuously hurled, as a sudden fiery bolt, into the dark Domdaniel of Spanish Iniquity in the far West; and it has exploded there, almost without effect. The Armament saw Hispaniola, and Hispaniola with fear and wonder saw it, on the 14th of April, 1655: but the Armament, a sad miscellany of distempered unruly persons, durst not land "where Drake had landed," and at once take the Town and Island: the Armament hovered hither and thither; and at last agreed to land some sixty miles off; marched therefrom through thick-tangled woods, under tropical heats, till it was nearly dead with mere marching; was then set upon by ambuscadoes; fought miserably ill, the unruly persons of it, or would not fight at all; fled back to its ships a mass of miserable disorganic ruin; and "dying there at the rate of two hundred a day," made for Jamaica.[1]

Jamaica, a poor unpopulous Island, was quickly taken, as rich Hispaniola might have been, and the Spaniards were driven away: but to men in biliary humor it seemed hardly worth the taking or the keeping. "Immense droves of wild cattle, cows and horses, run about Jamaica;" dusky Spaniards dwell in *hatos*, in unswept shealings; "80,000 hogs are killed every year for the sake of their lard, which is sold under the name of *hog's-butter* at Carthagena:" but what can we do with all that! The poor Armament continuing to die as if by murrain, and all things looking worse and worse to poor biliary Generals, Sea-General Penn set sail for home, whom Land-General Venables swiftly followed; leaving "Vice-Admiral Goodson," "Major-General Fortescue," or almost whosoever liked, to manage in their absence, and their ruined moribund forces to die as they could; — and are now lodged in the

[1] *Journal of the English Army in the West Indies*, by an Eye-witness (in *Harl. Miscell.* vi. 372–390). A lucid and reasonable Narrative.

Tower, as they deserved to be. The Lord Protector, and virtually England with him, had hoped to see the dark empire of bloody Antichristian Spain a little shaken in the West; some reparation got for its inhuman massacrings and long-continued tyrannies, — massacrings, exterminations of us, "at St. Kitts in 1629, at Tortuga in 1637, at Santa Cruz in 1650;" so, in the name of England, had this Lord Protector hoped; and he has now to take his disappointment.

The ulterior history of these Western Affairs, of this new Jamaica under Cromwell, lies far dislocated, drowned deep in the Slumber-Lakes of *Thurloe* and Company; in a most dark, stupefied, and altogether dismal condition. A history indeed, which, as you painfully fish it up and by degrees reawaken it to life, is in itself sufficiently dismal. Not much to be intermeddled with here. The English left in Jamaica, the English successively sent thither, prosper as ill as need be; still die, soldiers and settlers of them, at a frightful rate per day; languish, for most part, astonished in their strange new sultry element; and cannot be brought to front with right manhood the deadly inextricable jungle of tropical confusions, outer and inner, in which they find themselves. Brave Governors, Fortescue, Sedgwick, Brayne, one after the other, die rapidly, of the climate and of broken heart; their life-fire all spent there, in that dark chaos, and as yet no result visible. It is painful to read what misbehavior there is, what difficulties there are.[1]

Almost the one steady light-point in the business is the Protector's own spirit of determination. If England have now a "West-India Interest," and Jamaica be an Island worth something, it is to this Protector mainly that we owe it. Here too, as in former darknesses, "Hope shines in him, like a pillar of fire, when it has gone out in all the others." Having put his hand to this work, he will not for any discourage-

[1] Thurloe, iii. iv., — in very many places, all in a most unedited, confused condition. Luminous Notices too in Carte's *Ormond Papers*, ii. Long's *History of Jamaica* (London, 1774), i. 221 et seqq., gives in a vague but tolerably correct way some of the results of *Thurloe;* which Bryan Edwards has abridged. Godwin (iv. 192–200) is exact, so far as he goes.

ment turn back. Jamaica shall yet be a colony; Spain and its dark Domdaniel shall yet be smitten to the heart, — the enemies of God and His Gospel, by the soldiers and servants of God. It must, and it shall. We have failed in the West, but not wholly; in the West and in the East, by sea and by land, as occasion shall be ministered, we will try it again and again.

"On the 28th of November, 1655, the Treaty with France is proclaimed by heralds and trumpets," say the Old Newspapers.[1] Alliance with France, and *Declaration* against Spain, — within the tropics where there is never Peace, and without the tropics where Peace yet is, there shall now be War with Spain. Penn and Venables, cross-questioned till no light farther could be had from them, are dismissed; in Penn's stead, Montague is made Admiral.[2] We will maintain Jamaica, send reinforcement after reinforcement to it; we will try yet for the Spanish Plate Fleets; we will hurl yet bolt after bolt into the dark Domdaniel, and have no Peace with Spain. In all which, as I understand, the spirit of England, mindful of Armadas, and wedded once for all to blessed Gospel Light and Progress, and not to accursed Papal Jesuitry and Stagnancy, co-operates well with this Protector of the Commonwealth of England. Land-fighting too we shall by and by come upon; in all ways, a resolute prosecution of hostilities against Spain. Concerning the "policy" of which, and real wisdom and unwisdom of which, no reader need consult the current Sceptical Red-tape Histories of that Period, for they are much misinformed on the matter. —

Here are Three Official Letters, or Draughts of Letters, concerning the business of Jamaica; which have come to us in a very obscure, unedited condition, Thomas Birch having been a little idle. Very obscure; and now likely to remain so, they and the others, — unless indeed Jamaica should produce a Poet of its own, pious towards the Hero-Founder of Jamaica, and courageous to venture into the Stygian Quagmires of

[1] In *Cromwelliana*, p. 134.

[2] Jan. 1655–6 (Thurloe, iv. 338).

Thurloe and the others, and vanquish them on his and its behalf!

Apparently these Official Letters are First-draughts, in the hand of Thurloe or some underling of his; dictated to him, as is like, by the Protector: they would afterwards be copied-fair, dated, and duly despatched; and only the rough originals, unhappily without date, are now left us. Birch has put them down without much criticism; the arrangement of some is palpably wrong. By the spelling and punctuation we judge them to be of Thurloe's handwriting; but the sense is clearly Oliver's, and probably, with some superficial polishings, the composition. They cannot, after much inquiry, be dated except approximately; the originals are gone with Birch, who has not even told us in whose handwriting they were, much less has tried to make any sense of them for himself, the idle ineffectual Editor! In fact, *Thurloe* in regard to these Jamaica businesses has had to go without editing; lies wide-spread, dislocated, dark; and, in this passage, read by Birch's light, is mere darkness visible. One of the Letters, we at length find, is even misaddressed, — seemingly by idle Birch, at random. Happily it is with the sense alone that we are much concerned; and that is in good part legible. Fancy Penn and Venables dismissed, after some light got out of them by cross-questioning; fancy "Vice-Admiral Goodson, Major-General Fortescue, Daniel Serle Governor of Barbadoes, and Major-General Sedgwick" new from England, made Commissioners, with Instructions,[1] with full power over Jamaica, — and then read.

LETTER CCIV.

Vice-Admiral Goodson, as his title indicates, went out as second under Penn; whose place he now fills as chief. Letters of his in *Thurloe* indicate a thick blunt stout-hearted sailor character, not nearly so stupid as he looks; whose rough piety, sense, stoicism, and general manfulness grow luminous to us at last. The Protector hopes "the Lord may have

[1] Given in Thurloe, iv. 634.

blessed Goodson to have lighted upon some of the Enemy's vessels, and burnt them;"—which is a hope fulfilled: for Goodson has already been at St. Martha on the Spanish Main, and burnt it; but got few "ships," nor any right load of plunder either; the people having had him in sight for six hours before landing, and run away with everything to the woods. He got "thirty brass guns and two *bases*," whatever these are. The rest of the plunder, being "accurately sold at the mast of each ship" by public auction, yielded just £471 sterling, which was a very poor return. At the Rio de Hacha ("Rio de hatch" as we here write it) "the bay was so shoal" no great ships could get near; and our "hoys" and small craft, on trying it, saw nothing feasible; wherefore we had drawn back again. Santa Martha, and plunder sold by auction to the amount above stated, was all we could get.[1]

"*To Vice-Admiral Goodson, at Jamaica.*

"Whitehall [October, 1655].

"Sir, — I have written to Major-General Fortescue divers advertisements of our purpose and resolution, the Lord willing, to prosecute this Business; and you shall not want bodies of men nor yet anything in our power for the carrying on of the work. I have also given divers hints unto him of things which may probably be attempted, and should[2] be very diligently looked after by you both; but are left to your better judgments upon the place. Wherein I desire you would consult together how to prosecute your affairs with that brotherly kindness that upon no color whatsoever any divisions or distractions should be amongst you, but that you may have one shoulder to the work; which will be very pleasing to the Lord; and not unnecessary, considering what an enemy you are like to have to deal withal.

"We hope that you have with [you] some of those ships which came last, near twenty men-of-war; which I desire you to keep equipt, and make yourselves as strong as you can to

[1] Goodson's Letter, in *Thurloe*, iv. 159 et seqq.

[2] "would" in orig.

beat the Spaniard, who will doubtless send a good force into the Indies. I hope, by this time the Lord may have blessed you to have light upon some of their vessels, — whether by burning them in their harbors or otherwise. And it will be worthy of you to improve your strength, what you can, both to weaken them by parcels, and to engage them as you have opportunity, — which, at such a distance I may probably guess, would be best [managed] by not suffering, if you can help it, the new Fleet, which comes from Spain, to go unfought, before they join with the ships that are to the Leeward of you.

"We are sending to you, with all possible speed, seven more stout men-of-war, some of them forty guns, and the rest not under thirty, for your assistance. This Ship goes before, with instructions, to encourage you to go on in the work; and also with instructions to Mevis, and the other Windward Islands, to bring so many of the Plantations as are free to come [that they may settle with you at Jamaica]. And I desire you, with your lesser merchant-ships or such others as you can spare, to give all possible assistance for their removal and transplantation, from time to time, as also all due encouragement to remove them.

"You will see by the Enclosed what I have writ to Major-General Fortescue. And I hope your counsels will enter into that which may be for the glory of God and good of this Nation. It is not to be denied but the Lord hath greatly humbled us in that sad loss sustained at Hispaniola; and we doubt we have provoked the Lord; and it is good for us to know and to be abased for the same. But yet certainly His name is concerned in the work; and therefore though we should, and I hope do, lay our mouths in the dust, yet He would not have us despond, but I trust give us leave to make mention of His name and of His righteousness, when we cannot make mention of our own. You are left there; and I pray you set up your banners in the name of Christ; for undoubtedly it is His Cause. And let the reproach and shame that hath been for our sins, and through (also we may say) the misguidance of some, work up your hearts to confidence in the Lord, and for the redemp-

tion of His honor from the hands of men who attribute their success to their Idols, the work of their own hands. And though He hath torn us, yet He will heal us; though He hath smitten us, yet He will bind us up; after two days He will revive us, in the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight.[1] The Lord Himself hath a controversy with your Enemies; even with that Roman Babylon, of which the Spaniard is the great underpropper. In that respect we fight the Lord's battles; — and in this the Scriptures are most plain. The Lord therefore strengthen you with faith, and cleanse you from all evil: and doubt not but He is able, and I trust as willing, to give you as signal success as He gave your enemies against you. Only the Covenant-fear of the Lord be upon you.[2]

"If we send you not by this, I trust we shall by the next, our Declaration setting forth the justness of this War. I remain,

"Your loving friend,

"OLIVER P."[3]

The *Declaration* here alluded to, of War with Spain, came out on Tuesday, 23d October, 1655;[4] which with sufficient approximation dates this Letter for us. By obscure intimations, allusions to events, and even by recurrence of phrases, the following Letter seems to have the same or a closely subsequent date; but no sense could be made of it till the Address, "Major-General Fortescue, at Jamaica" (which, being nonsense, we have to impute to Birch), was erased, — was altered, by dim lights[5] and guessings still a little uncertain, as below.

[1] Hosea, vi. 1, 2.

[2] No other fear; nor is there need of any other hope or strength!

[3] Thurloe, iv. 130.

[4] Thurloe, iv. 117; Godwin, iv. 217; Antea, p. 25.

[5] Thurloe, iv. 633, &c. &c.

LETTER CCV.

[*To Daniel Serle, Esquire, Governor of Barbadoes.*]

[Whitehall, October, 1655.]

"Sir, — These are first to let you know that myself and the Government reckon ourselves beholden[1] to you for the ready expressions of your love in giving assistance to our late Design.[2] Which indeed, though it hath miscarried in what we hoped for, through the disposing hand of God, for reasons best known to Himself, and as we may justly conceive for our sins, — yet is not this Cause the less His, but will be owned by Him, as I verily believe: and therefore we dare not relinquish it;[3] but shall, the Lord assisting, prosecute it with what strength we can, hoping for [a] blessing for His name's sake.

"You will receive some Instructions,[4] with encouragements to remove your people thither. Whereto I refer you. only let me tell you, that if you shall think to desire some other things which are not mentioned in those Instructions, [you may] rest upon my word that we shall be most ready to supply what they may be defective in, or you may reasonably demand when once you are upon the place, — where certainly you may be better able to judge what may tend most to your accommodation than at a distance. Surely the sooner you remove thither,[5] you will have the more time to strengthen yourself, in such place and upon such part as you shall like of. And for your own part, I have named you one of the Commissioners there for managing of the whole affair; whereby you will have your vote and interest in that Government.

[1] "beholding" in orig.; as the old phrase usually is.

[2] Hispaniola: to which Serle, at Barbadoes, had given due furtherance, as the Expedition passed.

[3] No!

[4] Thurloe, iv. 633–637; worth reading, though in great want of editing.

[5] Will mean, if our Addressing of this Letter is correct, that it had at one time been intended and decided to send Serle of Barbadoes, an experienced man, the ablest and principal English Governor in the West Indies, to take charge of Jamaica himself. Which however, in the quick succession of new lights and occurrences, never came to pass.

"Having said this, I think fit to let you know that we have twenty men-of-war already there, and are sending eight more, many whereof have forty guns and upwards, and the rest above thirty.[1] We hope the Plantation is not wanting in anything; having at the least seven thousand fighting-men upon the place: and we are providing to supply them constantly with fresh men: and we trust they are furnished with a twelvemonth's victuals; — and I think, if we have it in England, they shall not want.

"We have also sent to the Colonies of New England like offers with yours,[2] To remove thither; our resolution being to people and plant that Island. And indeed we have very good reason to expect considerable numbers from thence, forasmuch as the last winter was very destructive, and the summer hath proved so very sickly.

"I pray God direct you; and rest,

"Your loving friend,

[OLIVER P.]"[3]

Undoubtedly to "Daniel Serle," or else to "Major-General Sedgwick," the other of the Four new Commissioners, this Letter must have been addressed. With either of which Addresses it remains historically somewhat obscure; but is legible enough for our purposes with it here. The next seems to be of slightly later date.

LETTER CCVI.

"To Major-General Fortescue, at Jamaica.

[WHITEHALL, November, 1655.]

"SIR, — You will herewith receive Instructions for the better carrying on of your business; which is not of small account here, though our discouragements have been many;

[1] Same phrase in the preceding Letter.

[2] Encouragements to them, as to "your" Colony, to emigrate thither.

[3] Thurloe, iv. 130.

for which we desire to humble ourselves before the Lord, who hath very sorely chastened us. I do commend, in the midst of others' miscarriages, your constancy and faithfulness to your trust in every [situation][1] where you are, and [your] taking care of a 'company of poor sheep left by their shepherd:'[2] and be assured that, as that which you have done hath been good in itself, and becoming an honest man, so it hath a very good savor here with all good Christians and all true Englishmen, and will not be forgotten by me as opportunity shall serve.

"I hope you have long before this time received that good supply which went from hence in July last,[3] whereby you will perceive that you have not been forgotten here. I hope also the ships sent for New England are, before this time, with you:[4] — and let me tell you, as an encouragement to you and those with you to improve the utmost diligence, and to excite your courage in this business, though not to occasion any negligence in prosecuting that affair, nor to give occasion to slacken any improvement of what the place may afford, That you will be followed with what necessary supplies, as well for comfortable subsistence as for your security against the Spaniard, this place may afford, or you want.

"And therefore study first your security by fortifying: and although you have not moneys, for the present, to do it in such quantities as were to be wished; yet, your case being as that of a marching army, wherein every soldier, out of principles of nature, and according to the practice of all discipline, ought to be at pains to secure the common quarter, — we hope no man amongst you will be so wanting to himself, considering food is provided for you, as not to be willing to help to the uttermost therein. And therefore I require you and all with you, for the safety of the whole, that this be made your most

[1] Word torn.

[2] Fortescue's own expression: in a Letter of 21st July, 1655 (Thurloe, iii. 675).

[3] Vaughan, i. 303; Thurloe, iv. 4.

[4] Thurloe, iv. 157; one, the first of them, did arrive, Nov. 1st: "sent from Jamaica to New England for provisions."

principal intention. The doing of this will require that you be very careful not to scatter, till you have begun a security in some one place. — Next I desire you that you would consider how to form such a Body of good Horse as may, if the Spaniard should attempt upon you at his next coming into the Indies with his Galleons, be in a readiness to march to hinder his landing; who will hardly land upon a body of horse; and if he shall land, [you will] be in a posture to keep the provisions of the country from him, or him from the provisions, if he shall endeavor to march towards you.

"We have sent Commissioners and Instructions into New England, to try what people may be drawn thence.[1] We have done the like to the Windward English Islands; and both in England and Scotland and Ireland, you will have what men and women we can well transport.

"We think, and it is much designed amongst us, to strive with the Spaniard for the mastery of all those seas: and therefore we could heartily wish that the Island of Providence were in our hands again; believing that it lies so advantageously in reference to the Main, and especially for the hindrance of the Peru trade and Carthagena, that you would not only have great advantage thereby of intelligence and surprisal, but [might] even block up Carthagena.[2] It is discoursed here that, if the Spaniard do attempt upon you, it is most likely it will be upon the East end of the Island, towards Cuba; as also [that] Cuba, in its chief Town, is a place[3] easily attempted, and hath in it a very rich copper-mine. It would be good, for the first, as you have opportunity, to inform yourself; and if there be need, to make a good work upon the East end of your Island, to prevent them. And for the other, and all things of that kind, we must leave them to your judgment upon the place, to do therein as you shall see cause.

[1] Long Correspondences about it, and details, from assiduous Mr. Gookin, chief of those Commissioners, in *Thurloe*, iv.

[2] "the same" in orig.

[3] The first "Cuba" here is the old capital of the Eastern Department, now called *Santiago de Cuba*, where there are still copper-mines.

"To conclude: As we have cause to be humbled for the reproof God gave us at St. Domingo, upon the account of our own sins as well as others', so, truly, upon the reports brought hither to us of the extreme avarice, pride and confidence, disorders and debauchedness, profaneness and wickedness, commonly practised amongst the Army, we can not only bewail the same, but desire that all with you may do so; and that a very special regard may be had so to govern, for time to come, as that all manner of vice may be thoroughly discountenanced, and severely punished; and that such a frame of government may be exercised that virtue and godliness may receive due encouragement. [I rest,

Your loving friend,

OLIVER P.]"[1]

The brave Fortescue never received this Letter; he already lay in his grave when it was written; had died in October last,[2] a speedy victim of the bad climate and desperate situation. Brave Sedgwick, his Partner and Successor, soon died also:[3] a very brave, zealous and pious man, whose Letters in *Thurloe* are of all others the best worth reading on this subject. Other brave men followed, and soon died; spending heroically their remnant of life-fire there, — as heroes do, "making paths through the impassable." But we must leave the heroisms of Oliver Protector and his Puritans, in this Jamaica Business, to the reader's fancy henceforth, — till perhaps some Jamaica *Poet* rise to resuscitate and extricate them. Reinforcement went on the back of reinforcement, during this Protector's lifetime: "a Thousand Irish Girls" went; not to speak of the rogue-and-vagabond species from Scotland, — "we can help you" at any time "to two or three hundred of these."[4] And so at length a West-India Interest did take root; and bears spices and poisons, and other produce, to this day.

[1] Thurloe, iv. 633. [2] Ibid. iv. 153.

[3] 24th June, 1656 (Long's *History of Jamaica*, i. 257).

[4] Long, i. 244; Thurloe, iv. 692–695: — new Admonitions and Instructions from the Protector, of Thurloe's writing, 17th June, 1656 (Thurloe, v. 129–131); &c.

LETTERS CCVII.–CCXIV.

TAKE the following Letters in mass; and make some dim History of Eleven Months from them, as best may be.

LETTER CCVII.

HENRY CROMWELL has no Major-Generals in Ireland, but has his anarchies there also to deal with. Let him listen to this good advice on the subject.

"*For my Son Henry Cromwell, at Dublin, Ireland.*

"[WHITEHALL,] 21st November, 1655.

"SON, — I have seen your Letter writ unto Mr. Secretary Thurloe; and do find thereby that you are very apprehensive of the carriage of some persons with you, towards yourself and the public affairs.

"I do believe there may be some particular persons who are not very well pleased with the present condition of things, and may be apt to show their discontent as they have opportunity: but this should not make too great impressions in you. Time and patience may work them to a better frame of spirit, and bring them to see that which, for the present, seems to be hid from them; especially if they shall see your moderation and love towards them, if they are found in other ways towards you. Which I earnestly desire you to study and endeavor, all that lies in you. Whereof both you and I too shall have the comfort, whatsoever the issue and event thereof be.

"For what you write of more help, I have long endeavored it; and shall not be wanting to send you some farther addition to the Council, so soon as men can be found out who are fit for the trust. I am also thinking of sending over to you a fit person who may command the North of Ireland; which I believe stands in great need of one; and [I] am of your opinion

that Trevor and Colonel Mervin are very dangerous persons, and may be made the heads of a new rebellion. And therefore I would have you move the Council that they be secured in some very safe place, and the farther out of their own countries the better.

"I commend you to the Lord; and rest,

"Your affectionate father,

"OLIVER P."[1]

"The Letter writ unto Mr. Secretary Thurloe," which is responded to in this wise and magnanimous manner, does not appear in *Thurloe* or elsewhere. November 14th, a week before the date of this, Henry writing to Thurloe excuses his present brevity, his last Letter having been so very copious: that copious Letter, now lost, is probably the one in question here.

"*November 22d*," the day after this Letter, "came several accounts from the Major-Generals out of divers Counties. Out of Norfolk it was certified that Cleveland the Poet and one Sherland a wild Parson were apprehended" at Norwich "by Colonel Haynes,"[2] the Lord Fleetwood's Substitute in those regions. This is John Cleveland the famed Cantab Scholar, Royalist Judge-Advocate, and thrice illustrious Satirist and son of the Muses; who "had gone through eleven editions" in those times, far transcending all Miltons and all mortals, — and does not now need any twelfth edition, that we hear of. Still recognizable for a man of lively parts, and brilliant petulant character; directed, alas, almost wholly to the *worship of clothes*, — which is by nature a transient one! His good fortune quitted him, I think, nine years ago, when David Lesley took him prisoner in Newark. A stinging satire against the Scots had led Cleveland to expect at least martyrdom on this occasion; but Lesley merely said, "Let the poor knave go and sell his ballads;"[3] and dismissed him, — towards thin diet,

[1] Thurloe, i. 726.

[2] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 154); Thurloe, iv. 185.

[3] *Biog. Britan.* (2d edit.), iii. 531: — very ignorantly told there.

and a darkness which has been deepening ever since. Very low now at Norwich, where he is picked up by Colonel Haynes: "thirty pounds a year;" "lives with a gentleman to whom he is giving some instruction;" — unfortunate son of the Muses. He indites a high-flown magnanimous epistle to Cromwell, on this new misfortune; who likewise magnanimously dismisses him,[1] to "sell his ballads" at what little they will bring.

Wednesday, December 12th, 1655. This day, "in a withdrawing-room at Whitehall," presided over by his Highness, who is much interested in the matter, was held "a Conference concerning the Jews;"[2] — of which the modern reader too may have heard something. Conference, one of Four Conferences, publicly held, which filled all England with rumor in those old December days; but must now contract themselves into a point for us. Highest official Persons, with Lord Chief Barons, Lord Chief Justices, and chosen Clergy have met here to advise, by reason, Law-learning, Scripture-prophecy, and every source of light for the human mind, concerning the proposal of admitting Jews, with certain privileges as of alien-citizens, to reside in England. They were banished near four hundred years ago: shall they now be allowed to reside and trade again? The Proposer is "Manasseh Ben Israel," a learned Portuguese Jew of Amsterdam; who, being stirred up of late years by the great things doing in England, has petitioned one and the other, Long Parliament and Little Parliament, for this object; but could never, till his Highness came into power, get the matter brought to a hearing. And so they debate and solemnly consider; and his Highness spake; — and says one witness, "I never heard a man speak so well."[3] His Highness was eager for the scheme, if so might be. But the Scripture-prophecies, Law-learnings, and lights of the human mind seemed to point another way; zealous Manasseh went home again; the Jews could not settle here except by private suf-

[1] Life of Cleveland, prefixed to his *Poems*.

[2] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 154).

[3] Sir Paul Rycaut (in Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 77; — as cited by Godwin, iv. 299)

ferance of his Highness; — and the matter contracts itself into a point for us.[1]

This same Jew-Wednesday, Wednesday the 12th, as a laborious unimportant computation shows, was the "evening" when Republican Ludlow had the first interview with his Highness and certain of his Council "in the Protector's bedchamber."[2] Solid Ludlow has been in Ireland; dreadfully sulky ever since this Protectorate began. Solid Ludlow never would acknowledge any Single Person, never he; not though the Single Person "were his own father." He has nevertheless, by certain written "engagements," contrived to get across from Ireland, with much trouble by the road; but will not now give any promise satisfactory to his Highness. "He will be peaceable; yes, so long as he sees no chance otherwise: but if he see a chance —! Should like, notwithstanding, to breathe a little air in his own country; that is all he is wanting for the present!" In fact, our solid friend is firm as brass, or oak-timber; altogether obstinate indeed, not to say dogged and mulish. The Protector, who has a respect for the solid man, and whose course is conciliation in such cases, permits him to reside in Essex; keeping his eye upon him.

We might speak also of the famed "Committee of Trade," which has now begun its sessions "in the Old House of Lords." An Assemblage of Dignitaries, Chief Merchants, Political Economists, convened by summons of his Highness;[3] consulting zealously how the Trade of this country may be improved. A great concernment of the Commonwealth, "which his Highness is eagerly set upon." They consulted of "Swedish Copperas," and such like; doing faithfully what they could.

Of these things we might speak; but prefer to end the year by this small interesting fraction of Domestic Gossip, coming to us in a small flute-voice across the loud Disturbances, which are fallen silent now, more silent now than even it! Sorry

[1] Godwin, iv. 243–249. — To "Manasseth Ben Israel, a Pension of £100 per annum, payable quarterly, and commencing 20th February, 1656" (1657): Privy-Seals of Oliver; in Fifth Report of the Deputy Keeper of the Public Records (London, 1844), Appendix ii. p. 263.

[2] Ludlow, ii. 551 et seqq.

[3] Whitlocke, p. 618 (2d Nov. 1655).

only that nobody can inform us who this blameworthy "person" in the Lord Henry Cromwell's house is, or what her misdoings are: but the reader, skilled in perennial human nature, can sufficiently supply these, and listen to the ancient small flute-voice with intelligence: —

"*The Lady Mary Cromwell to Henry Cromwell, Major-General of the Army in Ireland.*

"[Hampton-Court,] 7th December, 1655.

"Dear Brother, — I cannot be any longer without begging an excuse for my so long silence. You cannot but hear of my Sister's illness; which indeed has been the only cause of it. You might justly take it ill otherwise, and think there were want of that affection I owe unto you.

"Indeed, dear Brother, it was a great deal of trouble to me to think I should give you any occasion to think amiss of me: for I can truly say it, you are very dear to me; and it is a great trouble to me to think of the distance we are from one another; and would be more, if I did not think you are doing the Lord's service; — and truly that ought to satisfy us; for while we are here, we cannot expect but that we must be separated. Dear Brother, the Lord direct you in His ways, and keep your heart close unto Himself. And I am sure, therein you will have true comfort; and that will last when all this world shall pass away.

"I cannot but give you some item of One that is with you, who, [it] is so much feared by your friends that love you, is some dishonor to you and my dear Sister, if you have not a great care. For it is reported here, that she rules much in your Family; and truly it is feared that she is a discountenancer of the Godly People. Therefore, dear Brother, take it not ill, that I give you an item of her: for, truly, if I did not love both you and your honor, I would not give you notice of her. Therefore I hope you will not take it ill, that I have dealt thus plainly with you. I suppose you know who it is I mean, therefore I desire to be excused for not naming her. I desire not to be seen in it; and therefore desire you that you would not take the least notice of my writing to you about it: because

I was desired not to speak of it; — nor should I, but that I know you will not take it amiss from your poor Sister who loves you.

"Dear Brother, I take leave to rest,

"Your sister and servant,

"MARY CROMWELL.

"Her Highness[1] desires to have her love to you and my Sister; and my Sister Franke her respects to you both." [2]

"My Sister Franke" and the Lady Mary, these are my "two little wenches," grown now to be women; with dress-caps, fresh blossoming hearts, musical glib tongues, — not uninteresting to men! Anthony Ashley Cooper, I am told, is looking towards this Lady Mary; now turned of Eighteen,[3] and a desirable match for any youth of ambition, — but not attainable, I doubt, by Ashley.

LETTER CCVIII.

HE that builds by the wayside has many masters! Henry Cromwell, we perceive by all symptoms,[4] has no holiday task of it; needs energy, vigilance, intelligence, — needs almost unlimited patience first of all. With a hot proud temper of his own to strive against, too; and is not nine-and-twenty yet: a young man whose carriage hitherto merits high praise. Anabaptist Colonels "preach" against him; Fleetwood, at head-quarters, has perhaps a tendency to favor Anabaptist Colonels, and send them over hither to us? Colonel Hewson, here in Ireland, he, with a leaning that way, has had correspondences, has even had an "Answer" from the Lord Protector (now lost), whereupon have risen petitionings, colloquies, caballings, — much loud unreason to absorb into oneself, and

[1] "our Mother." [2] Thurloe, iv. 593. [3] Vol. xvii. p. 69.

[4] See his Letters to Thurloe: *Thurloe*, iv. 254–608 (Letters from Nov., 1655, to April, 1656).

convert at least into silence! "Be not troubled with that Business; we understand the men:" no; — and on the whole, read, and be encouraged, and go on your way.

"*For my Son Harry Cromwell.*

"[WHITEHALL,] 21st April, 1656.

"HARRY, — I have received your Letters, and have also seen some from you to others; and am sufficiently satisfied of your burden, and that if the Lord be not with you, to enable you to bear it, you are in a very sad condition.

"I am glad to hear what I have heard of your carriage: study still to be innocent; and to answer every occasion, roll yourself upon God, — which to do needs much grace. Cry to the Lord to give you a plain single heart. Take heed of being over-jealous, lest your apprehensions of others cause you to offend. Know that uprightness will preserve you; in this be confident against men.

"I think the Anabaptists are to blame in not being pleased with you. That's their fault! It will not reach *you*, whilst you with singleness of heart make the glory of the Lord your aim. Take heed of professing religion without the power: that will teach you to love all who are after the similitude of Christ. Take care of making it a business to be too hard for the men who contest with you. Being over-concerned may train you into a snare. — I have to do with those poor men; and am not without my exercise. I know they are weak; because they are so peremptory in judging others. I quarrel not with them but in their seeking to supplant others; which is done by some, first by branding them with antichristianism, and then taking away their maintenance.

"Be not troubled with the late Business: we understand the men. Do not fear the sending of any over to you but such as will be considering men, loving all godly interests, and men [that] will be friends to justice. — Lastly, take heed of studying to lay for yourself the foundation of a great estate. It will be a snare to you: they will watch you; bad men will be confirmed in covetousness. The thing is an evil which God abhors. I pray you think of me in this.

"If the Lord did not sustain me, I were undone: but I live, and I shall live, to the good pleasure of His grace; I find mercy at need. The God of all grace keep you. I rest,

"Your loving father,

"OLIVER P.

"My love to my dear Daughter (whom I frequently pray for) and to all friends." [1]

Such a Letter, like a staff dipped in honeycomb and brought to one's lips, is enough to enlighten the eyes of a wearied Sub-Deputy; and cheer him, a little, on his way! To prove that you can conquer every opponent, to found a great estate: not these, or the like of these, be your aims, Son Harry. "I pray you think of me in this." And, on the whole, heed not the foolish noises, the fatuous lights; heed the eternal Loadstars and celestial Silences, — and vigilantly march: so shall you too perhaps "find mercy at need."

LETTER CCIX.

NEW Sea-Armaments, and ever new, are fitted out against the Spaniards and their Papist Domdaniel. Penn being dismissed, Councillor Colonel Montague, already in the Admiralty, was made Sea-General last January in his stead; and now Blake and he have their flags flying somewhere off Cadiz Bay it would appear.

"To Generals Blake and Montague, at Sea.

"WHITEHALL, 28th April, 1656.

"MY LOVING FRIENDS, — You have, as I verily believe and am persuaded, a plentiful stock of prayers going [on] for you daily, sent up by the soberest and most approved Ministers and Christians in this Nation; and, notwithstanding some discouragements, very much wrestling of faith for you: which

[1] Autograph in the possession of Sir W. Betham (Ulster King of Arms), Dublin.

is to us, and I trust will be to you, matter of great encouragement. But notwithstanding all this, it will be good for you and us to deliver up ourselves and all our affairs to the disposition of our All-wise Father; who, not only out of prerogative, but because of His wisdom, goodness and truth, ought to be resigned unto by His creatures, and most especially by those who are children of His begetting through the Spirit. We have been lately taught [1] that it is not in man to direct his way. Indeed all the dispensations of God, whether adverse or prosperous, do fully read that lesson. We can no more turn away the Evil, as we call it, than attain the Good: And therefore Solomon's counsel, of doing what we have to do with all our might, [and] getting our hearts wholly submitted, if not to rejoicing, at least to contentation with whatsoever shall be dispensed by Him to whom alone the issues of all things do belong, is worthy to be received by us.[2]

"Wherefore we have thought fit to send this honest man, Captain Lloyd, who is know to us to be a person of integrity, to convey to you some thoughts, — wherein we do only offer to you such things as do arise to us, partly upon intelligence, and partly upon such a measure as we at such a distance take of that great affair wherein you are engaged; desiring to give no rule to you; but building, under God, much more upon your judgments on the place than [upon] our own; forasmuch as our intelligences, coming much upon the examination of Merchants' ships and such ways, may not be true oftentimes in matter of fact. And therefore we do offer what we have to say rather as queries than [as] resolutions.

"We are informed that not many of the Plate Fleet are come home; viz. two Galleons and two Pataches; [3] and we hear they are not so rich as they gave out. We are informed also that the Spaniards' Fleet in Cadiz is in no preparation to

[1] In the affair of Hispaniola, &c.

[2] Yes, I should say so; — as indeed the whole Universe, since it first had any glimmerings of intelligence in it, has said!

[3] *Galeone*, in the Spanish Dictionary, is defined as an "Armed ship of burden used for trade in time of war;" *Patache*, as "a Tender, or smaller ship to wait upon the *Galeone*."

come out; and some think they will not come forth, but delay you upon the coast, until your victuals are spent, and you forced to come home. We apprehend that, when General Blake was there last year, they could not have told how to have manned out a Fleet, if the Merchants there and gentlemen interested had not (principally for their own interest in the return of the [Plate] Fleet) done it.

"We are informed that they sent what men they could well spare, by those six or seven ships which they sent to the West Indies in March last. We know also that it hath ever been accounted that the Spaniards' great want is men, — as well as money at this time. What numbers are in and about Cadiz you best know. We only discourse probabilities: Whether now it might not be worthy to be weighed by you and your council of war, whether this Fleet of theirs now in Cadiz might not be burnt or otherwise destroyed? Whether Puntal and the Forts are so considerably stronger as to discourage from such an attempt? Whether Cadiz itself be unattemptable; or the Island on which it stands be noways to be separated from relieving the Town by the Bridge,[1] the Island being so narrow in some parts of it? Whether any other place be attemptable; especially that of the Town and Castle of Gibraltar, — which if possessed and made tenable by us,[2] would it not be both an advantage to our trade and an annoyance to the Spaniard; and enable us, without keeping so great a fleet on that coast, with six nimble frigates lodged there to do the Spaniard more harm than by a fleet, and ease our own charge?

"You may discourse freely with the Bearer concerning anything contained in this Letter, to whom the whole was communicated, that so he might be able to bring back to us a more particular account of things. The Lord guide you to do that which may be pleasing in His sight. I remain,

"Your very loving friend,

"Oliver P."[3]

[1] Means "noways to be separated from the Mainland, by ruining its Bridge:" Cadiz were thus in reality *isolated*.

[2] Hear, hear!

[3] Thurloe, iv. 744.

LETTER CCX.

CADIZ could not be attempted. Here, eight days later, is another message to the same parties, concerning another business. "The Portugal," it appears, has been behaving in a very paltry fashion; and now "Mr. Meadows," one of Thurloe's Under-Secretaries, is gone out to him; whose remonstrances, the Fleet lending them its emphasis, will probably be effectual.

"To Generals Blake and Montague, at Sea.

"WHITEHALL, 6th May, 1656.

"GENTLEMEN, — You will perceive, by the Instructions[1] herewith sent you, what is expected by the Council and myself at your hands. And although we are satisfied that you will believe we have sufficient grounds to give you these Directions, yet we have thought fit, for the farther strengthening you unto this Action, to give you a short knowledge of the true state of the Difference between us and the King of Portugal.

"You very well know that it is very near two years since we and the Ambassador of Portugal did agree a Treaty; they having wronged us and our Merchants, and taken part with the late King against us. When the Articles were fully agreed by the Ambassador, who had full power and authority to conclude with us, we on our part ratified and confirmed the same, and sent it to the King of Portugal to be ratified and executed by him also. He, delaying to do it according to the first Agreement, in which there were some preliminaries to be performed by him before we could enter upon the whole body of a Treaty, — not only refused to give us satisfaction therein, but instead thereof sent us a pretended Ratification of a Treaty, so different from what was agreed by his Ambassador that it was quite another thing. In [regard to] some essential Articles, it was proposed that if we would condescend to some amendments, the King of Portugal would [then] agree to confirm the whole.

[1] Thurloe, iv. 769: brief "instructions," To seize the Portugal's ships, fleets, almost the Portugal's self, if he will not do justice.

"Whereupon we sent Mr. Maynard to have the Treaty consummated: but finding by the answer he gave us,[1] that there was little reality, and nothing but delays intended, we could not satisfy ourselves without sending another Person, fully instructed, and authorized by us to take away all scruples by yielding to their own amendments; thereby to discern whether they were sincere[2] or not. But, contrary to all expectation, we find, by the account the said Person hath given us, that we are put upon it to recede from all those things that were provisional, either for the good of the State or of our Merchants, or else we must have no Peace with them.[3]

"In one of the Articles agreed with the Ambassador, it was expressed, That the Merchants should enjoy liberty of conscience, in the worship of God in their own houses and aboard their ships; enjoying also the use of English Bibles, and other good books; taking care that they did not exceed this liberty. Now, upon the sending of Mr. Meadows, — unless we will agree to submit this Article to the determination of the Pope, we cannot have it: whereby he would bring us to an owning of the Pope; which, we hope, whatever befall us, we shall not, by the grace of God, be brought unto.[4] And upon the same issue is that Article put whereby it is provided and agreed by his Ambassador, That any ships coming to that harbor, any of their company that shall run away from the said ships shall be brought back again by the Magistrate; and the Commanders of the said ships [shall] not [be] required to pay the said runaways their wages, upon pretence [that] they are turned Catholics, — which may be a color for any knave to leave his duty, or for the Roman Catholics to seduce our men. This we thought necessary to be provided against. Yet to this also, as I said before, they would not consent without the approbation of the Pope, although it was agreed by their Ambassador too.

"Upon the whole matter, we find them very false to us, who intended nothing but what was simply honest. And truly we cannot believe that Article that was for our good,

[1] "by his return" in orig.
[2] "real" in orig.
[3] Let them have a care!
[4] No!

was [ever] really intended by them. And we may now plainly see what the effect is like to be of any Treaty had or made with people or states guided by such principles, who, when they have agreed, have such an evasion as these people have manifestly held forth in their dealing with us. Wherefore we pray you to be very exact in your prosecution of your Instructions; which truly I hope do not arise from the hope of gain, but from a sense of duty. For, seeing we cannot secure our People in their lives, liberties and estates by a Pretence of a Treaty; nor yet answer the just demands this Nation hath for wrongs done them; but must in some sort be guilty of bringing our People as it were into a net, by such specious shows which have nothing but falseness and rottenness in them; — we are necessitated, having amongst ourselves found out no possible expedient, though we have industriously sought it, to salve these things; we, out of necessity [I say], and not out of choice, have concluded to go in this way.

"You will receive herewith the Copy of an Instruction given and sent to Mr. Meadows, wherein is a time limited for the King's answer: and we desire that this may not be made use of by the King to delay or deceive us: nor that you, upon the first sight hereof, delay to take the best course you can to effect your Instructions, — or that the Portugal should get his Fleet home before you get between him and home, and so the birds be flown.

"We know not what your affairs are at the present; but are confident that nothing will be wanting on your part for the effectual accomplishment of this Service. But knowing that all ways, and works, and ourselves, are ever at the perfect disposition of the Lord and His providence, and that our times are in His hands, — we therefore recommend you to the grace and guidance of our good God, who, we hope, hath thoughts of mercy towards us: and that He would guide and bless you is the prayer of,

"Your very loving friend,

[Oliver P.]"[1]

[1] Thurloe, iv. 768.

In Thurloe's handwriting; but very evidently Oliver's composition every sentence of it. There will clearly be no living for the Portugal, unless he decide to throw away his jockeyings and jesuitries, and do what is fair and square!

LETTER CCXI.

A SMALL vestige, it is presumable, of this Protector's solicitude for the encouragement of Learning and Learned Men. Which is a feature of his character very conceivable to us, and well demonstrated otherwise by testimony of facts and persons. Such we shall presume the purport of this small Civic Message to be.

"*For Our worthy Friends the Committee of the City of London for Gresham College: These.*

"WHITEHALL, 9th May, 1656.

"GENTLEMEN, — We understanding that you have appointed an election this afternoon of a Geometry Professor in Gresham College, — We desire you to suspend the same for some time, till We shall have an opportunity to speak with some of you in order to that business. I rest,

"Your loving friend,

"OLIVER P."[1]

Historical Neal says zealously, "If there was a man in England who excelled in any faculty or science, the Protector would find him out, and reward him according to his merit." The renowned Dr. Cudworth in Cambridge, I have likewise expressly read, had commission to mark among the ingenuous youth of that University such as he deemed apt for Public Employment, and to make the Protector aware of them. Which high and indeed sacred function we find the Doctor, as occasion offers, intent to discharge.[2] The choice this Protector made of men, — "in nothing was his good understanding better discovered;" "which gave a general satisfaction to the

[1] Original, with Oliver's Signature, now (1846) in the Guildhall Library, London.

[2] Thurloe, iii. 614; v. 522; &c.

Public," say the Histories.[1] As we can very well believe! He who is himself a true man, has a chance to know the truth of men when he sees them; he who is not, has none: and as for the poor Public and its satisfactions, — alas, is not the kind of "man" you set upon it the liveliest symbol of its, and your, veracity and victory and blessedness, or unveracity and misery and cursedness; the general summation, and practical outcome, of all else whatsoever in the Public, and in you?

LETTER CCXII.

Another small Note still extant; relating to very small, altogether domestic matters.

"[*For my loving Son Richard Cromwell, Esquire, at Hursley: These.*]

"[Whitehall,] 29th May, 1656.

"Son, — You know there hath often been a desire to sell Newhall, because in these four years last past it hath yielded very little or no profit at all, nor did I ever hear you ever liked it for a Seat.

"It seems there may be a chapman had, who will give £18,000. It shall either be laid out where you shall desire; at Mr. Wallop's, or elsewhere, and the money put into feoffees' hands in trust to be so disposed: or I shall settle Burleigh; which yields near £1,300[2] *per annum*, besides the woods. Waterhouse will give you farther information. I rest,

"Your loving father,

"Oliver P.

"My love to your Father and Mother,[3] and your dear Wife."[4]

Newhall is the House and Estate in Essex which had once belonged to the great Duke of Buckingham. Burleigh I guess

[1] Burnet, in Neal, ii. 514; ib. ii. 461, 494. [2] Written above is "£1,260."

[3] Mr. and Mrs. Mayor of Hursley.

[4] Original in the possession of Henry William Field, Esq., of the Royal Mint.

to be Burleigh on the Hill, near Oakham, another House of the great Duke's, which Oliver in the beginning of his military services had known well: he took it by assault in 1643. Of Oliver's Lands, or even of his Public Lands granted by the Parliament, much more of the successive phases his Estate assumed by new purchase and exchange, there is, as we once observed already, no exact knowledge now anywhere to be had. Obscure incidental notices flit through the Commons Journals and other Records; but the sum of the matter alike with the details of it are sunk in antique Law-Parchments, in obliterated Committee-Papers, far beyond human sounding. Of the Lands he *died* possessed of, there is a List extant, more or less accurate; which is worth looking at here. On quitting the Protectorship in 1659, Richard Cromwell, with the hope of having his debts paid and some fixed revenue allowed him, gave in a Schedule of his Liabilities and of his Properties, the latter all in Land; which Schedule poor Noble has found *somewhere;*[1] and copied, probably with blunders. Subjoined is his List of the Properties, some of them misspelt, most likely; the exact localities of which, no indication being given or sought by Noble, may be a problem for persons learned in such matters.[2] To us, only Burleigh and Newhall are of importance here.

[1] *Not* where he says he did, "in *Commons Journals*, 14th May, 1659" (Noble, i. 333, 334).

[2] REAL ESTATE IN 1659.

Dalby, *Broughton*, Gower — settled on my Brother Henry Cromwell upon marriage: worth a year	£989	9 1
	533	8 8
	479	0 0
Newhall with woods, settled for security of £15,000 for a Portion for my Sister Frances	1,200	0 0
Chepstall	549	7 3
Magore	448	0 0
Tydenham	3,121	9 6
Woolaston	664	16 6
Chaulton with woods	500	0 0
Burleigh	1,236	12 8
Okham	326	14 11
Egleton	79	11 6

These are all the Lands at this date in the possession of the Oliver Family. The five names printed here in italics are still recognizable: Villiers (Duke

Newhall, we can observe, was not sold on the occasion of this Letter, nor at all sold; for it still stands in the List of 1659; and with some indication, too, as to what the cause of now trying to sell it may have been. "For a Portion to my Sister Frances," namely. Noble's citations from Morant's *History of Essex;* his and Morant's blunderings and somnambulances, in regard to this matter of Newhall, seem almost to approach the sublime.[1]

Leaving these, let us attend a little to the "Portion for my Sister Frances;" concerning which and whom a few lines of musical domestic gossip, interesting to the mind, are once more audible, from the same flute-voice above listened to. "Mr. Rich," we should premise, is the Lord Rich's Son, the Earl of Warwick's Grandson; heir-apparent, though he did not live to be heir: — pious old Earl of Warwick, whom we have seen heretofore as Admiral in the Long-Parliament time; the poor Earl of Holland's Brother. Here are affairs of the heart, romances of reality, such as have to go on in all times, under all dialects and fashions of dress-caps, Puritan-Protectoral and other.

of Buckingham) Properties all of these; the first two in Leicestershire, the last three contiguous to one another in Rutlandshire: of the others I at present (A.D. 1845) know nothing. As to poor Richard's finance-budget, encumbered "with £2,000, yearly to my Mother," "with £3,000 of debt contracted in my Father's lifetime," and plentifully otherwise, — it shall not concern us farther.

(*Note of* 1857.) The other Properties have now also been discovered: Lands, these, of the confiscated Marquis of Worcester; all of them in the South Wales or Ragland quarter. "Gower" is in Glamorgan, not far from Swansea; "Chepstall" is *Chepstow;* "Tydenham," *Tidenham,* in the same neighborhood; "Woolaston" is in Gloucestershire, four miles from Chepstow; "Chaulton," one of the *Charltons* in the same county; "Magore," *Magor* (St. Mary's) in Monmouthshire. For *Gower, Tidenham, Magor,* and their connection with Cromwell, there is still direct proof; for the others, which are all Ragland manors too, there is thus presumption to the verge of proof. So that all these Properties, in Richard's Schedule, are either Buckingham or else Worcester ones, — grants by the Nation; — and of "my ould land" (now settled otherwise, or indeed not concerned in this question) there is no mention here. (Newspaper called *Notes and Queries,* Nos. 21–28; London, 23d March–11th May, 1850.)

[1] Noble, i. 334, 335.

"The Lady Mary Cromwell to Henry Cromwell, Major-General of the Forces in Ireland.

"[Hampton Court,] 23d June, 1656.

"Dear Brother, — Your kind Letters do so much engage my heart towards you, that I can never tell how to express in writing the true affection and value I have for you, — who, truly I think, none that knows you but you may justly claim it from.[1]

"I must confess myself in a great fault in omitting to write to you and your dear Wife so long a time. But I suppose you cannot be ignorant of the reason, which truly has been the only cause; which is this business of my Sister Frances and Mr. Rich. Truly I can truly say it, for these three months I think our Family, and myself in particular, have been in the greatest confusion and trouble as ever poor Family can be in. The Lord tell us His [mind][2] in it; and settle us, and make us what He would have us to be! I suppose you heard of the breaking off of the business; and, according to your desire in your last Letter, as well as I can, I shall give you a full account of it. Which is this: —

"After a quarter of a year's admittance, my Father and my Lord Warwick began to treat about the Estate; and it seems my Lord did not offer that which my Father expected. I need not name particulars: for I suppose you have had them from better hands: but if I may say the truth, I think it was not so much estate, as from private reasons which my Father discovered to none but to my Sister Frances and his own Family; — which was a dislike to the young person. Which he had from some reports of his being a vicious man, given to play and such like things; which office was done by some who had a mind to break off the match. My Sister, hearing these things, was resolved to know the truth of it;[3] and truly did find all the reports to be false that were recited of him. And to tell you the truth, they were so much engaged in affection before

[1] Young Lady's grammar!

[2] Word torn out.

[3] Poor little Frances!

this, that she could not think of breaking it off. So that my Sister engaged me and all the friends she had, who truly were very few, to speak in her behalf to my Father. Which we did; but could not be heard to any purpose: only this my Father promised, That if he were satisfied as to the report, the estate should not break it off. With which she was satisfied.

"And so after this, there was a second Treaty; and my Lord Warwick desired my Father, To name what it was he demanded more; and to his utmost he would satisfy him. So my Father upon this made new propositions; which my Lord Warwick has answered as much as he can. But it seems there are five hundred pounds a year in my Lord Rich's hands; which he has power to sell: and there are some people, who persuade his Highness, that it would be dishonorable for him to conclude it unless these £500 a year be settled upon Mr. Rich, after his father's death. And my Lord Rich having no esteem at all of his son, because he is not so bad as himself, will not agree to it; and these people upon this persuade my Father, That it would be a dishonor to him to yield upon these terms; it would show, that he was made a fool of by my Lord Rich. So the truth is, how it shall be, I cannot understand, nor very few else;[1] and truly I must tell you privately, they are so far engaged, that the match cannot be broke off! She acquainted none of her friends with her resolution, when she did it.

"Dear Brother, this is, as far as I can tell, the state of the Business. The Lord direct them what to do. And all, I think, ought to beg of God to pardon her in her doing of this thing;— which I must say truly she was put upon by the [course][2] of things. Dear, let me beg my excuses to my Sister for not writing. My best respects to her. Pardon this trouble; and believe me that I shall ever strive to approve myself, dear Brother,

"Your affectionate sister and servant,

"Mary Cromwell."[3]

[1] Good little Mary!

[2] Torn out.

[3] Thurloe, v. 146.

Poor little Fanny Cromwell was not yet much turned of Seventeen, when she had these complex things to do, with her friends, "who truly were very few." What "people" they were that put, or strove to put, such notions into his Highness's head, with intent to frustrate the decidedly eligible Mr. Rich, none knows. I could suspect Ashley Cooper, or some such hand, if his date of favor still lasted. But it is gone, long months ago. Ashley is himself frustrated; cannot obtain this musical glib-tongued Lady Mary, says Ludlow;[1] goes over to opposition in consequence; is dismissed from his Highness's Council of State; and has to climb in this world by another ladder. — Poor Fanny's marriage did nevertheless take effect. Both Mary and she were duly wedded, Fanny to Rich, Mary to Lord Fauconberg, in November next year, within about a week of each other:[2] our friends, "who truly were very few," and our destinies, and our own lively wits, brought all right in the end.

[1] Here is the passage, not hitherto printed; one of several "suppressed passages from *Ludlow's Memoirs*," which still exist in the handwriting of John Locke (now in the possession of Lord Lovelace), having been duly copied out by Locke for his own poor *Life* of the Earl of Shaftesbury, to whom they all relate: —

"Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, who was first for the King, then for the Parliament; then, in Cromwell's first Assembly," the Little Parliament, was "for the reformation; and afterwards for Cromwell against the reformation. Now [again], being denied Cromwell's Daughter Mary in marriage, he appears against Cromwell's design in the last Assembly," the constitutioning Parliament, where his behavior was none of the best; "and is therefore dismissed the Council, Cromwell being resolved to act there as the chief juggler himself; and one Colonel Mackworth, a Lawyer about Shrewsbury, a person fit for his purpose, is chosen in his room," — Mackworth was a Soldier as well as Lawyer; the same who, as Governor of Shrewsbury, gave negative response to Charles Second, when he summoned him on the road to Worcester, once upon a time. Mackworth was in the Council, and had even died, and entirely left the Council, before Anthony Ashley left it (*Thurloe*, iii. 581; and *Godwin*, iv. 288). My solid friend, absent in Ireland, sulkily breathing the air in Essex, falls into some errors! Court-rumor, this of his; truth in the heart of it, details rather vague; — not much worth verifying or rectifying here.

[2] Vol. xvii. p. 69.

LETTER CCXIII.

It was last Spring Assizes, as we saw, that the "great appearances of country gentlemen and persons of the highest quality" took place; leading to the inference generally that this Protectorate Government is found worth acknowledging by England. Certainly a somewhat successful Government hitherto; in spite of difficulties great and many. It carries eternal Gospel in the one hand, temporal drawn Sword in the other. Actually it has compressed the turbulent humors of this Country, and encouraged the better tendencies thereof, hitherto; it has set its foot resolutely on the neck of English Anarchy, and points with its armed hand to noble onward and upward paths. All which, England, thankful at lowest for peace and order, by degrees recognizes; with acquiescence, not without some slow satisfactory feeling. England is in peace at home; stands as the Queen of Protestantism abroad; defies Spain and Antichrist, protects poor Piedmont Protestants and servants of Christ; — has taken, all men admit, a nobler attitude than it ever had before.

Nor has the task been easy hitherto; nor is it like to be. No holiday work, governing such an England as this of Oliver Protector's; with strong Papistry abroad, and a Hydra of Anarchies at home! The domestic Hydra is not slain; cannot, by the nature of it, be *slain;* can only be scotched and mowed down, head after head, as it successively protrudes itself; — till, by the aid of Time, it slowly *die.* As yet, on any hint of foreign encouragement it revives again, requires to be scotched and mowed down again. His exiled Majesty Charles Stuart has got a new lever in hand, by means of this War with Spain.

Seven years ago his exiled Majesty's "Embassy to Spain," embassy managed by Chancellor Hyde and another, proved rather a hungry affair; and ended, I think, in little, — except the murder of poor Ascham, the then Parliament's Envoy at Madrid; whom, like Dutch Dorislaus, as "an accursed regicide or abettor of regicides," certain cut-throat servants of the said hungry Embassy broke in upon, one afternoon, and slew. For

which violent deed no full satisfaction could be got from Spain, — the murderers having taken "sanctuary," as was pleaded.[1] With that rather sorry result, and no other noticeable, Chancellor Hyde's Embassy took itself away again; Spain ordering it to go. But now, this fierce Protestant Protector breathing nothing but war, Spain finds that the English domestic Hydra, if well operated upon by Charles Stuart, might be a useful thing; and grants Charles Stuart some encouragements for that. His poor Majesty is coming to the seashore again; is to have "seven thousand Spaniards" to invade England, — if the domestic Hydra will stir with effect. The domestic Hydra, I think, had better lie quiet for a while! This Letter to Henry Cromwell is to bid him too, for his part, be awake in Ireland to these things.

For the Hydra is not dead; and its heads are legion. Major Wildman, for example, sits safe in Chepstow: but Sexby, the Anabaptist Colonel, whom we could not take on that occasion, is still busy; has been "trying to seduce the Fleet," trying to do this and that; is now fairly gone to Spain, to treat with Antichrist himself for the purpose of bringing in a Reign of Christ, — the truly desperate Anabaptist Colonel![2] It is a Hydra like few. Spiritual and Practical: Muggletonians, mad Quakers riding into Bristol, Fifth-Monarchists, Hungry Flunkies: ever scheming, plotting with or without hope, to "seduce the Protector's Guard," "to blow up the Protector in his bedroom," and do "other little fiddling things," as the Protector calls them, — which one cannot waste time in specifying! Only the slow course of nature can kill that Hydra: till a Colonel Sexby *die*, how can you keep him quiet? —

But what doubtless gives new vitality to plotting, in these weeks, is the fact that a General Election to Parliament is going on. There is to be a new Parliament; — in which may lie who knows what contentions. The Protector lost it last time, by the arithmetical account of heads; will he gain it this time? Account of heads is not exactly the Protector's

[1] Clarendon, iii. 498–509; Process and Pleadings in the Court of Spain upon the Death of Anthony Ascham (in *Harl. Miscell.* vi. 236–247).

[2] Clarendon, iii. 852; Thurloe, iv. 698, &c.

basis; but he hopes he may now gain it even so. At all events, this wide foreign and domestic Spanish War cannot be carried on without supplies; he will first try it so, — then otherwise if not so.

[*To Henry Cromwell, Major-General of the Army in Ireland.*]

"[Whitehall,] 26th August, 1656.

"Son Harry, — We are informed, from several hands, that the old Enemy are forming designs to invade Ireland, as well as other parts of the Commonwealth; and that he and Spain have very great correspondence with some chief men in that Nation, for raising a sudden rebellion there.

"Therefore we judge it very necessary that you take all possible care to put the Forces into such a condition as may answer anything that may fall out in this kind. And to that end, that you contract the Garrisons in Ireland, as many as may be; and get a considerable marching Army into the field, in two or three bodies, to be left in the most proper and advantageous places for service, as occasion shall require. Taking also, in all other things, your best care you can to break and prevent the designs and combinations of the Enemy; — and a very particular regard is to be had to the North, where, without question, busy and discontented persons are working towards new disturbances. I do not doubt but you will communicate this thing to Colonel Cowper, to the end he may be more watchful and diligent in looking to this danger. I rest,

"Your loving father,

"Oliver Cromwell." [1]

"Colonel Cowper" commands the Forces in Ulster. Plenty of details about him in Thurloe's Fourth Volume: — our readers can sufficiently conceive him without details. We are more interested to state, from a Letter of Thurloe's which goes along with this, that there are "Fourteen Spanish ships plying about the Isle of Islay," doubtless with an eye to

[1] Sloane MSS. 4157, f. 209; and (with insignificant variations) Thurloe. v. 348.

Carrickfergus; that we hope, and indeed believe, my Lord Henry will be on the alert. For the rest, the Elections are going well; all "for peace and settlement," as we hear, "and great friends to the Government." Ashley Cooper, indeed, has been chosen for Wilts: but, on the other hand, Bradshaw has missed in Cheshire; Sir Henry Vane has tried in three places and missed in all.[1] This is of date 26th August, 1656; poor England universally sifting itself; trying what the arithmetical account of heads will do for it, once more.

LETTER CCXIV.

The Portugal has done justice; reluctantly aware at last that jesuitries would not serve him.[2] The Spaniards, again, cower close within their harbors; patient of every insult; no ship will venture out, and no Plate Fleet will come in: and as for "attempting Cadiz or Gibraltar," the Sea-Generals, after mature survey, decide that without other force it cannot prudently be done. This is what Montague, with his clear eyes, has had to report to Secretary Thurloe on the latter enterprise: "I perceive much desire that Gibraltar should be taken. My thoughts as to that are, in short, these: That the likeliest way to get it is, By landing on the sand, and quickly cutting it off between sea and sea, or so securing our men there as that they may hinder the intercourse of the Town with the Main; frigates lying near, too, to assist them: — and it is well known that Spain never victualleth any place for one month. This will want four or five thousand men, well formed and officered. — This is my own only thought which I submit, at present." [3]

[1] Thurloe to Henry Cromwell, date 26th Aug. (v. 349).

[2] Meadows to Blake and Montague, 13th May, 1656: Thurloe, v. 14; — see ib. 69, 116, and 118 (the Portugal's Letter to Oliver, 24th June, 1656).

[3] Montague to Thurloe, in cipher, 20th April to 29th May, 1656 (*Thurloe*, v. 67–70), "received by Captain Lloyd, who arrived here 11th July," — and has brought other Letters, joint Letters from the Generals, of somewhat later date, as we shall perceive.

Whereupon the Lord Protector sends the following Orders; one other Sea Letter of his which we happen to have left. Mainly of Thurloe's composition, I perceive; but worth preserving on various accounts.

"*To Generals Blake and Montague, at Sea.*

"WHITEHALL, 28th August, 1656.

"GENTLEMEN, — We have received your Letters of the 19th of June brought to us by Captain Lloyd, who arrived here the 11th of July.

"By those Letters, and by what Captain Lloyd related by word of mouth, — which is not contradicted by yours of the 1st and 3d of July, [since] received by the Squadron of Ten Ships (which are all safely arrived in the Channel), nor by any other intelligence received by other hands, — we find That the Spaniard keeps [within] his Ports, and doth not yet prepare any considerable Fleet to come to Sea; and that, in the condition you and they were then in, they were not to be attempted in their Harbors. And as for any design upon Gibraltar, we see by General Montague's Letter to the Secretary, that nothing therein was feasible without a good Body of Landsmen. — So that, upon the whole, there remains nothing to be done, in those seas for the present, which should require the whole Fleet now with you to remain there. Besides that the Great Ships cannot, without great danger, be kept out, the wintertime, upon that coast.

"Upon these grounds we are of opinion, with you, That a good Squadron of Frigates will, in this season, be sufficient to answer any opportunity of service which may present itself. And therefore we have resolved That about the number of Twenty Ships, such as you shall judge proper and fit for that purpose, be kept in those seas; and the rest be sent home, with the first opportunity of wind and weather: — and desire that you will give order therein accordingly. And in respect it will be necessary that we advise with one of you at least, upon this whole affair; and it being also very inconvenient

that you should be *both* from the head of the Fleet which remains behind, the management thereof being of so great concernment to the Commonwealth, — we would have General Blake to stay with the Fleet, and General Montague to come with the Squadron which comes home.

"For the service which these Ships [that stay] should be applied to, — we need say nothing therein; but refer you to the former Instructions. That which we believe the Enemy will most intend will be the carrying on his Trade to the West Indies; which if he can effectually do, he will not much care for what else is done upon him. And our intelligence is, That at this time he is fitting out some Ships of war, and others, to send from Cadiz into those parts; — the certainty whereof we suppose you may know. And therefore that which is most to be endeavored is, The spoiling him in that Trade, by intercepting his Fleets either going to or coming from those parts,[1] — and as much as may be To destroy his correspondencies thither. It will be of great use also to prevent the coming of any Materials for Shipping, or other contraband goods into Cadiz or any of his Ports: which you can have an eye to; and, as much as may be, prejudice his correspondency with Flanders.

"Besides these things, and what other damage you may have an opportunity to do the Enemy, we, in our keeping the said Fleet in those Seas, had an eye to the Preservation of the Trade of this Commonwealth in the Straits and to Portugal:[2] which we suppose could not be driven on without a very good countenance and strength, — in respect the Enemy would otherwise be able with a few ships to obstruct this Trade wholly, and to take all that passed either to or from the one place or the other. But our intention is not To reckon up every particular wherein this Fleet may be useful, but only To let you know our general scope; and to leave the management and improvement thereof to the prudence and direction of him who is to abide upon the place. Whom we beseech the Lord

[1] "thence" in orig.

[2] Here, I think, at the beginning of this Paragraph, the Protector himself has more decidedly struck in.

to be present with; and to guide him to that which may be for the good of this Commonwealth, and according to His own will.

"These have been our thoughts, and the considerations we have had upon this Affair. If anything else doth occur to you different from what is here expressed, either as to the number of Ships to remain in those seas, or the way and manner of weakening the Enemy and managing the War against him, — we desire to understand your sense and advice hereupon, with all possible speed; sooner, if it may be, than the return of the aforesaid Squadron. And in the mean time we are not willing to tie you up positively to the number of Twenty Ships to remain on that Coast; but give you a latitude to keep a lesser or greater number there, for answering the ends aforesaid, and [so] as you shall find the occasion to require, which possibly may be very much varied since the last we had from you. — For what concerns the Provisions of victuals and other things which the Fleet will stand in need of, the Commissioners of the Admiralty have direction to write at large to you. Unto whose Letters we refer you; — and desire you and the whole Fleet to rest assured that nothing shall be omitted to be done, here, for your supply and encouragement upon all occasions.

"Your loving friend,

[Oliver P.]"[1]

About a fortnight ago, August 13th, learned Bulstrode went with the Swedish Ambassador to dine with a famed Sea-General, Sir George Ayscough, of whom we have occasionally heard; who lives for the present, retired from service, "at his House in Surrey:" House not known to me; which by the aid of "ponds, moats," and hydraulic contrivances, he has made to "stand environed in water like a ship at sea," — very charming indeed; and says he has "cast anchor" here. Our entertainment was superb. The brilliant Swedish Ambassador and Sir George spake much about frigates, their rates of sail-

[1] Thurloe, v. 363. "Sent to Plymouth, To be sent to the Generals by Captain Hatsell."

ing, their capabilities of fighting, and other technical topics; which a learned mind might, without much tedium, listen to. "After dinner, the Ambassador came round by Hampton Court, to take his leave of the Lady Claypole and her Sisters;"[1] — which latter small fact, in the ancient Autumn afternoon, one rather loves to remember! As for this Swedish Ambassador, he is just about quitting England, the high-tempered, clear-glancing man; having settled "copperas," "contrabanda," and many other things, to mutual satisfaction; — nay it is surmised he has thoughts of inviting Ayscough into Sweden to teach them seamanship there; which, however, shall not concern us on this occasion.[2]

SPEECH V.

But the new Parliament is now about assembling; wherein we shall see what conclusions will be tried! A momentous question for his Highness and the Council of State; who have been, with interest enough, perusing and pondering the List of Names returned. On the whole, a hopeful Parliament, as Thurloe had expected: Official persons, these and others known as friends to this Government, are copiously elected: the great body of the Parliament seems to consist of men well affected to his Highness, and even loyal to him; who, witnessing the course he follows, wish him heartily God-speed thereon. Certain others there are, and in considerable number, of stiff Republican ways, or given to turbulence in general, — a Haselrig, a Thomas Scott, an Ashley Cooper: these, as a mass of leaven which might leaven the whole lump, and produce one knows not what in the way of fermentation, are clearly very dangerous. But for these also his Highness and the Council of State, in the present anomalous condition of the Nation, have silently provided an expedient. Which we hope may be of service. On the whole, we trust this Parliament may prove a better than the last.

[1] Whitlocke, pp. 638, 639. [2] *Biog. Britan.* § Ayscough.

At all events, on Wednesday, 17th September, 1656, Parliament, Protector, all in due state, do assemble at the Abbey Church; and, with reverence and credence, hear Doctor Owen, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, very pertinently preach to them from these old words of Isaiah, — old and yet always new and true: *What shall one then answer to the Messengers of the Nation? That the Lord hath founded Zion, and the Poor of His People shall trust in it.*[1] After which, all having removed, still in due state, to the Painted Chamber, and there adjusted themselves, the Protector, rising in his elevated place and taking off his hat, now speaks. The Speech, reported by one knows not whom, lies in old Manuscript in the British Museum; and printed in late years in the Book called *Burton's Diary;* here and there in a very dreary, besmeared, unintelligible condition; from which, as heretofore, a pious Editor strives to rescue it. Sufficiently studied, it becomes intelligible, nay luminous. Let the reader too read with piety, with a real endeavor to understand.

"Gentlemen, — When I came hither, I did think that a duty was incumbent upon me a little to pity myself; because, this being a very extraordinary occasion, I thought I had very many things to say unto you [and was somewhat burdened and straitened thereby]. But truly now, seeing *you* in such a condition as you are,[2] I think I must turn off [my pity] in this, as I hope I shall in everything else; — and consider *you* as certainly not being able long to bear that condition and heat that you are now in. — [So far as possible, on this large subject, let us be brief; not studying the Art of Rhetoricians.] Rhetoricians, whom I do not pretend to [much concern with]; neither with them, nor with what they use to deal in: Words!

"Truly *our* business is to speak Things! The Dispensations of God that are upon us do require it; and that subject upon which we shall make our discourse is somewhat of very great interest and concernment, both for the glory of God, and with reference to His Interest in the world. I mean His

[1] Isaiah xiv. 32.

[2] Place crowded, weather hot.

peculiar, His most peculiar Interest [His Church, the Communion of the faithful Followers of Christ]; — and that will not leave any of us to exclude His general Interest, which is the concernment of the Living People [not as Christians but as human creatures] within these three Nations, and all the Dependencies thereupon. I have told you, I should speak to *things;* things that concern these Interests: The Glory of God, and His Peculiar Interest in the world, — which [latter] is more extensive, I say more extensive, than the People of all these three Nations with the appurtenances, or the countries and places, belonging unto them.[1]

"The first thing, therefore, that I shall speak to is *That* that is the first lesson of Nature: Being and Preservation. [*Begin at the basis: How are we to get continued at all as a Nation, not trampled under foot by Invaders, Anarchies, and reduced to wreck?*] As to that of Being, I do think I do not ill style it the *first* consideration which Nature teacheth the Sons of Adam: — and then I think we shall enter into a field large enough when we come to consider that of Well-being. But if Being itself be not first well laid, I think the other will hardly follow!

"Now in order to this, to the Being and Subsistence of these Nations with all their Dependencies: The conservation of that [namely of our National Being] is first to be viewed with respect to those who seek to undo it, and so make it *not to be;* and then very naturally we shall come to the consideration of what will make it *be*, of what will *keep* its being and subsistence. [*His Highness's heads of method.*]

"[Now] that which plainly seeks the destruction of the Being of these Nations is, out of doubt: The endeavor and design of all the common Enemies of them. I think, truly,

[1] "more extensive:" *more important* would have better suited what went before; yet "extensive" is in all likelihood the word, for his Highness is here branching out into a second idea, which he goes on to blend with the primary one, of "the concernment of the general mass of the People."

it will not be hard to find out who those Enemies are; nor what hath made them so! I think, They are all the wicked men in the world, whether abroad or at home, that are the Enemies to the very Being of these Nations; — and this upon a common account, from the very enmity that is in them [to all such things]. Whatsoever could serve the glory of God and the interest of His People, — which they see to be more eminently, yea more eminently patronized and professed in this Nation (we will not speak it with vanity) than in all the Nations in the world: *this* is the common ground of the common enmity entertained against the prosperity of our Nation, against the very Being of it. — But we will not, I think, take up our time, contemplating who these Enemies are, and what they are, in the general notion: we will labor to *specificate* our Enemies; to know what persons and bodies of persons they practically are that seek the very destruction and[1] Being of these Three Nations.

"And truly I would not have laid such a foundation but to the end I might very particularly communicate with you [about that same matter]. For which [above others], I think, you are called hither at this time: — That I might particularly communicate with you about the many dangers these Nations stand in, from Enemies abroad and at home; and advise with you about the remedies, and means to obviate these dangers. [Dangers] which — say I, and I shall leave it to you whether you will join with me or no — strike at the very Being and [vital] interest of these Nations. And therefore, coming to particulars, I will shortly represent to you the estate of your affairs in that respect: in respect [namely] of the Enemies you are engaged with; and how you come to be engaged with those Enemies, and how they come to be, *as* heartily, I believe, engaged against you. [*His Highness's utterance is terribly rusty hitherto; creaky, uncertain, difficult! He will gather strength by going. Wait till the axles get warm a little!*]

"Why, truly, your great Enemy is the Spaniard. He is a natural enemy. He is naturally so; he is naturally so through-

[1] "of the" would be more grammatical; but much less Oliverian.

out, — by reason of that enmity that is in him against whatsoever is of God. [Whatsoever is of God] which is in *you*, or which may be in you; contrary to that which *his* blindness and darkness, led on by superstition, and the implicitness of his faith in submitting to the See of Rome, actuate[1] him unto! — With this King and State, I say, you are at present in hostility. We put you into this hostility. You will give us leave to tell you how. [*By sending out your Hispaniola Fleet, Christmas gone a year, — which has issued rather sorrily, your Highness!*] For we are ready to excuse [this and] most of our actions, — and to justify them too, as well as to excuse them, — upon the ground of Necessity. [And] the ground of Necessity, for justifying of men's actions, is above all considerations of instituted Law; and if this or any other State should go about — as I know they never will — to make Laws against Events, against what *may* happen, [then] I think it is obvious to any man, they will be making Laws against Providence; events, and issues of things, being from God alone, to whom all issues belong.

"The Spaniard is your enemy; and your enemy, as I tell you, naturally, by that antipathy which is in him, — [and also] providentially,[2] and this in divers respects. You could not get an honest or honorable Peace from him: it was sought by the Long Parliament; it was not attained. It could not be attained with honor and honesty. I say, it could not be attained with honor and honesty. And truly when I say that, [I do but say] He is naturally throughout *an enemy;* an enmity is put into him by God. 'I will put an enmity between thy seed and her seed;'[3] — which goes but for little among statesmen, but is more considerable than all things! [*Yea, your Highness; it is! — Listen to what his Highness himself says of his reasons for going to war with Spain. "Statesmen" too, if they can separate therein what is transitory from what is perennial and eternal, may find it still very worthy of attention. He who*

[1] "acts" in orig., now as always.

[2] Means, not "luckily" as now, but simply "by special ordering of Providence."

[3] Genesis iii. 15.

has in him, who manifests in the ways of him, an "enmity to God," and goes about patronizing unveracities, rotten delusions, brazen falsities, pestilent injustices, — with him, whatever his seeming extent of money-capital and worldly prosperity may be, I would advise no nation nor statesman nor man to be prompt in clapping up an alliance. He will not come to good, I think; not he, for one. Bad security in his firm; have no trade with him. With him your only fit trade is, Duel to the death, when the time comes for that!] And he that considers not such natural enmity, the *providential* enmity, as well as the *accidental*, I think he is not well acquainted with Scripture and the things of God. And the Spaniard is not only our enemy accidentally, but he is providentially so; God having in His wisdom disposed it so to be, when we made a breach with the Spanish Nation [long ago].

"No sooner did this Nation form what is called (unworthily) the Reformed Religion [*It was not half reformed!*] after the death of Queen Mary, by the Queen Elizabeth of famous memory, — we need not be ashamed to call her so! [*No, your Highness; the royal court-phrase expresses in this case an exact truth. She was, and is, "of famous memory"*] — but the Spaniard's design became, By all unworthy, unnatural means, to destroy that Person, and to seek the ruin and destruction of these Kingdoms. For me to instance in particulars upon that account, were to trouble you at a very unseasonable time: there is a Declaration extant [*The Council's "Declaration," in October last*], which very fully hath in it the origin of the Spaniard venting himself upon this Nation; and a series of it[1] from those very beginnings to this present day. But his enmity was partly upon that general account which all are agreed [about]. The French, all the Protestants in Germany, all have agreed, That his design was the empire of the whole Christian World, if not more; — and upon *that* ground he looks [and hath looked] at this Nation as his greatest obstacle. And as to what his attempts have been for that end, — I refer you to that Declaration, and to the observations of men who read History. It would not be difficult to call to

[1] Of "his ventings," namely.

mind the several Assassinations designed upon that Lady, that great Queen: the attempts upon Ireland, the Spaniards' invading of it; their designs of the same nature upon *this* Nation, — public designs, private designs, all manner of designs, to accomplish this great and general end. Truly King James made a Peace; but whether this Nation, and the interest of all Protestant Christians, suffered not more by that Peace, than ever by Spain's hostility, I refer to your consideration!

"Thus a State which you can neither have peace with nor reason from, — that is the State with which you have enmity at this time, and against which you are engaged. And give me leave to say this unto you, because it is truth, and most men know it, That the Long Parliament did endeavor, but could not obtain satisfaction [from the Spaniard] all the time they sat: for the Messenger [*Poor Ascham!*] was murdered: and when they asked satisfaction for the blood of your poor people unjustly shed in the West Indies [*Yes, at Tortuga, at St. Kitt's; in many a place and time!*], and for the wrongs done elsewhere; when they asked liberty of conscience for your people who traded thither, — satisfaction in none of these things would be given, but was denied. I say, they denied satisfaction either for your Messenger that was murdered, or for the blood that was shed, or the damages that were done in the West Indies. No satisfaction at all; nor any reason offered *why* there should not be liberty [of conscience] given to your people that traded thither. Whose trade was very considerable there, and drew many of your people thither; and begot an apprehension in *us* [as to their treatment there], — whether in *you* or no, let God judge between you and Himself. I judge not: but all of us know that the people who went thither to manage the trade there, were imprisoned. We desired [but] such a liberty as [that] they might keep their Bibles in their pockets, to exercise their liberty of religion for themselves, and not be under restraint. But there is not liberty of conscience to be had [from the Spaniard]; neither is there satisfaction for injuries, nor for blood. When these two things were desired, the Ambassador told us, 'It was to

ask his Master's two eyes;'[1] to ask both his eyes, asking these things of him!—

"Now if this be so, why truly then here is some little foundation laid to justify the War that has been entered upon[2] with the Spaniard! And not only so: but the plain truth of it is, Make any peace with any State that is Popish and subjected to the determination of Rome and [of] the Pope himself,—you are bound, and they are loose. It is the pleasure of the Pope at any time to tell you, That though the man is murdered [*Poor Ascham, for example!*], yet his murderer has got into the sanctuary! And equally true is it, and hath been found by common and constant experience, That Peace is but to be kept so long as the Pope saith Amen to it. [*What is to be done with such a set of people?*]—We have not [now] to do with any Popish State except France: and it is certain that *they* do not think themselves under such a tie to the Pope; but think themselves at liberty to perform honesties with nations in agreement with them, and protest against the obligation of such a thing as that [of breaking your word at the Pope's bidding]. *They* are able to give us an explicit answer to anything reasonably demanded of them: and there is no other Popish State we can speak of, save this only, but will break their promise or keep it as they please upon these grounds,—being under the lash of the Pope, to be by him determined [and made to decide].

"In the time when Philip Second was married to Queen Mary, and since that time, through Spanish power and instigation, twenty thousand Protestants were murdered in Ireland. We thought, being denied just things,—we thought it our duty to get that by the sword which was not to be had otherwise! And this hath been the spirit of Englishmen; and if so, certainly it is, and ought to be, the spirit of men that have *higher* spirits! [*Yes, your Highness: "Men that are Englishmen and more,—believers in God's Gospel, namely!"*—*Very*

[1] "these two things:" Exemption to our traders from injury in the West Indies, and Liberty to have Bibles and worship:—See Thurloe (i. 760, '61); Bryan Edwards (i. 141–143); &c.

[2] "that was had" in orig.

clumsily said ; but not at all clumsily meant, and the very helplessness of the expression adding something of English and Oliverian character to it.] — With that State you are engaged. And it is a great and powerful State: — though I may say also, that with all other Christian States you are at peace. All these [your other] engagements were upon you before this Government was undertaken: War with France, Denmark, — nay, upon the matter, War [or as good as War] with Spain [itself]. I could instance how it was said [in the Long Parliament time], 'We will have a war in the Indies, though we fight them not at home.' I say, we are at peace with all other Nations, and have only a war with Spain. I shall say somewhat [farther] to you, which will let you see our clearness [as] to that, by and by.

"Having thus [said, we are] engaged with Spain [that is the root of the matter]; that is the party that brings *all* your enemies before you. [*Coming now to the Home Malignants.*] It doth: for so it is now, that Spain hath espoused that Interest which you have all along hitherto been conflicting with, — Charles Stuart's Interest. And I would but meet the gentleman upon a fair discourse who is willing that that Person should come back again! — but I dare not believe any in this room is. [*Heavens, no ; not one of us!*] And I say, it doth not detract at all from your Cause, nor from your ability to make defence of it, That God by His providence hath so disposed that the King of Spain should espouse that Person. And I say [farther — *His Highness's spirit gets somewhat tumultuous here, and blazes up with several ideas at once, — producing results of "some inextricableness," as he himself might phrase it*], No man but might be very well satisfied that it is not for aversion to that Person [*Not for his sake that we have gone to war with Spain: — the Cavaliers talk loudly so, and it is not so*] — ! And the 'choosing out' (as was said to-day [1]) 'a Captain to lead us *back into Egypt*' [what honest man has *not* an aversion to that ?], — if there *be* such a place ? I mean metaphorically and allegorically such a place ; [if there be], that is to say, A *returning* [on the part of some] to all those things we

[1] In Owen's Sermon.

have been fighting against, and a destroying of all that good (as we had some hints to-day) which we have attained unto — ? I am sure my Speech [and defence of the Spanish War] will signify very little, if such grounds [*Grounds indicated, in this composite "blaze of ideas," which is luminous enough, your Highness; but too simultaneous for being very distinct to strangers!*] go not for good! Nay, I will say this to you, Not a man in England, that is disposed to comply with Papists and Cavaliers, but to him my Speech here is the greatest parable, the absurdest discourse! And in a word, we could wish they were all where Charles Stuart is, all who declare ["*By their cavilling at Spanish Wars and so on:*" *his Highness looks animated!*] that they are of that spirit. I do, with all my heart; — and I would help them with a boat to carry them over, who are of that mind! Yea, and if you shall think it a duty to drive them over by arms, I will help in that also! —

"You are engaged with such an Enemy; a foreign enemy, who hath such allies among ourselves: — this last said hath a little vehemency in it [*His Highness repents him of blazing up into unseemly heat*]: but it is well worth your consideration.

"Though I seem to be, all this while, upon the justice of the business, yet my desire is to let you see the dangers [and grand crisis] this Nation stands in [thereby]. All the honest interests; yea, all interests of the Protestants, in Germany, Denmark, Helvetia and the Cantons, and all the interests in Christendom, are the same as yours. If you succeed, if you succeed well and act well, and be convinced what is God's Interest, and prosecute it, you will find that you act for a very great many who are God's own. Therefore I say that your danger is from the Common Enemy abroad; who is the head of the Papal Interest, the head of the Antichristian Interest, — who is so described in Scripture, so forespoken of, and so fully, under that characteral name [of Antichrist] given him by the Apostle in the *Epistle to the Thessalonians*, and likewise so expressed in the *Revelations;* which are sure and plain things! Except you will deny the truth of the Scriptures, you must needs see that that State is so described in Scripture to be Papal and Antichristian. [*Who would not go to war with it!*]

I say, with this Enemy, and upon this account, you have the quarrel, — with the Spaniard.

"And truly he hath an interest in your bowels;[1] he hath so. The Papists in England, — they have been accounted, ever since I was born, Spaniolized. There is not a man among us can hold up his face against that. [*The justifying of the Spanish War is a great point with his Highness!*] They never regarded France; they never regarded any other Papist State where a [hostile] Interest was [but Spain only]. Spain was their patron. Their patron all along, in England, in Ireland and Scotland: no man can doubt of it. Therefore I must needs say, this [Spanish] Interest is also, in regard to your home-affairs, a great source of your danger. It is, and it evidently is; and will be more so, — upon that account that I told you of: He hath espoused Charles Stuart! With whom he is fully in agreement; for whom he hath raised Seven or Eight Thousand men, and has them now quartered at Bruges; to which number Don John of Austria has promised that, as soon as the campaign is ended, which it is conceived will be in about five or six weeks, he shall have Four or Five Thousand added. And the Duke of Neuburg, who is a Popish prince, hath promised good assistance according to his power; and other Popish States the like. In this condition you are with that State [of Spain]; and in this condition through unavoidable necessity; because your enemy was *naturally* an enemy, and is providentially too become so. [*Always, by the law of his being, as Antichristian to Christian, a* VIRTUAL *enemy; and now Providence, with beneficent wisdom, has developed him into an* ACTUAL *one.* — *"That was his Highness's fundamental reason for rushing at him in the West Indies? Because he was Antichrist?" ask some Moderns.* — *Why yes, it might help, my red-tape Friends! I know well, if I could fall in with Antichrist anywhere, with Supreme Quack and Damnability anywhere, I should be right happy to have a stroke at him if there seemed any chance!*]

"And now farther, — as there is a complication of these Interests abroad, so there is a complication of them here.

[1] Old phrase for "the interior of your own country."

Can we think that Papists and Cavaliers shake not hands in England? It is unworthy, unchristian, un-Englishlike[1] [say you]. Yes; but it doth serve to let you see, and for that end I tell it you that you may see, your danger, and the source thereof. Nay it is not only thus, in this condition of hostility, that we stand towards Spain; and towards all the Interest which would make void and frustrate everything that has been doing for you; namely, towards the Popish Interest, Papists and Cavaliers; — but it is also — [*His Highness finds this sentence will not do, and so tries it another way*] — That is to say, your danger is *so great*, if you will be sensible of it, by reason of Persons who pretend *other* things! [*Coming now to the great Miscellany of Anabaptists, Republicans, Levellers; your Allens, Sexbys, Overtons.* Pretend, I say;] yea who, though perhaps they *do* not all suit in their hearts with the said [Popish] Interest — [*Sentence left ruinous; sense gradually becomes visible*] — Yet every man knows, and must know, that discontented parties are among us somewhere! They must expect backing and support somewhere. They must end in the Interest of the Cavalier at the long-run. That must be their support! — I could have reckoned this in another [head. *Half soliloquizing, his Highness; giving us a glimpse into the strange seething, simmering inner-man of him*] — But I give you an account of things as they arise to me. Because I desire to clear them to you! Not discoursively, in the oratoric way; but to let you see the matter of fact, — to let you see how the state of your affairs stands. [*Well, your Highness; that certainly is the grand object of speaking to us. To show* ME *what* THOU *seest, what is in* THEE: *why else should one human being dare to wag his tongue to another? It is frightful otherwise. One almost loves this incondite half-articulation of his Highness, in comparison.*]

"Certain it is, there was, not long since, an endeavor to make an Insurrection in England. [*Penruddock at Salisbury; — we heard of Wagstaff and him!*] It was going on for some time before it broke out. It was so before the last Parliament sat. [Nay,] it was so not only from the time of the undertaking

[1] To combine with Papists, even for Royalists to do so.

of this Government; but the spirit and principle of it did work in the Long Parliament [time]. From that time to this, hath there been nothing but enterprising and designing against you. And this is no strange or new thing to tell you: Because it is true and certain that the Papists, the Priests and Jesuits have a great influence upon the Cavalier Party; they and the Cavaliers prevail upon the discontented spirits of the Nation, — who are not all so apt to see where the dangers lie, nor to what the management of affairs tends. Those [Papists and Cavaliers] do foment all things that tend to *dis*service; to propagate discontentments upon the minds of men. And if we would instance, in particulars, those that have manifested this, — we could tell you how Priests and Jesuits have insinuated themselves into men's society; pretending the same things that *they* pretended; — whose ends [these Jesuits' ends] have, out of doubt, been what I have told you. [*Dark spectres of Jesuits; knitting up Charles Stuart, the Spaniard, and all manner of Levellers and discontented persons, into one Anti-christian mass, to overwhelm us therewith!*]

"We had that Insurrection. It was intended first to the assassination of my person; — which I would not remember as anything at all considerable to myself or to you [*Very well, your Highness!*]: for they would have had to cut throats beyond human calculation before they could have been able to effect their design. But you know it very well [this of the assassination]; — it is no fable. Persons were arraigned for it before the Parliament sat; and tried, and upon proof condemned [*Gerard and Vowel; we remember them!*] — for their designs to cut the throat of myself, and three or four more; whom they had singled out as being, a little beyond ordinary, industrious to preserve the peace of the Nation. And did think to make a very good issue [in that way], to the accomplishment of their designs! I say, this was made good upon the Trial. Before the Parliament sat, all the time the Parliament sat, they were about it. We did hint these things to the Parliament people by several persons, who acquainted them therewith. But what fame we lay under I know not! [*Suspicious of us in that Parliament!*] It was conceived, it seems,

we had things[1] which rather intended to persuade agreement and consent, and bring money out of the people's purses, or I know not what: — in short, nothing was believed [*Very beautifully rebutted, your Highness; without even anger at it; as the Lion walks quietly on through cobwebs. We had "things" which rather intended to &c. &c. What most articulate rhetoric could match this half-articulate, — articulate enough for the occasion!*]; though there was a series of things distinctly and plainly communicated to many Members.

"The Parliament rose about the middle of January. By the 12th of March after, the people were in arms. But 'they were a company of mean fellows,' — alas! — 'not a lord, nor a gentleman, nor a man of fortune, nor a this nor that, among them: but it was a poor headstrong people, a company of rash fellows who were at the undertaking of this,' — and that was all! And by such things [*His Highness's face indicates that he means "no-things," "babblements"*] have men [once well-affected] lost their consciences and honors, complying [coming to agreement with Malignants] upon such notions as these! — Give me leave to tell you, We know it; we are able to prove it. And I refer you to that Declaration[2] which was for guarding against Cavaliers (as I did before to that other [Declaration] which set down the grounds of our War with Spain), Whether these things were true or no? If men will not believe, — we are satisfied, we do our duty. [*A suspicious people, your Highness: nay not suspicious, so much as incredulous, obstinate, dreadfully thick of skin and sense, — and unused to such phenomena as your Highness!*] — If we let you know things and the ground of them, it is satisfaction enough to *us:* But to see how men can reason themselves out of their honors and consciences in their compliance with those sort of people — ! Which truly I must needs say, some men had compliance with, who I thought never *would* for all the world: I must tell you so. —

"These men rise in March. And that it was a general Design, I think all the world must know and acknowledge. For

[1] Means "we make statements;" very Oliverian expression.

[2] Can be read in *Parliamentary History*, xx. 434 et seqq.

it is as evident as the day, that the King [*We may call him "King"*] sent Sir Joseph Wagstaff and another, the Earl of Rochester, to the North. And that it was general, we had not by suspicion or imagination; but we know individuals! We are able to make appear, That persons who carried themselves the most demurely and fairly of any men in England were engaged in this business. And he that gave us our intelligence lost his life for it in Neuburg Country [*Yes, Manning was shot there; he had told us Hyde was cock-sure*]; — I think I may now speak of that, because he is dead: — but he did discover, from time to time, a full intelligence of these things. Therefore, How men of wicked spirits may traduce us in that matter; or, notwithstanding all that hath been done, may still continue their compliances [with the Malignants]; — I leave it. [*Yes, let* THEM *look to that.*] I think England cannot be safe unless Malignants be carried far away!

"There was never any design on foot but we could hear it out of the Tower. He who commanded there [1] would give us account, That within a fortnight or such a thing [2] there would be some stirrings; for a great concourse of people were coming to them, and they had very great elevations of spirit. [*Vigilant Barkstead!*] And not only there; but in all the Counties of England. We have had informations that they were upon designs all over England (besides some particular places which came to our particular assurance), by knowledge we had from persons in the several Counties of England.

"And if this *be* so, then, as long as commotions can be held on foot, you are in danger by your War with Spain; with whom all the Papal Interest is joined. This Pope [3] is a person all the world knows to be a person of zeal for his Religion, — wherein perhaps he may shame *us*, — and a man of contrivance, and wisdom, and policy; and his Designs are known to be, all over, nothing but an Endeavor to unite all the Popish Interests

[1] Barkstead, a Goldsmith once, a severe vigilant Colonel now; who has seen much service.

[2] "time" might be the word; but I am getting to love this "thing."

[3] One *Chigi* by natural name, called Alexander VII. as Pope; an "Anti-jansenist Pope," say the Books. With whom, beyond the indispensable, let us crave not to be acquainted.

in all the Christian world, against this Nation above any, and against all the Protestant Interest in the world. — If this be so, and if you will take a measure of these things; if we must still hold the esteem that we have had [for Spaniards], and be ready to shake hands with them and the Cavaliers, — what doth this differ from the Bishop of Canterbury [*Poor old Laud, and his Surplices!* — striving] to reconcile matters of religion; if this temper be upon us to unite with these [Popish] men in Civil Things? Give me leave to say, and speak what I know! If this be men's mind, I tell you plainly, — I hope I need not; but I wish all the Cavaliers in England, and all the Papists, heard me declare it, and many besides yourselves have [heard me]: There are a company of poor men that are ready to spend their blood against such compliance! [*Right so, your Highness; that is the grand cardinal certainty! An irrevocable Act of Legislature passed in one's own heart. In spite of all clamors and jargons, and constitutional debatings in Parliament and out of it, there is a man or two will have himself cut in pieces before that "shaking of hands" take place. In fact, I think Christ and Antichrist had better not try shaking of hands; no good will come of it! — Does not his Highness look uncommonly animated?*] — and I am persuaded of the same thing in you!

"If this be our condition, — with respect had to this, truly let us go a little farther. For I would lay open the danger wherein I think in my conscience we stand; and if God give not your hearts to see and discern what is obvious, we shall sink, and the house will fall about our ears, — upon even [what are called] 'such sordid attempts,' as these same! Truly there are a great many people in this Nation who 'would not reckon up every pitiful thing,' — perhaps like the nibbling of a mouse at one's heel; but only 'considerable dangers'! I will tell you plainly [what to me seems dangerous]; it is not a time for compliments nor rhetorical speeches, — I have none, truly; — but to tell you how we *find* things.[1]

[1] Paragraph irretrievably misreported; or undecipherable for want of the tones and looks accompanying it; — in a dim uncertain manner displays the above as a kind of meaning.

"There is a generation of men in this Nation who cry up nothing but righteousness and justice and liberty [*Coming now to the Levellers and "Commonwealth's-men"*]; and these are diversified into several sects, and sorts of men; and though they may be contemptible in respect they are many, and so not like to make a solid vow to do you mischief, — yet they are apt to agree *in aliquo tertio.* They are known (yea, well enough) to shake hands with, — I should be loath to say with Cavaliers, — but with all the scum and dirt of this Nation [*Not loath to say that, your Highness?*], to put you to trouble. And, when I come to speak of the *Remedies,* I shall tell you what are the most apt and proper remedies in these respects. I speak now of the very time when there was an Insurrection at Salisbury, [your Wagstaffs and Penruddocks openly in arms — *Sudden prick of anger stings his Highness at the thought of that great Peril, and how it was treated and scouted by the incredulous Thick-skinned; and he plunges in this manner*] — I doubt whether it be believed there ever was any rising in North Wales [at the same time]; at Shrewsbury; at Rufford Abbey, where were about five hundred horse; or at Marston Moor; or in Northumberland, and the other places, — where all these Insurrections were at that very time! [*Truly it is difficult to keep one's temper: sluggish mortals saved from destruction; and won't so much as admit it!*] — There was a Party which was very proper to come between the Papists and Cavaliers; and that *Levelling* Party hath some accession lately, which goes under a *finer* name or notion! I think they would now be called 'Commonwealth's-men;' who perhaps have right to it little enough. And it is strange that men of fortune and great estates [*Lord Grey of Groby; he is in the Tower; he and others*] should join with such a people. But if the *fact* be so, there will need no stretch of wit to make it evident, it being so by demonstration. [*His Highness still harps on the incredulity of a thick-skinned public, naturally very provoking to him in these perilous, abstruse and necessarily* SECRET *operations of his.*]

"I say, this people at that very time, they were pretty numerous, — and do not despise them! — at the time when

the Cavaliers were risen, this very Party had prepared a Declaration against all the things that had been transacted [by us]; and called them by I know not what [names], 'tyranny,' 'oppression,' things 'against the liberty of the subject;' and cried out for 'justice,' and 'righteousness,' and 'liberty:' — and what was all this business for, but to join the Cavaliers to carry on that Design? And these are things, — not words! That Declaration we got; and the Penner of it we got [*Locked him fast in Chepstow; the unruly Wildman!*]: and we have got intelligence also how the business was laid and contrived; — which was hatched in the time of the Sitting of that Parliament. I do not accuse anybody: but that was the *time* of it; — an unhappy time! And a plausible Petition had been penned, which must come to me, forsooth [*Through that obtuse Constitutioning Parliament, I fancy!*], 'To consider of these things, and to give redress and remedies.' And this was so. —

"Now indeed I must tell you plainly, we suspected a great deal of violence then; and we did hunt it out. I will not tell you these are high things [*call them "low" if you like; mice nibbling at one's heel!*]: but at that time when the Cavaliers were to rise, a Party was to seize upon General Monk in Scotland, and to commit him to Edinburgh Castle, upon this pretence of 'liberty:' and when they had seized him, and clapped him by the heels, [him] and some other true and faithful Officers, they had resolved a number at the same time should march away for London; leaving a party behind them, — to have their throats cut by the Scots! Though I will not say they would have [purposely] brought it to this pass; yet it cannot be thought but that a considerable [part of the] Army would have followed them [hither] at the heels. — And not only thus: but this same spirit and principle designed some little fiddling things upon some of your Officers, to an assassination;[1] and an Officer was engaged, who was upon the Guard, to seize me in my bed. This was true. And other foolish designs there were, — as, To get into a room, to get gunpowder

[1] Means "they attempted to persuade some of your Officers to that 'little fiddling thing.'"

laid in it, and to blow up the room where I lay. And this, we can tell you, is *true*. These are Persons not worthy naming; but the things are *true*. And such is the state we have stood in, and had to conflict with, since the last Parliament. And upon this account, and in this combination,[1] it is that I say to you, That the ringleaders to all this are none but your old enemies the Papists and Cavaliers. We have some [of them] in prison for these things.

"Now we would be loath to tell you of notions more seraphical! [*His Highness elevating his brows; face assuming a look of irony, of rough banter.*] *These* are poor and low conceits. We have had very seraphical notions! We have had endeavors to deal between two Interests; — one some section of that Commonwealth Interest; and another which was a notion of a Fifth-Monarchy Interest! [*A "*NOTION*;" not even worth calling a "*SECTION*" or "*PARTY*," — such moonshine was it!*] — which [strange operation] I do not recite, nor what condition it is in, as thinking it not worthy our trouble. But *de facto* it hath been so, That there have been endeavors; — as there were endeavors to make a reconciliation between Herod and Pilate that Christ might be put to death, so there have been endeavors of reconciliation between the Fifth-Monarchy men and the Commonwealth men that there might be union in order to an end, — no *end* can be so bad as *that* of Herod's was, — but in order to end in blood and confusion! And, that you may know, [to tell you candidly,] I profess I do not believe of these two last, of Commonwealth men and Fifth-Monarchy men, but that they have stood at a distance [aloof from Charles Stuart. — *The Overtons, the Harrisons, are far above such a thing.*] I think they did not participate. I would be so charitable, I would be, That they did not. But this I will tell you, That as for the others, *they* did not only set these things on work; but they sent a fellow [*Sexby, the miserable outcast!*], a wretched creature, an apostate from religion and all honesty, — they sent him to Madrid to advise with the King of Spain to land Forces to invade the Nation. Promising satisfaction that they would comply and concur

[1] Identity of time and attempt.

with him to have both men and moneys; undertaking both to engage the Fleet to mutiny, and also your Army to gain a garrison [on the coast]; to raise a party, [so] that if the Spaniard would say where he would land, they would be ready to assist him! — This person was sometimes[1] a Colonel in the Army. He went with Letters to the Archduke Leopoldus and Don John. That was an 'Ambassador;' — and gave promise of much moneys: and hath been soliciting, and did obtain moneys; which he sent hither by Bills of Exchange: — and God, by His Providence, we being exceeding poor, directed that we lighted on some of them and some of the moneys! [*Keep hold of them, your Highness!*] Now if they be payable, let them be called for! [*Won't call, I believe!*] — If the House shall think fit to order any inspection into these things, they may have it.

"We think it our duty to tell you of these things; and we can make them good. Here is your danger; that is it! Here is a poor Nation that hath wallowed in its blood; — though, thanks be to God, we have had Peace these four or five years: yet here is the condition we stand in. And I think I should be false to you, if I did not give you this true representation of it.

"I am to tell you, by the way, a word to justify a Thing [*Coming to the Major-Generals*] which, I hear, is much spoken of. When we knew all these Designs before mentioned; when we found that the Cavaliers would not be quiet — No quiet; 'there is no peace to the wicked,' saith the Scripture (*Isaiah*, Fifty-seventh): 'They are like the troubled sea, which cannot rest; whose waters throw up mire and dirt.'[2] They cannot rest, — they have no Peace with God in Jesus Christ to the remission of sins! They do not know what belongs to that [*My brave one!*]; therefore they know not how to be at rest; therefore they can no more cease from their actions than they can cease to live, — nor so easily neither! — Truly when that Insurrection was, and we saw it in all the roots and grounds of it, we did find out a little poor Invention, which I hear has

[1] Means "at one time;" as almost all know.

[2] Isaiah lvii. 20, 21.

been much regretted. I say, there was a little thing invented; which was, the erecting of your Major-Generals [*Yes!*]: To have a little inspection upon the People thus divided, thus discontented, thus dissatisfied, [split] into divers interests, — and the workings of the Popish Party! [Workings] of the Lord Taaff and others;[1] the most consisting of Natural-Irish rebels, and all those men you have fought against in Ireland, and have expulsed from thence, as having had a hand in that bloody Massacre; — of him and of those that were under his power; who were now to have joined in this excellent business of Insurrection! —

"And upon such a Rising as that was, — truly I think if ever anything were justifiable as to Necessity, and honest in every respect, this was. And I could as soon venture my life with it as with anything I ever undertook! [*His Highness looks animated.*] We did find, — I mean myself and the Council did, — That, if there were need to have greater forces to carry on this work, it was a most righteous thing to put the charge upon that Party which was the cause of it. [*Yea!*] And if there be any man that hath a face averse to this, I dare pronounce him to be a man against the Interest of England! — Upon this account, upon this ground of necessity; when we saw what game they were upon; and knew individual persons, and of the greatest rank, not a few, engaged in this business (I knew one man that laid down his life for it) [*"Name?" He must go unnamed, this one!*]; and had it by intercepted Letters made as clear as the day; — we did think it our duty To make that class of persons who, as evidently as anything in the world, were in the combination [of the insurrectionists], bear their share of the charge. [Bear their share,] one with another, for the raising of the Forces which were so necessary to defend us against those Designs! And truly if any man be

[1] His Highness suddenly breaks off after new quarry on mention of this Party. The Lord Taaff is even now very busy, at Antwerp (*Thurloe*, v.), with Chancellor Hyde, "throwing up mire and dirt" of the insurrection kind. He was in trouble long ago, at the beginning of the Long Parliament, on the score of the Irish Massacre; sat some time in the Tower (*Clarendon*, ii. 216), with Lord Dillon and others; a generation "who can no more cease from their practices than they can cease to live, nor so easily neither!"

angry at it, — I am plain, and shall use an homely expression: *Let him turn the buckle of his girdle behind him!*[1] If this were to be done again, I would do it.

"How the Major-Generals have behaved themselves in that work? I hope they are men, as to their persons, of known integrity and fidelity; and men who have freely adventured their blood and lives for that good Cause, — if it [still] be thought such, and it was well stated [this morning] against all the [new] humors and fancies of men! — And truly England doth yet receive one day more of Lengthening out its tranquillity, by that same service of theirs.[2] —

"Well; your danger is as you have seen. And truly I am sorry it is so great. But I wish it to cause no despondency; — as truly, I think, it will not: for we are Englishmen; that is one good fact. And if God give a Nation the property of valor and courage, it is honor and a mercy [from Him. — *Yes, it is a great thing, your Highness!*] And much more [than English]! Because you all, I hope, are Christian Men, who know Jesus Christ [*Yea!*], and know that Cause which hath been mentioned to you this day.

"Having declared to you my sense and knowledge — pardon me if I say so, my knowledge — of the condition of these poor Nations, for it hath an influence upon them all, it concerneth them all very palpably; I should be to blame if I did not a little offer to you the Remedies. [*Second head of method: the Remedies.*] I would comprehend them under two considerations. They are both somewhat general. The one is, The Considering all things that may be done, and ought to be done, in order to Security; that is one. And truly the other is a common head [a general, nay a universal consideration], — the other is, Doing all things that ought to be done in order to

[1] The Proverb is in *Ray;* but without commentary. Various friendly Correspondents, who have found it in Shakspeare (*Much Ado about Nothing,* Act v. Scene 1) and elsewhere, point out to me that the meaning is, "Let him bring his sword-hilt round, then;" ready for drawing; round to the front, where the "buckle" of his belt or "girdle" now is.

[2] "that occasion" in orig.

Reformation: and with that I will close my Discourse. All that hath hitherto been hinted at was but to give you a sense of the danger; which [truly] is most material and significant; for which principally you are called hither to advise of the remedies. — I do put them [the remedies] into this twofold method, not but that I think they are scarcely distinct. I do believe, truly, upon serious and deliberate consideration: That a true Reformation, as it may, and will through God's acceptance, and by the endeavors of His poor servants, be, — That that [I say] will be pleasing in His sight; and will prove not only what shall avert the present danger, but be a worthy return for all the blessings and mercies which you have received. So, in my conscience, if I were put to show it, this hour, Where the security of these Nations will lie? — forces, arms, watchings, posts, strength; your being and freedom; be as politic and diligent, and as vigilant as you can be, — I would say in my conscience, and as before Almighty God I speak it: I think your Reformation, if it be honest and thorough and just, *it* will be your best security! [*Hear him; Hear, hear!*]

"First, [however,] with regard to Security [outwardly considered]. We will speak a little distinctly to that. ["*Be ye wise as serpents withal!*"] You see where your War is. It is with the Spaniard. You have Peace with all [other] Nations, or the most of them; Swede, Dane, Dutch. At present, I say, it is well; it is at present so. And so likewise with the Portugal, with France, — the Mediterranean Sea. Both these States; both Christian and Profane; the Mahometan; — you have Peace with them all. Only with Spain you have a difference, you have a War. I pray consider it. Do I come to tell you that I would *tie* you to this War? No. [According] as you shall find your spirits and reasons grounded in what hath been said, so let you and me join in the prosecution of that War, — [according] as we are satisfied, and as the cause shall appear to our consciences in the sight of the Lord. But if you *can* come to prosecute it, prosecute it vigorously, or don't do it at all! —

"Truly I shall speak a very great word, — one may ask a very great question: '*Unde;* Whence shall the means of it

come ?' Our Nation is overwhelmed in debts ! Nevertheless I think it my duty to deal plainly ; I shall speak what even Nature teacheth us. If we engage in a business, — a recoiling man may *haply* recover of his enemy : but the wisdom of a man surely will be in the keeping of his ground ! Therefore that is what I advise you, That we join together to prosecute it *vigorously*. In the second place, I would advise you to deal effectually, — even *because* there is such a 'complication of interests' [as some keep objecting]. If you believe that there is such a complication of interests, — why, then, in the name of God, that excites you the more to do it ! Give me leave to tell you, I do not believe that in any war that ever was in former times, nor in any engagements that you have had with other [enemies], this Nation had more obligation upon it to look to itself, — to forbear waste of time, precious time ! Needlessly to mind things that are not essential ; to be quibbling about words, and comparatively about things of no moment ; and in the mean time, — being in such a case as I suppose you know we are, — to suffer ourselves to be wanting to a just defence against the common Enemies abroad, or not to be thoroughly sensible of the Distempers that are at home[1] — ! I know, perhaps there are many considerations which may teach you, which may incline you, to keep your own hands tender from men of one Religion [with ourselves],[2] and of an Interest that is so spread in the Nation. However, if they seek the eradication of the Nation ; if they be active as you have seen, and [as] it hath been made manifest so as not to be denied, to the carrying on of their Designs ; if England must be eradicated by persons complicated with the Spaniard ; if this must be brought upon us through distempers and falseness of men among themselves, — then the question is no more than this : Whether any consideration whatsoever shall lead us, for fear of eradicating distempers, to suffer all the honest Interests of this Nation to be eradicated ? Therefore, speaking generally of any of their distempers [which are] of all

[1] Original sentence incomplete ; or tacked with radical incoherency to the foregoing : the sense, on either hypothesis, is very visible.

[2] Royalists, and other Discontented ; Protestants, though Plotters.

sorts, — where a member cannot be cured, the rule is plain, *Ense rescindendum est immedicabile vulnus.* And I think it is of such an advantage that nothing ever could more properly be put in practice [1] since this or any Nation [first] was.

"As to those lesser Distempers of people that pretend Religion, yet which from the whole consideration of Religion, would fall under one of the heads of Reformation, — I had rather put these under this head; [2] and I shall the less speak to it, because you have been so well spoken to already to-day [elsewhere]. I will tell you the truth: Our practice since the last Parliament hath been, To let all this Nation see, that whatever pretensions to Religion would continue quiet, peaceable, they should enjoy conscience and liberty to themselves; — and *not* to make Religion a pretence for arms and blood. Truly we have suffered them, and that cheerfully, so to enjoy their own liberties. Whatsoever is contrary [and not peaceable], let the pretence be never so specious, — if it tend to combination, to interests and factions, we shall not care, by the grace of God, *whom* we meet withal, though never so specious [if they be not quiet]! And truly I am against all 'liberty of conscience' repugnant to *this.* If men will profess, — be they those under Baptism, be they those of the Independent judgment simply, or of the Presbyterian judgment, — in the name of God, encourage them, countenance them; so long as they do plainly continue to be thankful to God, and to make use of the liberty given them to enjoy their own consciences! For, as it was said to-day, undoubtedly '*this* is the peculiar Interest all this while contended for.' [*An excellent "Interest;" very indispensable in a state of genuine Protestantism, which latter has itself for some time been indispensable enough.*]

"Men who believe in Jesus Christ — that is the Form that gives being to true religion, [namely,] to Faith in Christ and

[1] "used" in orig.

[2] Of "doing all we can for Security;" they will stand better under *this,* thinks his Highness. His Highness half-soliloquizing, suddenly bethinking himself, again shows us a glimpse of his Speech in a state of genesis.

walking in a profession answerable to that Faith; — men who believe the remission of sins through the blood of Christ, and free justification by the blood of Christ; who live upon the grace of God: those men who are certain they are so [*Faith of assurance,* — they] are members of Jesus Christ, and are to Him the apple of His eye. Whoever hath this Faith, let his Form be what it will; he walking peaceably, without prejudice to others under other Forms: — it is a debt due to God and Christ; and He will require it, if that Christian may not enjoy his liberty. [*True Tolerance; a noble thing: Patience, indifference as to the Unessential; liveliest impatience, inexorable* INTOLERANCE *for the Want of the Essential!*]

"If a man of one form will be trampling upon the heels of another form; if an Independent, for example, will despise him [who is] under Baptism, and will revile him, and reproach and provoke him, — I will not suffer it in him. If, on the other side, those of the Anabaptist [judgment] shall be censuring the Godly Ministers of the Nation who profess under that of Independency; or if those that profess under Presbytery shall be reproaching or speaking evil of them, traducing and censuring of them, — as I would not be willing to see the day when England shall be in the power of the Presbytery to impose upon the consciences of others that profess faith in Christ, — so I will not endure any reproach to them. But God give us hearts and spirits to keep things *equal.* Which, truly I must profess to you, hath been my temper. I have had some boxes [on the ear], and rebukes, — on the one hand and on the other; some censuring me for Presbytery; others as an in-letter to all the Sects and Heresies of the Nation. I have borne my reproach: but I have, through God's mercy, not been unhappy in hindering any one Religion to impose upon another. And truly I must needs say (I speak it experimentally): I have found it, I have, that those of the Presbyterian judgment — [*"Do themselves partly approve my plan." he means to say; but starting off into broken sentences, as he is liable to do, never says it*] — I speak it knowingly, as having received from very many Counties — I have had Petitions, and acknowledgments and professions, from whole Counties;

as from Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, and other Counties. Acknowledgments that they [the Presbyterians there] do but desire they may have liberty and protection in the worshipping of God according to their own judgments; for the purging of their congregations, and the laboring to attain more purity of faith and repentance; — and that, in their outward profession, they will not strain themselves beyond their own line. I have had those Petitions; I have them to show. And I confess I look at that as the blessedest thing which hath been since the adventuring upon this Government, [or] which these times produce. And I hope I gave them fair and honest answers. And if it shall be found to *be* the Civil Magistrate's real endeavor to keep all professing Christians in this relation to one another; not suffering any to say or do what will justly provoke the others; — I think he that would have more liberty than this, is not worthy of any.

"This therefore I think verily, if it may be under consideration for Reformation: — I say, if it please God to give you and me hearts to keep *this* straight, [it may be a great means] in giving countenance to just Ministers, — [*In such semi-articulate uneasy way does his Highness hustle himself over into the discussion of a new Topic*] — in countenancing a just *maintenance* to them, by Tithes or otherwise. For my part I should think I were very treacherous if I took away Tithes, till I see the Legislative Power settle Maintenance to Ministers another way. But whoever they be that shall contend to destroy Tithes, — it doth as surely cut their [the Ministers'] throats as it is a drift to take Tithes away before another mode of maintenance, or way of preparation towards such, be had. Truly I think all such practices and proceedings should be discountenanced. I have heard it from as gracious a Minister as any is in England; I have had it professed: That it would be a far greater satisfaction to them to have maintenance another way, — if the State will provide it. [*Sensation among the Voluntaries! — His Highness proceeds no farther in that direction at present. The next sentence suddenly drawing itself up into a heap; comprising both ideas,* "TITHES" *and* "EQUALITY," *and in free-flowing half-articulate manner uttering*

them both at once, must be given precisely as it stands, — Grammar yielding place to something still needfuler, to TRANSPARENCY *of Speech with or without grammar.*] — Therefore I think, for the keeping of the Church and people of God and professors in their several forms in this liberty, — I think as it [this of tithes, or some other maintenance] hath been a thing that is the root of visible Profession [*No public maintenance, no regular priest*], the upholding of this — I think you will find a blessing in it: — if God keep your hearts to keep things in this posture and balance, which is so honest and so necessary. [*Better keep up Tithes, till we see!*]

"Truly, there might be some other things offered to you, in point of Reformation: a Reformation of Manners, to wit — But I had forgot one thing which I must remember! It is the Church's work, you know, in some measure: yet give me leave to ask, and I appeal unto your consciences, Whether or no there hath not been an honest care taken for the ejecting of Scandalous Ministers, and for the bringing in of them that have passed an Approbation? [*Our two Commissions of Triers and Expurgators.*] I dare say, such an Approbation as never passed in England before! And give me leave to say, It hath been with this difference [from the old practice], that neither Mr. Parson nor Doctor in the University hath been reckoned stamp enough by those that made these Approbations; — though, I can say too, they have a great esteem for Learning; and look at Grace as most useful when it falls unto men *with* rather than without [that addition]; and wish, with all their hearts, the flourishing of all those Institutions of Learning, as much as any. I think there hath been a conscience exercised, both by myself and the Ministers, towards them that have been Approved. I may say, such an one, as I truly believe was never known in England [in regard to this matter]. And I do verily believe that God hath, for the Ministry, a very great seed in the youth [now] in the Universities; who instead of studying Books, study their own hearts. I do believe, as God hath made a very great and flourishing seed to that purpose; so this Ministry of England — I think in my very conscience

that God will bless and favor it; and hath blessed it, to the gaining of very many souls. It was never so upon the thriving hand since England was, as at this day. Therefore I say, in these things [in these arrangements made by us], which tend to the profession of the Gospel and Public Ministry, [I think] you will be so far from hindering, that you will further them. And I shall be willing to join with you.

"I did hint to you my thoughts about the Reformation of Manners. And those abuses that are in this Nation through disorder, are a thing which should be much in your hearts. It is that which, I am confident, is a description and character of the Interest you have been engaged against [the Cavalier Interest]: the badge and character of countenancing Profaneness, Disorder and Wickedness in all places — [*A horrible "character," your Highness: not undeserved hitherto: and under* OUR *new Defender of the Faith (if you could see into futurity) what a height of evidence will it rise to!*] — and whatever is most of kin to these, and most agrees with what is Popery, and [with] the profane Nobility and Gentry of this Nation! In my conscience, it was a shame to be a Christian, within these fifteen, sixteen or seventeen years, in this Nation! Whether 'in Cæsar's house,' or elsewhere! It was a shame, it was a reproach to a man; and the badge of 'Puritan' was put upon it. — We would keep up [*He bethinks him of the above word "profane"*] Nobility and Gentry: — and the way to keep them up is, Not to suffer them to be patronizers or countenancers of debauchery and disorders! And you will hereby be as laborers in that work [of keeping them up]. And a man may tell as plainly as can be what becomes of us, if we grow indifferent and lukewarm [in repressing evil], under I know not what weak pretensions. [*Yes, your Highness; even so, — were you and I in a minority of Two upon it! "Merry Monarchs" of the Nell-Gwynn Defender kind, and the gallantest Sir Charles Sedleys in their tavern-balcony in Bow Street, are and remain a most mournful phenomenon to me; mournfuler than Death; — equal to Death with a Grimaldi-mask clapt on it!*] If it lives in us, there-

fore; I say, if it be in the general [heart of the Nation], it is a thing I am confident our liberty and prosperity depend upon, — Reformation. Make it a shame to see men bold in sin and profaneness, and God will bless you. You will be a blessing to the Nation; and by this, will be more repairers of breaches than by anything in the world. Truly these things do respect the souls of men, and the spirits, — which *are* the men. The mind is the man. If that be kept pure, a man signifies somewhat; if not, I would very fain see what difference there is betwixt him and a beast. He hath only some activity to do some more mischief. [*A real "Head of the Church," this "King;" not an imaginary one!*]

"There are some things which respect the Estates of men; and there is one general Grievance in the Nation. It is the Law. [*"Hear, hear!" from all quarters of the Nation.*] Not that the Laws are a grievance; but there are Laws that are; and the great grievance lies in the execution and administration. I think I may say it, I have as eminent Judges in this land as have been had, as the Nation has had, for these many years. [*Hale and others; yea!*] — Truly I could be particular, as to the executive part [of it], as to the administration [of the Law]; but that would trouble you. The truth of it is, There are wicked and abominable Laws, which [it] will be in your power to alter. To hang a man for Six-and-eightpence, and I know not what; to hang for a trifle, and acquit murder, — is in the ministration of the Law, through the ill framing of it. I have known in my experience abominable murders acquitted. And to see men lose their lives for petty matters: this is a thing God will reckon for. [*Your Highness actually says so, believes so?*] And I wish it may not lie upon this Nation a day longer than you have an opportunity to give a remedy; and I hope I shall cheerfully join with you in it. This hath been a great grief to many honest hearts and conscientious people; and I hope it is in all your hearts to rectify it.

"I have little more to say to you, being very weary; and I know you are so [too]. Truly I did begin with what I thought was [the means] to carry on this War (if you will

carry it on), That we might join together in that vigorously. And I did promise an answer to an objection: 'But what will you prosecute it with?' The State is hugely in debt; I believe it comes to —— [*Reporter cannot hear; on his Paper is mere Blank; — nay I think his Highness stutters, does not clearly articulate any sum.*] — The Treasure of the State is run out. We shall not be an enemy to your inspection; but desire it, — that you should inspect the Treasury, and how moneys have been expended. And we are not afraid to look the Nation in the face upon this score. And therefore we will say negatively, *first*, No man can say we have misemployed the Treasures of this Nation, and embezzled it to particular and private uses.

"It may be we have not been — as the world terms it — so fortunate in all our successes [in the issues of all our attempts]? [*Hispaniola was a terrible affair, your Highness; and Jamaica is yet — a load to crush any but a Man of Hope!*] Truly if we are of mind that God may not decide for us in these things, I think we shall be quarrelling with what God [Himself] will answer [for]. And we hope we are able — it may be weakly, I doubt not — to give an answer to God, and to give an answer to every man's conscience in the sight of God, of the reason of things. But we shall tell you it — [*"It," the principal "reason" we could give, was the Plotting of the Cavaliers; whereat his Highness bursts into sudden spontaneous combustion again!*] — was part of that Arch-Fire, which hath been in this your time; wherein there were flames good store, fire enough; — and it will be your wisdom and skill, and God's blessing upon you, to *quench* them both here and elsewhere! I say it again, our endeavors — by those that have been appointed, by those that have been Major-Generals; I can repeat it with comfort, — they have been effectual for the Preservation of your Peace! [*What worlds of old terror, rage and endeavor, all dead now; what continents of extinct fire, of life-volcanoes once blazing, now sunk in eternal darkness, do we discern, with emotion, through this chance crevice in his Highness!*] It hath been more effectual towards the discountenancing of Vice and settling Religion, than anything done these fifty years: I will abide by it, notwithstanding the

envy and slander of foolish men! [*Poor Oliver, noble Oliver!*] But I say there was a Design — I confess I speak that to you with a little vehemency — But you had not peace two months together [nothing but plot after plot]; I profess I believe it as much as ever I did anything in the world: and how instrumental *they* [these Major-Generals] have been to your peace and for your preservation, by such means, — which, we say, was Necessity! More [instrumental] than all instituted things in the world! — If you would make laws against whatever things God may please to send, [laws] to meet everything that may *happen*, — you make a law in the face of God; you tell God you will meet all His dispensations, and will stay things whether He will or no![1] But if you make good laws of Government, that men may know how to obey and to act for Government, they may be laws that have frailty and weakness; ay, and [yet] good laws to be observed. But if nothing should [ever] be done but what is 'according to Law,' the throat of the Nation may be cut while we send for some to make a Law! [*The Tyrant's plea? — Yes, and the true Governor's, my friend; for extremes meet.*] Therefore certainly it is a pitiful beastly notion to think, though it be for ordinary Government to live by law and rule, yet[2] — [if a Government in extraordinary circumstances go beyond the law even for self-preservation, it is] to be clamored at, and blottered at. [*His Highness still extremely animated; wants as if more tongues than one to speak all he feels!*] When matters of Necessity come, then without guilt extraordinary remedies may not be applied? Who can be so pitiful a person! —

"I confess, if Necessity be *pretended*, there is so much the more sin. A laying the irregularity of men's actions upon

[1] "Laws against events," insisted on before, p. 66. The "event" there could be no law against beforehand, was the universal rising of the cut-throat Cavaliers; a thing not believed in by the thick-skinned, but too well known to his Highness as a terrible verity, — which the thickest skin would have got acquainted with, moreover, had it not been for him! Evidently a most provoking topic.

[2] A small hiatus in the MS. (Burton, p. clxxii), which imagination can easily fill.

God as if He had sent a Necessity; — who doth indeed send Necessities! But to *anticipate* these — For as to an appeal to God, I own it [own this Necessity] conscientiously to God; and the principles of Nature dictate the thing: — But if there be a *supposition*, I say, of a Necessity which is *not*, every *act* so done hath in it the more sin. This [whether in a given case, there *is* a Necessity or not] perhaps is rather to be disputed than otherwise: But I must say I do not know one action [of this Government], no not one, but it hath been in order to the peace and safety of the Nation. And the keeping of some in prison [*Lilburn, Wildman, Overton, Grey of Groby, Willoughby of Parham, occasionally Harrison and others: a fair stock of Prisoners up and down!*] hath been upon such clear and just grounds that no man can except against it. I know there are some imprisoned in the Isle of Wight, in Cornwall and elsewhere; and the cause of their imprisonment was, They were all found acting things which tended to the disturbance of the Peace of the Nation. Now these principles made us say to them: 'Pray live quietly in your own countries: you shall not be urged with bonds or engagements, or to subscribe to the Government.' But they would not so much as say, 'We will promise to live peaceably.' If others are imprisoned, it is because they have done such things. And if other particulars strike,[1] we know what to say, — as having endeavored to walk as those that would not only give an account to God of their actings in Authority, but had [withal] to give an account of them to men. [*Anticlimax; — better than some climaxes; full of simplicity and discretion.*]

"I confess I have digressed much. [*Yes, your Highness; it has been a very loose-flowing Discourse; — like a big tide on shallow shores, with few banks or barriers!*] — I would not have you be discouraged if you think the State is exceeding poor. Give me leave to tell you, we have managed the Treasury not unthriftily, nor to private uses; but for the use of the Nation and Government; — and shall give you this short account. When the Long Parliament sat,[2] this Nation owed £700,000.

[1] Means "give offence." [2] Polite for "ceased to sit."

We examined it; it was brought unto that, — in that short Meeting [of the Little Parliament], within half a year after the Government came into our hands. I believe there was *more* rather than less. They [the Long-Parliament people] had £120,000 a month; they had the King's, Queen's, Prince's, Bishops' Lands; all Delinquents' Estates, and the Dean-and-Chapter Lands; — which was a very rich Treasure. As soon as ever we came to the Government, we abated £30,000 the first half-year, and £60,000 after. We had no benefits of those Estates, at all considerable [*Only the merest fractions of them remaining now unsold*]; I do not think, the fiftieth part of what they had: — and give me leave to tell you, *You are not so much in debt as we found you.*[1] We know it hath been maliciously dispersed, as if we had set the Nation into £2,500,000 of debt: but I tell you, you are not so much in debt, by some thousands, — I think I may say, by some hundreds of thousands! This is true that I tell you. We have honestly, — it may be not so wisely as some others would have done, — but with honest and plain hearts, labored and endeavored the disposal of Treasure to Public Uses; and labored to pull off the common charge £60,000 a month, as you see. And if we had continued that charge that was left upon the Nation, perhaps we could have had as much money [in hand], as now we are in debt. — These things being thus, I did think it my duty to give you this account, — though it be wearisome even to yourselves and to me.

"Now if I had the tongue of an Angel; if I was so certainly Inspired as the holy Men of God have been, I could rejoice, for your sakes, and for these Nations' sakes, and for the sake of God, and of His Cause which we have all been engaged in, if I could move affections in you to that which, if you do it, will save this Nation! If *not*, — you plunge it, to all human appearance, [it] and all Interests, yea and all Protestants in the world, into irrecoverable ruin! —

"Therefore I pray and beseech you, in the name of Christ, Show yourselves to be men; 'quit yourselves like men!' It doth not infer any reproach if you do show yourselves men:

[1] Antea, p. 92.

Christian men, — *which* alone *will* make you 'quit yourselves.' I do not think that, to this work you have in hand, a neutral spirit will do. That is a Laodicean spirit; and we know what God said of that Church: it was 'lukewarm,' and therefore He would 'spew it out of His mouth!' It is not a neutral spirit that is incumbent upon you. And if not a neutral spirit, it is much less a stupefied spirit, inclining you, in the least disposition, the *wrong* way! Men are, in their private consciences, every day making shipwreck; and it's no wonder if these can shake hands with persons of reprobate Interests: — such, give me leave to think, are the Popish Interests. For the Apostle brands them so, 'having seared consciences.' Though I do not judge every man: — but the ringleaders[1] are such. The Scriptures foretold there should be such. It is not such a spirit that will carry this work on! It is men in a Christian state; who have *works* with *faith;* who know how to lay hold on Christ for remission [of sins], till a man be brought to 'glory in hope.' Such an hope kindled in men's spirits will actuate them to such ends as you are tending to: and so many as are partakers of that, and do own your standings,[2] wherein the Providence of God hath set and called you to this work, [so many] will carry it on.

"If men, through scruple, be opposite, you cannot take them by the hand to *carry* them [along with you], — it were absurd: if a man be scrupling the plain truth before him, it is in vain to meddle with him. He hath placed another business in *his* mind; he is saying, 'Oh, if we could but exercise wisdom to gain Civil Liberty, — Religion would follow!' [*His Highness thinks Religion will* PRECEDE, — *as I hope thou also, in a sense, emphatically thinkest. His Highness does not much affect Constitution-builders, Oceana Harringtons, and Members of the Rota Club. Here, however, he has his eye principally upon the late Parliament, with its Constitution-pedantries and parchments.*] Certainly there are such men, who are not *maliciously*

[1] Of the Insurrectionary persons, and the general Miscellany who favor the Popish Interests; it is on these more than on Papists proper that his Highness is now again coming to glance.

[2] Present official positions.

blind, whom God, for some cause, exercises. [*Yes, your Highness; we poor Moderns have had whole shoals of them, and still have, — in the later sections of that same "work" you are engaged in.*] It cannot be expected that they should do anything! [*Profound silence.*] These men, — they must demonstrate that they are in bonds. — Could we have carried it thus far, if we had sat disputing in that manner? I must profess I reckon that difficulty more than all the wrestling with flesh and blood. [*What could so try one as that Pedant Parliament did; disputing, doling out pennyweights of distilled constitution; and Penruddock, Charles Stuart and the Spaniards waiting momentarily to come in, with Ate and the Scarlet Woman in their rear?*] Doubting, hesitating men, they are not fit for your work. You must not expect that men of hesitating spirits, under the bondage of scruples, will be able to carry on this work, much less such as are merely carnal, natural; such as having an 'outward profession of Godliness,' whom the Apostle speaks of so often, 'are enemies to the cross of Christ; whose God is their belly; whose glory is in their shame; who mind earthly things.' [*A really frightful kind of character; — and not yet obsolete, though its dialect is changed!*] Do you think these men will rise to such a spiritual heat for the Nation as shall carry you a Cause like this; as will meet [and defy] all the oppositions that the Devil and wicked men can make? [*Not to* BE *expected, your Highness; not at all. And yet we, two hundred years later, how do we go on expecting it, — by the aid of Ballot-boxes, Reform-Club Attorneys, &c. &c.!*]

"Give me leave to tell you, — those that are called to this work, it will not depend [for them] upon formalities, nor notions, nor speeches! [*A certain truculency on his Highness's visage.*] I do not look the work should be done by these. [No;] but by men of honest hearts, engaged to God; strengthened by Providence; enlightened in His words, to know His Word, — to which He hath set His Seal, sealed with the blood of His Son, with the blood of His Servants: *that* is such a spirit as will carry on this work. [*Scant in the Pedant Parliament, scant in the Rota Club; not to be found in the Reform-Club Attorney, or his Ballot-box, at all.*]

"Therefore I beseech you, do not dispute of unnecessary and unprofitable things which may divert you from carrying on so glorious a work as this is. I think *every* objection that ariseth is not to be answered; nor have I time for it. I say, Look up to God; have peace among yourselves. Know assuredly that if I have interest,[1] I am by the voice of the People the Supreme Magistrate [*We will have no disputing about that, — you are aware!*]; and, it may be, do know somewhat that might satisfy my conscience, if I stood in doubt! But it is a union, really it is a union, [this] between you and me: and both of us united in faith and love to Jesus Christ, and to His peculiar Interest in the world, — *that* must ground this work. And in *that*, if I have any peculiar Interest which is personal to myself, which is not subservient to the Public end, — it were not an extravagant thing for me to *curse* myself: because I know God will curse me, if I have! [*Look in that countenance of his Highness!*] I have learned too much of God, to dally with Him, and to be bold with Him, in these things. And I hope I never shall be bold with Him; — though I can be bold with men, if Christ be pleased to assist! —

"I say, if there be love between us, so that the Nations[2] may say, 'These are knit together in one bond, to promote the glory of God against the Common Enemy; to suppress everything that is Evil, and encourage whatsoever is of Godliness,' — yea, the Nation will bless you! And really that and nothing else will work off these Disaffections from the minds of men; which are great, — perhaps greater than all the [other] oppositions you can meet with. I do know what I say. When I speak of these things, I speak my heart before God; — and, as I said before, I dare not be bold with Him. I have a little faith: I have a little lived by faith, and therein I may be 'bold.' If I spoke other than the affections and secrets of my heart, I know He would not bear it at my hands! [*Deep silence; his Highness's voice, in sonorous bass, alone audible in the Painted Chamber.*] Therefore in the fear and name of God: Go on, with love and integrity, against whatever arises of contrary to those ends which you know and have been told

[1] Means "if you see me in power." [2] The Three Nations.

of; and the blessing of God go with you, — and the blessing of God *will* go with you! [*Amen!*]

"I have but one thing more to say. I know it is troublesome: — But I did read a Psalm yesterday; which truly may not unbecome both me to tell you of, and you to observe. It is the Eighty-fifth Psalm;[1] it is very instructive and significant: and though I do but a little touch upon it, I desire your perusal at pleasure. [*We will many of us read it, this night; almost all of us, with one view or the other; — and some of us may sing a part of it at evening worship.*]

"It begins: 'Lord, Thou hast been very favorable to Thy Land; Thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob. Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of Thy People; Thou hast covered all their sin. Thou hast taken away all the fierceness of Thy wrath: Thou hast turned Thyself from the fierceness of Thine anger. Turn us, O God of our salvation, and cause Thine anger toward us to cease. Wilt thou be angry with us forever; wilt Thou draw out Thine anger to all generations? Wilt thou not revive us again, that Thy People may rejoice in Thee?' Then he calls upon God as 'the God of his salvation,'[2] and then saith he: 'I will hear what God the Lord will speak: for He will speak peace unto His People, and to His Saints; but let them not turn again to folly. Surely His salvation is nigh them that fear him;' Oh — 'that glory may dwell in our Land! Mercy and Truth are met together; Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other. Truth shall spring out of the Earth, and Righteousness shall look down from Heaven. Yea the Lord shall give that which is good, and our Land shall yield her increase. Righteousness shall go before Him, and shall set us in the way of His steps.' [*What a vision of celestial hope is this: vista into Lands of Light, God's Will done on Earth; this poor English Earth an Emblem of Heaven; where God's Blessing reigns supreme; where ghastly Falsity and brutal*

[1] Historical: Tuesday, 16th Sept. 1656; Oliver Protector reading the Eighty-fifth Psalm in Whitehall. We too might read it; but as his Highness recites it all here except one short verse, it is not so necessary.

[2] Verse 7, "Show us Thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us Thy salvation."

Greed and Baseness, and Cruelty and Cowardice, and Sin and Fear, and all the Hell-dogs of Gehenna shall lie chained under our feet; and Man, august in divine manhood, shall step victorious over them, heavenward, like a god! O Oliver, I could weep, — and yet it steads not. Do not I too look into "Psalms," into a kind of Eternal Psalm, unalterable as adamant, — which the whole world yet will look into? Courage, my brave one!]

"Truly I wish that this Psalm, as it is written in the Book, might be better written in our hearts. That we might say as David, '*Thou* hast done this,' and 'Thou hast done that;' 'Thou hast pardoned our sins; Thou hast taken away our iniquities'! Whither can we go to a better God? For 'He hath done it.' It is to Him any Nation may come in their extremity, for the taking away of His wrath. How did He do it? 'By pardoning their sins, by taking away their iniquities!' If we can but cry unto Him, He will 'turn and take away *our* sins.' — Then let us listen to Him. Then let us consult, and meet in Parliament; and ask Him counsel, and hear what He saith, 'for He will speak peace unto His People.' If you be the People of God, He will speak *peace;* — and we will not turn again to folly.

"'Folly:' a great deal of grudging in the Nation that we cannot have our horse-races, cock-fightings, and the like! [*Abolished, suspended, for good reasons!*] I do not think these are lawful, except to make them recreations. That we will not endure [for necessary ends, — *for preventing Royalist Plots, and such like*] to be abridged of them: — Till God hath brought us to another spirit than this, He will not bear with us. Ay, 'but He bears with them in France;' 'they in France are so and so!' — Have they *the Gospel* as we have? They have seen the sun but a little; we have great lights. — If God give you a spirit of Reformation, you will preserve this Nation from 'turning again' to those fooleries: — and what will the end be? Comfort and blessing. Then 'Mercy and Truth shall meet together.' Here is a great deal of 'truth' among professors, but very little 'mercy'! They are ready to cut the throats of one another. But when we are brought into the right way, we shall be *merciful* as well as orthodox: and we

know who it is that saith, 'If a man could speak with the tongues of men and angels, and yet want *that*, he is but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal!' —

"Therefore I beseech you in the name of God, set your hearts to this [work]. And if you set your hearts to it, then you will sing Luther's Psalm.[1] That is a rare Psalm for a Christian! — and if he set his heart open, and can approve it to God, we *shall* hear him say, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble.' If Pope and Spaniard, and Devil and all, set themselves against us, — though they should 'compass us like bees,' as it is in the Hundred-and-eighteenth Psalm, — yet in the name of the Lord we should destroy them! And, as it is in this Psalm of Luther's: 'We will not fear, though the Earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the middle of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.' [*A terrible scene indeed: — but there is something in the Heart of Man, then, greater than any "scene;" which, in the Name of the Highest, can defy any "scene" or terror whatsoever? "Yea," answers the Hebrew David; "Yea," answers the German Luther; "Yea," the English Cromwell. The Ages responsive to one another; soul hailing soul across the dead Abysses; deep calling unto deep.*]

[1] Psalm Forty-sixth; of which Luther's Paraphrase, *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*, is still very celebrated. Here is the original Psalm: —

"God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble; therefore we will not fear, — though the Earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof!

"There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the City of God, the Holy Place of the Tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early. The Heathen raged, the Kingdoms were moved: He uttered His voice, the Earth melted. The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

"Come behold the works of the Lord, what desolations He hath made in the Earth! He maketh wars to cease unto the ends of the Earth; He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire: — Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the Heathen, I will be exalted in the Earth! The Lord of Hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge."

'There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the City of God. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved.' [*No!*] Then he repeats two or three times, 'The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.' [*What are the King of Spain, Charles Stuart, Joseph Wagstaff, Chancellor Hyde, and your triple-hatted Chimera at Rome? What is the Devil in General, for that matter, — the still very extensive Entity called "Devil," with all the force he can raise?*]

"I have done. All I have to say is, To pray God that He may bless you with His presence; that He who hath your hearts and mine would show His presence in the midst of us.

"I desire you will go together, and choose your Speaker." [1]

The latest of the Commentators expresses himself in reference to this Speech in the following singular way: —

"No Royal Speech like this was ever delivered elsewhere in the world! It is, — with all its prudence, and it is very prudent, sagacious, courteous, right royal in spirit, — perhaps the most artless transparent piece of Public Speaking this Editor has ever studied. Rude, massive, genuine; like a block of unbeaten gold. A Speech not so fit for Drury Lane, as for Valhalla, and the Sanhedrim of the Gods. The man himself, and the England he presided over, there and then, are to a singular degree visible in it; open to our eyes, to our sympathies. He who would see Oliver, will find more of him here than in most of the history-books yet written about him.

"On the whole, the cursory modern Englishman cannot be expected to read this Speech: — and yet it is pity; the Speech might do him good, if he understood it. We shall not again hear a Supreme Governor talk in this strain: the dialect of it is very obsolete; much more than the grammar and diction, forever obsolete, — not to my regret the dialect of it. But the spirit of it is a thing that should never have grown obsolete. The spirit of it will have to revive itself again; and shine out in *new* dialect and vesture, in infinitely wider compass, wide

[1] *Burton's Diary*, i. Introd. pp. clviii–clxxix (from Additional Ayscough MSS. no. 6125).

as God's known Universe *now* is, — if it please Heaven! Since that spirit went obsolete, and men took to 'dallying' with the Highest, to 'being bold' with the Highest, and not 'bold with men' (only Belial, and not 'Christ' in any shape, assisting them), we have had but sorry times, in Parliament and out of it. There has not been a Supreme Governor worth the meal upon his periwig, in comparison, — since this spirit fell obsolete. How could there? Belial is a desperately bad sleeping-partner in any concern whatever! Cant did not ever yet, that I know of, turn ultimately to a good account, for any man or thing. May the Devil swiftly be compelled to call in large masses of our current stock of Cant, and withdraw it from circulation! Let the people 'run for gold,' as the Chartists say; demand Veracity, Performance, instead of mealy-mouthed Speaking; and force him to recall his Cant. Thank Heaven, stern Destiny, merciful were it even to death, does now compel them verily to 'run for gold:' Cant in all directions is swiftly ebbing into the Bank *it* was issued by." —

Speech being ended, the Honorable Members "went to the House," says Bulstrode;[1] and in the Lobby, with considerable crowding I think, "received, from the Chancery Clerk, Certificates in this form," — for instance: —

"County of Bucks. *These are to certify that*" Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke "*is returned by Indenture one of the Knights to serve in this present Parliament for the said County, and approved by his Highness's Council.* Nath. Tayler, *Clerk of the Commonwealth in Chancery.*"

Mr. Tayler has received four hundred "Indentures" from Honorable Gentlemen; but he does not give out four hundred "Certificates," he only gives three hundred and odd. Near one hundred Honorable Gentlemen can get no Certificate from Mr. Tayler, — none provided for *you;* — and without Certificate there is no admittance. Soldiers stand ranked at the door; no man enters without his Certificate! Astonishing to see. Haselrig, Scott and the stiff Republicans, Ashley Cooper and the turbulent persons, who might have leavened this Par-

[1] Whitlocke, p. 639.

liament into strange fermentation, cannot, it appears, get in! No admittance here: saw Honorable Gentlemen ever the like? —

The most flagrant violation of the Privileges of Parliament that was ever known! exclaim they. A sore blow to Privilege indeed. With which the Honorable House, shorn of certain limbs in this rude way, knows not well what to do. The Clerk of the Commonwealth, being summoned, answers what he can; Nathaniel Fiennes, for the Council of State, answers what he can: the Honorable House, actually intent on Settling the Nation, has to reflect that in real truth this will be a great furtherance thereto; that matters do stand in an anomalous posture at present; that the Nation should and must be settled. The Honorable House, with an effort, swallows this injury; directs the petitioning Excluded Members "to apply to the Council."[1] The Excluded Members, or some one Excluded Member, redacts an indignant Protest, with all the names appended;[2] prints it, privately circulates it, "in boxes sent by carriers, a thousand copies in a box:" — and there it rests; his Highness saying nothing to it; the Honorable House and the Nation saying nothing. In this Parliament, different from the last, we trace a real desire for Settlement.

As the power of the Major-Generals, "in about two months hence,"[3] or three months hence, was, on hint of his Highness himself, to the joy of Constitutional England, withdrawn, we may here close *Part Ninth*. Note first, however, as contemporary with this event, the glorious news we have from Blake and Montague at sea; who, in good hour, have at last got hold of a Spanish Fleet, and in a tragic manner burnt it, and taken endless silver therein.[4] News of the fact comes in the beginning of October: in the beginning of November comes,

[1] *Commons Journals*, vii. 424–426 (Sept. 18th–22d).

[2] Copy of it and them in *Whitlocke*, pp. 641–643; see also *Thurloe*, v. 456, 490.

[3] Kimber, p. 211. The real date and circumstances may be seen in *Burton's Diary*, i. 310 (7th Jan. 1656–7), *Commons Journals*, vii. 483 (29th Jan.); compared with Ludlow, ii. 581, 582. See Godwin, iv. 328.

[4] Captain Stayner's Letter (9th Sept. 1656, *Thurloe*, v. 399); General Montague's Letter (ib. p. 433); Whitlocke, p. 643; &c.

as it were, the fact itself, — some eight-and-thirty wagon-loads of real silver: triumphantly jingling up from Portsmouth, across London pavements to the Tower, to be coined into current English money there. The Antichrist King of Spain has lost Lima by an earthquake, and infinite silver there also. Heaven's vengeance seems awakening. "Never," say the old Newspapers,[1] "never was there a more terrible visible Hand of God in judgment upon any People, since the time of Sodom and Gomorrah! Great is the Lord; marvellous are His doings, and to be had in reverence of all the Nations." England holds universal Thanksgiving Day; sees eight-and-thirty wagon-loads of silver, sees hope of Settlement, sees Major-Generals abolished; and piously blesses Heaven.

[1] 6th October (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 160).

PART X.

SECOND PROTECTORATE PARLIAMENT.

1657–1658.

LETTERS CCXV.–CCXVI.

Two Letters near each other in date, and now by accident brought contiguous in place; which offer a rather singular contrast; the one pointing as towards the Eternal Heights, the other as towards the Tartarean Deeps! Between which two Extremes the Life of men and Lord Protectors has to pass itself in this world, as wisely as it can. Let us read them, and hasten over to the new Year Fifty-Seven, and last Department of our subject.

LETTER CCXV.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, or the Municipal Authorities there, as we may perceive, are rather of the Independent judgment; and have a little dread of some encouragement his Highness has been giving to certain of the Presbyterian sect in those parts. This Letter ought to be sufficient reassurance.

"*To the Mayor of Newcastle: to be communicated to the Aldermen and others whom it doth concern.*

"Whitehall, 18th December, 1656.

"Gentlemen, and my very good Friends, — My Lord Strickland, who is one of our Council, did impart to us a Letter written from yourselves to him, according to your desire therein expressed; which occasions this return from us to you.

"As nothing that may reflect to the prejudice of your outward Good, either Personal or as you are a Civil Government, shall easily pass with us; so, much less what shall tend to your discouragement, as you are Saints, to your Congregations, gathered in that way of fellowship commonly known by the name of Independents, whether of one judgment or other: — [this] shall be far from being actually discountenanced, or passively [left to] suffer damage, by any applying themselves to me. I do, once for all, give you to understand, that I should thereby destroy and disappoint one of the main ends for which God hath planted me in the station I am in.

"Wherefore I desire you in that matter to rest secure. True it is that two Ministers, one Mr. Cole and one Mr. Pye, did present to me a Letter in the name of divers Ministers of Newcastle, the Bishopric of Durham and Northumberland; of an honest and Christian purpose: the sum whereof I extracted, and returned an Answer thereunto; — a true Copy whereof I send you here enclosed. By which I think it will easily appear, that the consideration of my kindness is well deserved by them; provided they observe the condition [there] expressed; which in charity I am bound to believe they will; and without which their own consciences and the world will know how to judge of them.

"Having said this, I, or rather the Lord, require of you, That you walk in all peaceableness and gentleness, inoffensiveness, truth and love towards them, as becomes the Servants and Churches of Christ. Knowing well that Jesus Christ, of whose diocese both they and you are, expects it. Who, when He comes to gather His People, and to make Himself 'a name and praise amongst all the people of the earth,' — He 'will save her that halteth, and gather her that was driven out, and will get them praise and fame in every land, where they have been put to shame.'[1] And such 'lame ones' and 'driven-out ones' were not the Independents only, and Presbyterians, a few years since, by the Popish and Prelatical Party in these Nations; but such are and have been the Protestants in all lands, — persecuted, and faring alike with you, in all the Reformed

[1] Zephaniah, iii. 19, 20.

Churches. And therefore, knowing your charity to be as large as all the Flock of Christ who are of the same Hope and Faith of the Gospel with you; I thought fit to commend these few words to you; — being well assured it is written in your heart, So to do with this that I shall stand by you in the maintaining of all your just privileges to the uttermost.

"And committing you to the blessing of the Lord, I rest,

"Your loving friend,

"OLIVER P." [1]

LETTER CCXVI.

CARDINAL MAZARIN, the governing Minister of France in those days, is full of compliance for the Lord Protector; whom, both for the sake of France and for the Cardinal's sake, it is very requisite to keep in good humor. On France's score, there is Treaty with France, and War with its enemy Spain; on the Cardinal's are obscure Court-intrigues, Queen-mothers, and one knows not what: in brief, the subtle Cardinal has found, after trial of the opposite course too, that friendship, or even at times obedient-servantship to Cromwell, will be essentially advantageous to him.

Some obscure quarrel has fallen out between Charles Stuart and the Duke of York his Brother. Quarrel complicated with open politics, with Spanish War and Royalist Revolt, on Oliver's side; with secret Queen-mothers, and backstairs diplomacies, on the Cardinal's: — of which there flit, in the dreariest manner, this and the other enigmatic vestige in the night-realm of *Thurloe;* [2] and which is partly the subject of this present Letter. A Letter unique in two respects. It is the only one we have of Oliver Cromwell, the English Puritan King, to Giulio Mazarini, the Sicilian-French Cardinal, and King of Shreds and Patches; [3] who are a very singular pair of

[1] Thurloe, v. 714: in Secretary Thurloe's hand.

[2] iv. 506; v. 753; &c. &c.

[3] Three insignificant official Notes to him, in Appendix, Nos. 27, 28.

Correspondents brought together by the Destinies! It is also the one glimpse we have from Oliver himself of the subterranean Spy-world, in which, by a hard necessity, so many of his thoughts had to dwell. Oliver, we find, cannot quite grant Toleration to the Catholics; but he is well satisfied with this "our weightiest affair," — not without weight to *me* at least, who sit expecting Royalist Insurrections backed by Spanish Invasions, and have Assassins plotting for my life at present "on the word of a Christian King!" —

Concerning the "affair" itself, and the personages engaged in it, let us be content that they should continue spectral for us, and dwell in the subterranean Night-realm which belongs to them. The "Person" employed from England, if anybody should be curious about him, is one Colonel Bamfield, once a flaming Presbyterian Royalist, who smuggled the Duke of York out of this Country in woman's clothes; and now lives as an Oliverian Spy, very busy making mischief for the Duke of York. "Berkley" is the Sir John Berkley who rode with Charles First to the Isle of Wight long since;[1] the Duke of York's Tutor at present. Of "Lockhart," Oliver's Ambassador in France, we shall perhaps hear again. The others, — let them continue spectral to us. Let us conceive, never so faintly, that their "affair" is to maintain in the Duke of York some Anti-Spanish notion; notion of his having a separate English interest, independent of his Brother's, perhaps superior to it; wild notion, of one or the other sort, which will keep the quarrel wide: — as accordingly we find it did for many months,[2] whatever notion it was. We can then read with intelligence sufficient for us.

[*To his Eminency Cardinal Mazarin.*]

"[WHITEHALL], 26th December, 1656.

"THE obligations, and many instances of affection, which I have received from your Eminency, do engage [me] to make returns suitable to your merits. But although I have this set home upon my spirit, I may not (shall I tell you, I cannot?)

[1] Antea, vol. xvii. p. 284.

[2] Thurloe, iv. v. vi.: see also *Biog. Brit.* (2d edition), ii. 154.

at this juncture of time, and as the face of my affairs now stands, answer to your call for Toleration.[1]

"I say, I cannot, as to a public Declaration of my sense in that point; although I believe that under my Government your Eminency, in the behalf of Catholics, has less reason for complaint as to rigor upon men's consciences than under the Parliament. For I have of some, and those very many, had compassion; making a difference. Truly I have (and I may speak it with cheerfulness in the presence of God, who is a witness within me to the truth of what I affirm) made a difference; and, as Jude speaks, 'plucked many out of the fire,'[2] — the raging fire of persecution, which did tyrannize over their consciences, and encroached by an arbitrariness of power upon their estates. And herein it is my purpose, as soon as I can remove impediments, and some weights that press me down, to make a farther progress, and discharge my promise to your Eminency in relation to that.

"And now I shall come to return your Eminency thanks for your judicious choice of that Person to whom you have intrusted our weightiest Affair: an Affair wherein your Eminency is concerned, though not in an equal degree and measure with myself. I must confess that I had some doubts of its success, till Providence cleared them to me by the effects. I was, truly, and to speak ingenuously, not without doubtings; and shall not be ashamed to give your Eminency the grounds I had for much doubting. I did fear that Berkley would not have been able to go through and carry on that work; and that either the Duke would have cooled in his suit,[3] or condescended to his Brother. I doubted also that those Instructions which I sent over with 290[4] were not clear enough as to expressions; some affairs here denying me leisure at that time to be so par-

[1] To the Catholics here.

[2] Verses 22, 23: a most remarkable *Epistle*, to which his Highness often enough solemnly refers, as we have seen.

[3] His suit, I understand, was for leave to continue in France; an Anti-Spanish notion.

[4] Cipher for some Man's Name, now undecipherable; to all appearance Bamfield.

ticular as, [in regard] to some circumstances, I would. — If I am not mistaken in his [the Duke's] character, as I received it from your Eminency, that fire which is kindled between them will not ask bellows to blow it, and keep it burning. But what I think farther necessary in this matter I will send [to] your Eminency by Lockhart.

"And now I shall boast to your Eminency my security upon a well-builded confidence in the Lord: for I distrust not but if this breach [be] widened a little more, and this difference fomented, with a little caution in respect of the persons to be added to it, — I distrust not but that Party, which is already forsaken of God as to an outward dispensation of mercies, and noisome to their countrymen, will grow lower in the opinion of all the world.

"If I have troubled your Eminency too long in this, you may impute it to the resentment of joy which I have for the issue of this Affair; and [I] will conclude with giving you assurance that I will never be backward in demonstrating, as becomes your brother and confederate, that I am,

"Your servant,

"Oliver P."[1]

SPEECH VI.

SINDERCOMB.

The Spanish Invasion and Royalist Insurrection once more came to no effect: on mature judgment of the case, it seemed necessary to have Oliver Protector assassinated first; and that, as usual, could not be got done. Colonel Sexby, the frantic Anabaptist, he and others have been very busy; "riding among his Highness's escort" in Hyde Park and elsewhere, with fleet horses, formidable weapons, with "gate-hinges ready filed through," if the deed could have been done; — but it never

[1] Thurloe, v. 735. In the possession of a "Mr. Theophilus Rowe of Hampstead in Middlesex," says Birch. Where did Rowe get it? Is it in the original hand, or only a copy? Birch is silent even as to the latter point. The style sufficiently declares it to be a genuine Letter.

could. Sexby went over to Flanders again, for fresh consultations; left the assassination-affair in other hands, with £1,600 of ready money, "on the faith of a Christian King." Quartermaster Sindercomb takes Sexby's place in this great enterprise; finds, he too, that there is nothing but failure in it.

Miles Sindercomb, now a cashiered Quartermaster living about Town, was once a zealous Deptford lad, who enlisted to fight for Liberty, at the beginning of these Wars. He fought strongly on the side of Liberty, being an earnest fierce young fellow; — then gradually got astray into Levelling courses, and wandered ever deeper there, till daylight forsook him, and it became quite dark. He was one of the desperate misguided Corporals, or Quartermasters, doomed to be shot at Burford, seven years ago: but he escaped overnight, and was not shot there; took service in Scotland; got again to be Quartermaster; was in the Overton Plot, for seizing Monk and marching into England, lately: whereupon Monk cashiered him: and he came to Town; lodged himself here, in a sulky threadbare manner, — in Alsatia or elsewhere. A gloomy man and Ex-Quartermaster; has become one of Sexby's people, "on the faith of a Christian King;" nothing now left of him but the fierceness, groping some path for itself in the utter *dark*. Henry Toope, one of his Highness's Life-guard, gives us, or will give us, an inkling of Sindercomb; and we know something of his courses and inventions, which are many. He rode in Hyde Park, among his Highness's escort, with Sexby; but the deed could not then be done. Leave me the £1,600, said he; and I will find a way to do it. Sexby left it him, and went abroad.

Inventive Sindercomb then took a House in Hammersmith; Garden-House, I think, "which had a banqueting-room looking into the road;" road very narrow at that part; — road from Whitehall to Hampton Court on Saturday afternoons. Inventive Sindercomb here set about providing blunderbusses of the due explosive force, — ancient "infernal-machines," in fact, — with these he will blow his Highness's Coach and Highness's self into small pieces, if it please Heaven. It did not please Heaven, — probably not Henry Toope of his Highness's Life-guard. This first scheme proved a failure.

Inventive Sindercomb, to justify his £1,600, had to try something. He decided to fire Whitehall by night, and have a stroke at his Highness in the tumult. He has "a hundred swift horses, two in a stable, up and down:" — set a hundred stout ruffians on the back of these, in the nocturnal fire; and try. Thursday, 8th January, 1656–7; that is to be the Night. On the dusk of Thursday, January 8th, he with old-trooper Cecil, his second in the business, attends Public Worship in Whitehall Chapel; is seen loitering there afterwards, "near the Lord Lambert's seat." Nothing more is seen of him: but about half-past eleven at night, the sentinel on guard catches a smell of fire; — finds holed wainscots, picked locks; a basket of the most virulent wildfire, "fit almost to burn through stones," — with lit match slowly creeping towards it, computed to reach it in some half-hour hence, about the stroke of midnight! — His Highness is summoned, the Council is summoned; — alas, Toope of the Life-guard is examined and Sindercomb's lodging is known. Just when the wildfire should have blazed, two Guardsmen wait upon Sindercomb; seize him, not without hard defence on his part, "wherein his nose was nearly cut off;" bring him to his Highness. Toope testifies; Cecil peaches: — inventive Sindercomb has failed for the *last* time. To the Tower with him, to a jury of his country with him! — The emotion in the Parliament and in the Public, next morning, was great. It had been proposed to ring an alarm at the moment of discovery, and summon the Trainbands; but his Highness would not hear of it.[1]

This Parliament, really intent on settling the Nation, could not want for emotions in regard to such a matter! Parliament adjourns for a week, till the roots of the Plot are investigated somewhat. Parliament, on reassembling, appoints a day of Thanksgiving for the Nation; Friday come four weeks, which is February 20th, that shall be the general Thanksgiving Day: and in the mean time we decide to go over in a body, and congratulate his Highness. A mark of great respect to him.[2]

[1] Burton, i. 322–323, 355; Official Narrative (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 160, 161); *State-Trials*, v. § Sindercomb.

[2] *Commons Journals*, vii. 481, 484, 493; *Burton's Diary*, i. 369, 377.

Parliament accordingly goes over in a body, with mellifluous Widdrington, whom they have chosen for Speaker, at their head, to congratulate his Highness. It is Friday, 23d January, 1656–7; about Eleven in the morning; scene, Banqueting-house, Whitehall. Mellifluous Widdrington's congratulation, not very prolix, exists in abstract;[1] but we suppress it. Here is his Highness's Reply; — rather satisfactory to the reader. We have only to regret that in passing from the Court up to the Banqueting-house, "part of an ancient wooden staircase," or balustrade of a staircase, "long exposed to the weather, gave way in the crowding;"[2] and some honorable Gentlemen had falls, though happily nobody was seriously hurt. Mellifluous Widdrington having ended, his Highness answers: —

"Mr. Speaker, — I confess with much respect, that you have put this trouble on yourselves upon this occasion: — but I perceive there be two things that fill me full of sense. One is, The mercy on a poor unworthy creature; the second is, This great and, as I said, unexpected kindness of Parliament, in manifesting such a sense thereof as this is which you have now expressed. I speak not this with compliment! That which detracts from the thing, in some sense, is the inconsiderableness and unworthiness of the person that hath been the object and subject of this deliverance, to wit, myself. I confess ingenuously to you, I do lie under the daily sense of my unworthiness and unprofitableness, as I have expressed to you: and if there be, as I most readily acknowledge there is, a mercy in it to me, I wish I may never reckon it on any other account than this, That the life that is lengthened may be spent and improved to His honor who hath vouchsafed the mercy, and to the service of you, and those you represent.

"I do not know, nor did I think it would be very seasonable for me, to say much to you upon this occasion; being a thing that ariseth from yourselves. Yet, methinks, the kind-

[1] Burton, ii. 488.

[2] *Cromwelliana*, p. 162. See *Thurloe* (vi. 49), and correct poor *Noble* (i. 161), who, with a double or even triple blunder, says my Lord Richard Cromwell had his leg broken on this occasion, and dates it August, 1657.

ness you bear should kindle a little desire in me; even at this present, to make a short return. And, as you have been disposed hither by the Providence of God, to congratulate my mercy; so give me leave, in a very word or two, to congratulate with you. [*Rusty, but sincere.*]

"Congratulations are ever conversant about good, bestowed upon men, or possessed by them. Truly, I shall in a word or two congratulate you with good *you* are in possession of, and in some respect I also with you. God hath bestowed upon you, and you are in possession of it, — Three Nations, and all that appertains to them. Which in either a geographical, or topical consideration, are Nations. [*Indisputably!*] In which also there are places of honor and consideration, not inferior to any in the known world, — without vanity it may be spoken. Truly God hath not made so much soil, furnished with so many blessings, in vain! [*Here is an idea of one's own.*] But it is a goodly sight, if a man behold it *uno intuitu*. And therefore this is a possession of yours, worthy of congratulation.

"This is furnished, — give me leave to say, for I believe it is true, — with the best People in the world, possessing so much soil. A People in civil rights, — in respect of their rights and privileges, — very ancient and honorable. And *in* this People, in the midst of this People, [you have, what is still more precious,] a *People* (I know every one will hear [and acknowledge] it) that are to God 'as the apple of His eye,' — and He says so of them, be they many, or be they few! But they are many. A People of the blessing of God; a People under His safety and protection. A People calling upon the Name of the Lord; which the Heathen do not. A People knowing God; and a People (according to the ordinary expressions) fearing God. [*We hope so!*] And you have of this no parallel; no, not in all the world! You have in the midst of you glorious things.

"Glorious things: for you have Laws and statutes, and ordinances, which, though not all of them so conformable as were to be wished to the Law of God, yet, on all hands, pretend not to be long rested in farther than *as* they are conform-

able to the just and righteous Laws of God. Therefore, I am persuaded, there is a heart and spirit in every good man to wish they did all of them answer the Pattern. [*Yea!*] I cannot doubt but that which is in the heart will in due time break forth. [*And we shall actually have just Laws, your Highness thinks?*] That endeavors will be [made] that way, is another of your good things, with which in my heart [I think] you are worthily to be congratulated. And you have a Magistracy; which, in outward profession, in pretence, in endeavor, doth desire to put life into these Laws. And I am confident that among *you* will rest the true desire to promote every desire in others, and every endeavor, that hath tended or shall tend to the putting of these Laws in execution.

"I do [also] for this congratulate you: You have a Gospel Ministry among you. That have you! Such an one as, — without vanity I shall speak it; or without caring at all for any favor or respect from *them*, save what I have upon an account above flattery, or good words, — such an one as hath excelled itself; and, I am persuaded, — to speak with confidence before the Lord, — is the most growing blessing (one of the most growing blessings) on the face of this Nation.

"You have a good Eye [to watch over you], — and in that I will share with your good favors. A good God; a God that hath watched over you and us. A God that hath visited these Nations with a stretched-out arm; and borne His witness against the unrighteousness and ungodliness of men, against those that [would] have abused such Nations, — such mercies throughout, as I have reckoned up unto you! A God that hath not only withstood such to the face; but a God that hath abundantly blessed you with the evidence of His goodness and presence. And He 'hath done things wonderful amongst us,' 'by terrible things in righteousness.'[1] He hath visited us by 'wonderful things'! [*A Time of Miracle; as indeed all "Times" are, your Highness, when there are* MEN *alive in them!*] In mercy and compassion hath He given us this day of freedom, and liberty to speak this, one to another; and to

[1] Isaiah xxv. 1; Psalm lxv. 5.

speak of His mercies, as He hath been pleased to put into our hearts. [*Where now are the Star-Chambers, High Commissions, Council-Chambers; pitiless oppressors of God's Gospel in this land? The Hangmen with their whips and red-hot branding-irons, with their Three blood-sprinkled Pillories in Old Palace-yard, and Four clean Surplices at Allhallowtide, — where are they? Vanished. Much has vanished; fled from us like the Phantasms of a Nightmare Dream!*]

"Truly, this word in conclusion. If these things be so, give me leave to remember you but one word; which I offered to you with great love and affection the first day of meeting with you, this Parliament. It pleased God to put into my heart then to mention a Scripture to you, which would be a good conclusion of my Speech now at this time to you. It was, That we being met to seek the good of so great an Interest, as I have mentioned, and the glory of that God who is both yours and mine, how could we better do it than by thinking of such words as these, 'His salvation is nigh them that fear Him,' 'that glory may dwell in our land'! I would not comment upon it. I hope I fear Him; — and let us more fear Him! If this [present] mercy at all doth concern you, as I see it doth, — let me, and I hope you will with me, labor more to fear Him! [*Amen!*] Then we have done [that includes all]; seeing such a blessing as His salvation 'is nigh them that fear Him,' — seeing we are all of us representatives of all the good of all these lands, [to endeavor with our whole strength] 'that glory may dwell in our land.'

"[Yes,] if it be so, 'Mercy and Truth shall meet together, Righteousness and Peace shall kiss each other.' We shall know, you, and I as the father of this family, how to dispose our mercies to God's glory; and how to dispose our severity. How to distinguish between obedient and rebellious children; — and not to do as Eli did, who told his sons 'he did not *hear* well of them,' when perhaps he *saw* ill *by* them. And we know the severity of that. And therefore let me say, — though I will not descant upon the words, — that Mercy must be joined with Truth: Truth, in that respect, that we think it our duty to exercise a just severity, as well as to apply kindness and

mercy. And truly, Righteousness and Mercy must kiss each other. If we will have Peace without a worm in it, lay we foundations of Justice and Righteousness. [*Hear this Lord Protector!*] And if it shall please God so to move you, as that you marry this redoubtable Couple together, Mercy and Truth, Righteousness and Peace, — you will, if I may be free to say so, be blessed whether you will or no! And that you and I may, for the time the Lord shall continue us together, set our hearts upon this, shall be my daily prayer. And I heartily and humbly acknowledge my thankfulness to you."[1]

On Monday, 9th February, Sindercomb was tried by a jury in the Upper Bench; and doomed to suffer as a traitor and assassin, on the Saturday following. The night before Saturday, his poor Sister, though narrowly watched, smuggled him some poison: he went to bed, saying, "Well, this is the last time I shall go to bed;" the attendants heard him snore heavily, and then cease; they looked, and he lay dead. "He was of that wretched sect called *Soul-Sleepers*, who believe that the soul falls *asleep* at death:"[2] a gloomy, far-misguided man. They buried him on Tower-hill, with due ignominy; and there he rests; with none but Frantic-Anabaptist Sexby, or Deceptive-Presbyterian Titus, to sing his praise.[3]

Next Friday, Friday the 20th, which was Thanksgiving Day, "the Honorable House, after hearing two Sermons at Margaret's Westminster, partook of a most princely Entertainment," by invitation from his Highness, at Whitehall. "After dinner his Highness withdrew to the Cockpit; and there entertained them with rare music, both of voices and instruments, till the evening;"[4] his Highness being very fond of music. In

[1] *Burton's Diary* (from Lansdown MSS. 755, no. 244), ii. 490–493.

[2] *Cromwelliana*, p. 162.

[3] "Equal to a Roman in virtue," says the noisy Pamphlet *Killing no Murder*, which seems to have been written by Sexby; though Titus, as adroit King's-Flunky, at an after-period saw good to claim it. A Pamphlet much noised of in those months and afterwards; recommending all persons to *assassinate* Cromwell; — has this merit, considerable or not, and no other worth speaking of.

[4] Newspapers (in *Burton*, i. 377); *Commons Journals*, vii. 493.

this manner end, once more, the grand Assassination projects, Spanish-Invasion projects; unachievable even the Preface of them. And now we will speak of something else.

LETTER CCXVII.

KINGSHIP.

THIS Second Protectorate Parliament, at least while the fermenting elements or "hundred Excluded Members" are held aloof from it, unfolds itself to us as altogether reconciled to the rule of Oliver, or even right thankful for it; and really striving towards Settlement of the Nation on that basis. Since the First constitutioning Parliament went its ways, here is a great change among us: three years of successful experiment have thrown some light on Oliver, and his mode of ruling, to all Englishmen. What can a wise Puritan Englishman do but decide on complying with Oliver, on strengthening the hands of Oliver? Is he not verily doing the thing we all wanted to see done? The old Parchments of the case may have been a little hustled, as indeed in a Ten-years Civil War, ending in the Execution of a King, they could hardly fail to be; — but the divine Fact of the case, meseems, is well cared for! Here is a Governing Man, undeniably the most English of Englishmen, the most Puritan of Puritans, — the Pattern Man, I must say, according to the model of that Seventeenth Century in England; and a Great Man, denizen of all the Centuries, or he could never have been the Pattern one in that. Truly, my friends, I think, you may go farther and fare worse! — To the darkest head in England, even to the assassinative truculent-flunky head in steeple-hat worn brown, some light has shone out of these three years of Government by Oliver. An uncommon Oliver, even to the truculent-flunky. If not the noblest and worshipfulest of all Englishmen, at least the strongest and terriblest; with whom really it might be as well to comply; with whom, in fact, there is small hope in not complying! —

For its wise temper and good practical tendency, let us praise this Second Parliament; — admit nevertheless that its History, like that of most Parliaments, amounts to little. This Parliament did what they could: forbore to pester his Highness with quibblings and cavillings and constitution-pedantries; accomplished respectably the Parliamentary routine; voted, what perhaps was all that could be expected of them, some needful modicum of supplies; "debated whether it should be debated," "put the question whether this question should be put;" — and in a mild way neutralized one another, and as it were handsomely *did nothing*, and left Oliver to do. A Record of their proceedings has been jotted down by one of their Members there present, who is guessed rather vaguely by Editorial sagacity to have been "one Mr. Burton." It was saved from the fire in late years, that Record; has been printed under the title of *Burton's Diary;* and this Editor has faithfully read it, — not without wonder, once more, at the inadequacy of the human pen to convey almost any glimmering of insight to the distant human mind! Alas, the human pen, oppressed by incubus of Parliamentary or other Pedantry, is a most poor matter. At bottom, if we will consider it, this poor Burton — let us continue to call him "Burton," though that was not his name — cared nothing about these matters himself; merely jotted them down *pedantically*, by impulse from without, — that he might seem, in his own eyes and those of others, a knowing person, enviable for insight into facts "of an high nature." And now, by what possibility of chance, can he interest thee or me about them; now when they have turned out to be facts of no nature at all, — mere wearisome *ephemera*, and cast-clothes of facts, gone all to dust and ashes now; which the healthy human mind resolutely, not without impatience, tramples under its feet! A Book filled, as so many are, with mere dim inanity and moaning wind. Will nobody condense it into sixteen pages; instead of four thick octavo volumes? For there are, if you look long, some streaks of dull light shining even through *it;* perhaps, in judicious hands, one readable sheet of sixteen pages might be made of it; — and even the rubbish of the rest, with a proper Index,

might be useful; might at least be left to rot quietly, once it was known to be rubbish. But enough now of poor Mr. Burton and his *Diary*, — who, as we say, is not "Mr. Burton" at all, if anybody cared to know who or what he was![1] Undoubtedly some very dull man. Under chimerical circumstances he gives us, being fated to do it, an inane History of a Parliament now itself grown very inane and chimerical! —

This Parliament, as we transiently saw, suppressed the Major-Generals; refused to authorize their continued "Decimation" or *Ten-per-centing* of the Royalists;[2] whereupon they were suppressed. Its next grand feat was that of James Nayler and his Procession which we saw at Bristol lately. Interminable Debates about James Nayler, — excelling in stupor all the Human Speech, even in English Parliaments, this Editor has ever been exposed to. Nayler, in fact, is almost all that survives with one, from *Burton*, as the sum of what this Parliament did. If they did aught else, the human mind, eager enough to carry off news of them, has mostly dropped it on the way hither. To Posterity they sit there as the James-Nayler Parliament. Four hundred Gentlemen of England, and I think a sprinkling of Lords among them, assembled from all Counties and Boroughs of the Three Nations, to sit in solemn debate on this terrific Phenomenon; a Mad Quaker fancying or seeming to fancy himself, what is not uncommon since, a new Incarnation of Christ. Shall we hang him, shall we whip him, bore the tongue of him with hot iron; shall we imprison him, set him to oakum; shall we roast, or boil, or stew him; — shall we put the question whether this question shall be put; debate whether this shall be debated; — in Heaven's name, what shall we do with him, the terrific Phenomenon of Nayler? This is the history of Oliver's Second

[1] Compare the *Diary*, vol. ii. p. 404, line 2, and vol. ii. p. 347, line 7, with *Commons Journals*, vii. 588; and again *Diary*, vol. ii. p. 346, line 13, with *Commons Journals*, vii. 450, 580: Two Parliament-Committees, on both of which "I" the writer of the Diary sat; in neither of which is there such a name as *Burton*. Guess rather, if it were worth while to guess, one of the two Suffolk *Bacons*; most probably *Nathaniel Bacon*, Master of the "Court of Requests," — a dim old Law-Court fallen obsolete now.

[2] *Commons Journals*, 7th to 29th Jan. 1656–7.

Parliament for three long months and odd. Nowhere does the unfathomable Deep of Dulness which our English character has in it, more stupendously disclose itself. Something almost grand in it; nay, something really grand, though in our impatience we call it "dull." They hold by Use and Wont, these honorable Gentlemen, almost as by Laws of Nature, — by Second Nature almost as by First Nature. Pious too; and would fain know rightly the way to new objects by the old roads, without trespass. Not insignificant this English character, which can placidly debate such matters, and even feel a certain smack of delight in them! A massiveness of eupeptic vigor speaks itself there, which perhaps the liveliest wit might envy. Who is there that has the strength of ten oxen, that is able to support these things? Couldst thou debate on Nayler, day after day, for a whole Winter? Thou, if the sky were threatening to fall on account of it, wouldst sink under such labor, appointed only for the oxen of the gods! — The honorable Gentlemen set Nayler to ride with his face to the tail, through various streets and cities; to be whipt (poor Nayler), to be branded, to be bored through the tongue, and then to do oakum *ad libitum* upon bread-and-water; after which he repented, confessed himself mad, and this world-great Phenomenon, visible to Posterity and the West of England, was got winded up.[1]

LETTER CCXVII.

Concerning which, however, and by what power of jurisdiction the honorable Gentlemen did it, his Highness has still some inquiry to make; — for the limits of jurisdiction between Parliament and Law-Courts, Parliament and Single Person, are never yet very clear; and Parliaments uncontrolled by a Single Person have been known to be very tyrannous before now! On Friday, 26th December, Speaker Widdrington inti-

[1] Sentence pronounced, *Commons Journals*, vii. 486, 487 (16th Dec. 1656); executed in part, Thursday, 18th Dec. (ib. 470); — petitions, negotiations on it do not end till May 26th, 1657. James Nayler's Recantation is in *Somers Tracts*, vi. 22-29.

mates that he is honored with a Letter from his Highness; and reads the same in these words: —

"*To our Right Trusty and Right Well-beloved Sir Thomas Widdrington, Speaker of the Parliament; To be communicated to the Parliament.*

"O. P.

"Right Trusty and Well-beloved, We greet you well. Having taken notice of a Judgment lately given by Yourselves against one James Nayler: Although We detest and abhor the giving or occasioning the least countenance to persons of such opinions and practices, or who are under the guilt of the crimes commonly imputed to the said Person: Yet We, being intrusted in the present Government, on behalf of the People of these Nations; and not knowing how far such Proceeding, entered into wholly without Us, may extend in the consequence of it, — Do desire that the House will let Us know the grounds and reasons whereupon they have proceeded.

"Given at Whitehall, the 25th of December, 1656."[1]

A pertinent inquiry; which will lead us into new wildernesses of Debate, into ever deeper wildernesses; — and, in fact, into our far notablest achievement, what may be called our little oasis, or island of refuge: that of reconstructing the Instrument of Government upon a more liberal footing, explaining better the boundaries of Parliament's and Single Person's jurisdiction; and offering his Highness the Title of King. —

Readers know what choking dust-whirlwind in certain portions of "the Page of History" this last business has given rise to! Dust-History, true to its nature, has treated this as one of the most important businesses in Oliver's Protectorate; though intrinsically it was to Oliver, and is to us, a mere "feather in a man's cap," throwing no new light on Oliver; and ought to be treated with great brevity indeed, had it not to many thrown much new darkness on him. It is now our

[1] Burton, i. 370; see *Commons Journals*, vii. 475.

painful duty to deal with this matter also; to extricate Oliver's real words and procedure on it from the detestable confusions and lumber-mountains of Human Stupidity, old and recent, under which, as usual, they lie buried. Some Seven, or even Eight, Speeches of Oliver, and innumerable Speeches of other persons on this subject have unluckily come down to us; and cannot yet be consumed by fire; — not yet, till one has painfully extricated the real speakings and proceedings of Oliver, instead of the supposititious jargonings and imaginary dark pettifoggings of Oliver; and asked candid mankind, Whether there is anything particular in them? Mankind answering No, fire can be applied; and mountains of rubbish, yielding or not some fractions of Corinthian brass, may once more be burnt out of men's way.

The Speeches and Colloquies, reported by one knows not whom, upon this matter of the Kingship, which extend from March to May of the year 1657, and were very private at the time, came out two years afterwards as a printed Pamphlet, when Kingship was once more the question, Charles Stuart's Kingship, and men needed incitements thereto. Of course it is with the learned Law-arguments in favor of Kingship that the Pamphleteer is chiefly concerned; the words of Oliver, which again are our sole concern, have been left by him in a very accidental condition! Most accidental, often enough quite meaningless, distracted condition; — growing ever more distracted, as each new Imaginary-Editor and unchecked Printer, in succession, did his part to them. Till now in *Somers Tracts*,[1] which is our latest form of the business, they strike description silent! Chaos itself is Cosmos in comparison with that Pamphlet in *Somers*. In or out of Bedlam, we can know well, gods or men never spake to one another in that manner! Oliver Cromwell's meaning is there; and that is *not* it. O Sluggardship, Imaginary-Editorship, Flunkyism, Falsehood, Human Platitude in general — ! But we will complain of nothing. Know well, by experience of him, that Oliver Cromwell always had a meaning, and an honest manful meaning; search well for that, after ten or twenty reperusals you will find

[1] vi. 349–403.

it even there. Those frightful jungles, trampled down for two centuries now by mere bisons and hoofed cattle, you will begin to see, *were* once a kind of regularly planted wood! — Let the Editor with all brevity struggle to indicate so much, candid readers doing their part along with him; and so leave it. A happier next generation will then be permitted to seek the aid of *fire;* and this immense business of the Kingship, throwing little new light, but also no new darkness, upon Oliver Protector, will then reduce itself to very small compass for his Biographers.

Monday, 23d February, 1656–7. Amid the Miscellaneous business of this day, Alderman Sir Christopher Pack, one of the Members for London, a zealous man, craves leave to introduce "Somewhat tending to the Settlement of the Nation," — leave, namely, to read this Paper "which has come to his hand," which is written in the form of a "Remonstrance from the Parliament" to his Highness; which if the Parliament please to adopt, they can modify it as they see good, and present the same to his Highness. Will not the Honorable House consent at least to hear it read? The Honorable House has great doubts on that subject; debates at much length, earnestly puts the question whether the question shall be put; at length however, after two divisions, and towards nightfall, decides that it will; and even resolves by overwhelming majority "that a candle be brought in." Pack reads his Paper: A new Instrument of Government, or improved Constitution for these Nations; increased powers to the Single Person, intimation of a *Second* House of Parliament, the Protector something like a King; very great changes indeed! Debate this matter farther to-morrow.

Debate it, manipulate it, day after day, — let us have a Day of Fasting and Prayer on Friday next; for the matter is really important.[1] On farther manipulation, this "Remonstrance" of Pack's takes improved form, increased development; and, under the name "Petition and Advice presented to his Highness," became famous to the world in those spring months. We can see, the Honorable House has "a very good resent-

[1] *Commons Journals,* vii. 496, 497.

ment of it." The Lawyer-party is all zealous for it; certain of the Soldier-party have their jealousies. Already, notwithstanding the official reticence, it is plain to every clear-sighted man they mean to make his Highness King!

Friday, 27th February. "The Parliament keep a Fast within their own House; Mr. Caryl, Mr. Nye, Mr. Manton, carrying on the work of the day; it being preparatory to the great work now on hand of Settling the Nation."[1] In the course of which same day, with an eye also to the same great work, though to the opposite side of it, there waits upon his Highness, Deputation of a Hundred Officers, Ex-Major-Generals and considerable persons some of them: To signify that they have heard with real dismay of some project now on foot to make his Highness King; the evil effects of which, as "a scandal to the People of God," "hazardous to his Highness's person, and making way for the return of Charles Stuart," are terribly apparent to them!—

Whereto his Highness presently makes answer, with dignity, not without sharpness: "That he now specifically hears of this project for the first time,—*he* [with emphasis on the word, and a look at some individuals there] has not been caballing about it, for it or against it. That the Title 'King' need not startle *them* so dreadfully; inasmuch as some of them well know [what the Historical Public never knew before] it was already offered to him, and pressed upon him, by themselves when this Government was undertaken. That the Title King, a feather in a hat, is as little valuable to him as to them. But that the fact is, they and he have not succeeded in settling the Nation hitherto, by the schemes *they* clamored for. Their Little Parliament, their First Protectorate Parliament, and now their Major-Generalcies, have all proved failures;—nay this Parliament itself, which they clamored for, had almost proved a failure. That the Nation is tired of Major-Generalcies, of uncertain arbitrary ways; and really wishes to come to a Settlement. That actually the original Instrument of Government does need mending in some points. That a House of Lords, or other check upon the arbitrary tendencies of a Single

[1] Newspapers (in Burton, i. 380).

House of Parliament, may be of real use: see what they, by their own mere vote and will, I having no power to check them, have done with James Nayler: may it not be any one's case, some other day?" That, in short, the Deputation of a Hundred Officers had better go its ways, and consider itself again. — So answered his Highness, with dignity, with cogency, not without sharpness. The Deputation did as bidden. "Three Major-Generals," we find next week, "have already come round. The House hath gone on with much unity."[1]

The House, in fact, is busy, day and night, modelling, manipulating its Petition and Advice. Amid the rumor of England, all through this month of March, 1657. "Chief Magistrate for the time being is to name his successor;" so much we hear they have voted. What Title he shall have, is still secret; that is to be the last thing. All men may speculate and guess! — Before March ends, the Petition and Advice is got ready; in Eighteen well-debated Articles;[2] fairly engrossed on vellum: the Title, as we guessed, is to be *King*. His Highness shall adopt the whole Document, or no part of it is to be binding.

SPEECHES VII.–X.

On Tuesday, 31st March, 1657, "the House rose at eleven o'clock, and Speaker Widdrington, attended by the whole House, repaired to his Highness at Whitehall,"[3] to present this same Petition and Advice, "engrossed on vellum," and with the Title of "King" recommended to him in it. Banqueting House, Whitehall; that is the scene. Widdrington's long flowery Speech[4] is omissible. As the interview began about eleven o'clock, it may now be past twelve; Oliver *loquitur*.

[1] *Passages between the Protector and the Hundred Officers* (in Additional Ayscough MSS. no. 6125; printed in Burton, i. 382–384), a Fragment of a Letter, bearing date 7th March, 1656–7; — to the effect abridged as above.

[2] Copy of it in Whitlocke, p. 648 et seqq.

[3] *Commons Journals*, vii. 516.

[4] Burton, i. 397–413.

SPEECH VII.

"Mr. Speaker, — This Frame of Government which it hath pleased the Parliament through your hand to offer to me, — truly I should have a very brazen forehead if it did not beget in me a great deal of consternation of spirit; it being of so high and great importance as, by your opening of it,[1] and by the mere reading of it, is manifest to all men; the welfare, the peace and settlement of Three Nations, and all that rich treasure of the best people in the world [2] being involved therein! I say, this consideration alone ought to beget in me the greatest reverence and fear of God that ever possessed a man in the world.

"Truly I rather study to say no more at this time than is necessary for giving some brief general answer, suitable to the nature of the thing. The thing is of weight; the greatest weight of anything that ever was laid upon a man. And therefore, it being of that weight, and consisting of so many parts as it doth, — in each of which much more than my life is concerned, — truly I think I have no more to desire of you at present, but that you would give me time to deliberate and consider *what* particular answer I may return to so great a business as this. —

"I have lived the latter part of my age in — if I may say so — the fire; in the midst of troubles. But all the things that have befallen me since I was first engaged in the affairs of this Commonwealth, if they could be supposed to be all brought into such a compass that I could take a view of them at once, truly I do not think they would [so move], nor do I think they ought so to move, my heart and spirit with that fear and reverence of God that becomes a Christian, as this thing that hath now been offered by you to me! — And truly my comfort in all my life hath been that the burdens which have lain heavy on me, they were laid upon me by the hand

[1] In this long florid speech.

[2] Us and all the Gospel Protestants in the world.

of God. And I have not known, I have been many times at a loss, which way to *stand* under the weight of what hath lain upon me: — except by looking at the conduct and pleasure of God in it. Which hitherto I have found to be a good pleasure to me.

"And should I give any resolution in this [matter] suddenly, without seeking to have an answer put into my heart, and so into my mouth, by Him that hath been my God and my Guide hitherto, — it would give you very little cause of comfort in such a choice as you have made [*Of me to be King*] in such a business as this. It would savor more to be of the flesh, to proceed from lust, to arise from arguments of self. And if, — whatsoever the issue of this [great matter] be, — [my decision in] it have *such* motives in me, have *such* a rise in me, it may prove even a curse to you and to these Three Nations. Who, I verily believe, have intended well in this business; and have had those honest and sincere aims[1] towards the glory of God, the good of His People, the rights of the Nation. I verily believe these have been your aims: and God forbid that so good aims should suffer by any dishonesty and indirectness on my part. For although, in the affairs that are in the world, things may be intended well, — as they are always, or for the most, by such as love God, and fear God and make Him their aim (and such honest ends and purposes I do believe yours now are); — yet if these considerations[2] fall upon a person or persons whom God takes no pleasure in; who perhaps may be at the end of his work [*Growing old and weak? Say not that, your Highness! — A kind of pathos, and much dignity and delicacy in these tones*]; — who, to please any of those humors or considerations which are of this world, shall run upon such a rock as this is,[3] — without due consideration, without integrity, without approving the heart to God, and seeking an answer from Him; and putting things *to* Him as if for life and death, that such an

[1] *Subaudi*, but do not insert, "which you profess."

[2] Means "your choice in regard to such purpose;" speaks delicately, in an oblique way.

[3] "is," — or may be: this of the Kingship.

answer may be received [from Him] as may be a blessing to the person [*Me*] who is to be used for these noble and worthy and honest intentions of the persons [*You*] that have prepared and perfected this work: — [why then], it would be like a match where a good and worthy and virtuous man *mistakes* in the person he makes love to; and, as often turns out, it proves a curse to the man and to the family, through mistake! And if this should be so to you, and to these Nations, whose good I cannot but be persuaded you have in your thoughts aimed at, — why then, it had been better, I am sure of it, that I had never been born! —

"I have therefore but this one word to say to you: That seeing you have made progress in this Business, and completed the work on your part, I [on my side] may have some short time to ask counsel of God and of my own heart. And I hope that neither the humor of any weak unwise people, nor yet the desires of any who may be lusting after things that are not good, shall steer me to give other than such an answer as may be ingenuous and thankful, — thankfully acknowledging your care and integrity; — and such an answer as shall be for the good of those whom I presume you and I serve, and are made for serving.

"And truly I may say this also: That as the thing will deserve deliberation, the utmost deliberation and consideration on my part, so I shall think myself bound to give as speedy an answer to these things as I can."[1]

SPEECH VIII.

Friday, 3d April, 1657. Three days after the foregoing Speech, there comes a Letter from his Highness to Mr. Speaker, the purport of which we gather to have been, that now if a Committee will attend his Highness, they shall have answer to the Petition and Advice. Committee is

[1] *Burton's Diary*, i. 413–416.

nominated, extensive Committee of persons already engaged in this affair, among whom are Lord Broghil, General Montague, Earl of Tweedale, Whalley, Desborow, Whitlocke, and others known to us; they attend his Highness at three o'clock that afternoon; and receive what answer there is, — a negative, but none of the most decided.[1]

"My Lords, — I am heartily sorry that I did not make this desire of mine known to the Parliament sooner; [the desire] which I acquainted them with, by Letter, this day. The reason was, Because some infirmity of body hath seized upon me these last two days, Yesterday and Wednesday. [*It is yet but three days, your Highness.*]

"I have, as well as I could, taken consideration of the things contained in the Paper, which was presented to me by the Parliament, in the Banqueting-House, on Tuesday last; and sought of God that I might return such an answer as might become me, and be worthy of the Parliament. I must needs bear this testimony to them, That they have been zealous of the two greatest Concernments that God hath in the world. The *one* is that of Religion, and of the just preservation of the professors of it; to give them all due and just Liberty; and to assert the Truth of God; — which you have done, in part, in this Paper; and do refer it more fully to be done by yourselves and me. And as to the Liberty of men professing Godliness, you have done that which was never done before! And I pray it may not fall upon the People of God as a fault in them, in any sort of them, if they do not put such a value upon this that is now done as never was put on anything since Christ's time, for such a Catholic interest of the People of God! [*Liberty in non-essentials; Freedom to all peaceable Believers in Christ to worship in such outward form as they will; a very "Catholic interest" indeed.*] The *other* thing cared for is, the Civil Liberty and Interest of the Nation. Which though it is, and indeed I think ought to be, subordinate to the more peculiar Interest of God, — yet it is the *next best* God hath

[1] *Commons Journals*, vii. 519, 520; Burton, i. 417.

given men in this world; and if well cared for, it is better than any rock to fence men in their other interests. Besides, if any whosoever think the Interest of Christians and the Interest of the Nation inconsistent [or two different things], I wish my soul may never enter into *their* secrets! [*We will take another course than theirs, your Highness!*]

"These are things I must acknowledge Christian and honorable; and they are provided for by you like Christian men and also men of honor, — like yourselves, English men. And to this I must and shall bear my testimony, while I live, against all gainsayers whatsoever. And upon these Two Interests, if God shall account me worthy, I shall live and die. And I must say, If I were to give an account before a greater Tribunal than any earthly one; if I were asked, Why I have engaged all along in the late War, I could give no answer that were not a wicked one if it did not comprehend these two ends! — Meanwhile only give me leave to say, and to say it seriously (the issue will prove it serious), that you have one or two considerations which do stick with me. The one is, You have named me by another Title than I now bear. [*What* SHALL *I answer to that?*]

"You do necessitate my answer to be categorical; and you have left me without a liberty of choice save as to all. [*Must accept the whole Petition and Advice, or reject the whole of it.*] I question not your wisdom in doing so; I think myself obliged to acquiesce in your determination; knowing you are men of wisdom, and considering the trust you are under. It is a duty not to question the reason of anything you have done. [*Not even of the Kingship: say Yes, then!*]

"I should be very brutish did I not acknowledge the exceeding high honor and respect you have had for me in this Paper. Truly, according to what the world calls good, it hath nothing but good in it, — according to worldly approbation of[1] sovereign power. You have testified your value and affection as to my person, as high as you could; for more you could not do! I hope I shall always keep a grateful

[1] Means "value for."

memory of this in my heart; — and by you I return the Parliament this my grateful acknowledgment. Whatever other men's thoughts may be, I shall not own ingratitude. — But I must needs say, That that may be fit for you to offer, which may not be fit for me to undertake. [*Profound silence.*] And as I should reckon it a very great presumption, were I to ask the reason of your doing any one thing in this Paper, — (except [in] some very few things, the [new] Instrument [this Paper] bears testimony to itself), — so you will not take it unkindly if I beg of you this addition to the Parliament's favor, love and indulgence unto me, That it be taken in tender part if I give such an answer as I find in my heart to give in this business, *without* urging many reasons for it, save such as are most obvious, and most to my advantage in answering: Namely, that I am not able for such a trust and charge. [*Won't have it, then!*]

"And if the 'answer of the tongue,' as well as the preparation of the heart, be 'from God,' I must say my heart and thoughts ever since I heard the Parliament were upon this business — [*Sentence breaks down* — For] though I could not take notice of your proceedings therein without breach of your privileges, yet as a common person I confess I heard of it in common with others. — I must say I have been able to attain no farther than this, That, seeing the way is hedged up so as it is to me, and I cannot accept the things offered unless I accept all, I have not been able to find it my duty to God and you to undertake this charge under that Title. [*Refuses, yet not so very peremptorily!*]

"The most I said in commendation of the [new] Instrument may be retorted on me; — as thus: 'Are there such good things provided for [in this Instrument]; will you refuse to accept them because of such an ingredient?' Nothing must make a man's conscience a servant. And really and sincerely it is my conscience that guides me to this answer. And if the Parliament be-so resolved [for the whole Paper or none of it], it will not be fit for me to use any inducement to you to alter their resolution.

"This is all I have to say. I desire it may, and do not

doubt but it will, be with candor and ingenuity represented unto them by you." [1]

His Highness would not in all circumstances be inexorable, one would think! — No; he is groping his way through a very intricate business, which grows as he gropes; the final shape of which is not yet disclosed to any soul. The actual shape of it on this Friday afternoon, 3d April, 1657, I suppose he has, in his own manner, pretty faithfully, and not without sufficient skill and dignity, contrived to express. Many considerations weigh upon his Highness; and in itself it is a most unexampled matter, this of negotiating about being made a King! Need of wise speech; of wise reticence no less. Nay it is of the nature of a Courtship withal: the young lady cannot answer on the first blush of the business; if you insist on her answering, why then she must even answer, No! —

SPEECH IX.

Wednesday, 8th April, 1657. The Parliament, justly interpreting this *No* of his Highness, has decided that it will adhere to its Petition and Advice, and that it will "present reasons to his Highness;" has got, thanks to our learned Bulstrode and others, its reasons ready; — and, this day, "at three in the afternoon," walks over in a body to the Banqueting House, Speaker Widdrington carrying in his hand the Engrossed Vellum, and a Written Paper of "Reasons," to present the same.[2] What Speaker Widdrington spoke on the occasion is happily lost; but his "Reasons," which are very brief, remain on the Record;[3] and will require to be transcribed. They are in the form of a Vote or Resolution, of date yesterday, 7th April, 1657: —

[1] Additional Ayscough MSS. no. 6125: printed in *Burton*, i. 417; and *Parliamentary History*, xxiii. 161.

[2] *Commons Journals*, ii. 520, 521 (6th, 8th April); Burton, i. 421.

[3] Ibid.

"*Resolved*, That the Parliament having lately presented their Humble Petition and Advice to your Highness, whereunto they have not as yet received satisfaction; and the matters contained in that Petition and Advice being agreed upon by the Great Council and Representative of the Three Nations; which matters, in their judgment, are most conducing to the good of the People thereof both in Spiritual and Civil concernments: They have therefore thought fit

"To adhere to this Advice; and to put your Highness in mind of the great obligation which rests upon you in respect of this Advice; and again to desire you to give your Assent thereunto."

Which brief Paper of Reasons, Speaker Widdrington having read, and then delivered to his Highness, with some brief touches of mellifluous eloquence now happily lost, — his Highness, with a look I think of more than usual seriousness, thus answers the Assembled Parliament and him: —

"Mr. Speaker, — No man can put a greater value than I hope I do, and shall do, upon the desires and advices of the Parliament. I could in my own heart aggravate, both concerning the Persons advising and concerning the Advice; — readily acknowledging that it is the Advice of the Parliament of these Three Nations. And if a man could suppose it were *not* a Parliament to some [*Malignants there are who have such notions*]; — yet doubtless it should be to me, and to us all that are engaged in this common Cause wherein we have been engaged. I say, surely it ought to be a Parliament to us! Because it arises as a result of those issues, and determinations of Settlement, that *we* have labored to arrive at! And therefore I do most readily acknowledge the weight of authority [you have] in advising these things.

"I can aggravate also to myself the general notion of the Things Advised to; as being things which tend to the settlement of the chiefest Interests[1] that can fall into the hearts of men to devise or endeavor after. And at such a time [too]; when truly, I may think, the nation is big with expectation of

[1] "things" again, in orig.

something that may add to their [security of] Being. — I therefore must needs put a very high esteem [upon], and have a very reverent opinion of anything that comes from you.

"And so I have had of this Instrument: — and, I hope, so I have expressed. And what I have expressed, hath been — if I flatter not myself — from a very honest heart towards the Parliament and the Public. I say not these things to compliment you. For we are all past complimenting, and all considerations of that kind! [*Serious enough his Highness is, and we all are; the Nations and the Ages, and indeed the* MAKER *of the Nations and the Ages, looking on us here!*] We must all be very real now, if ever we will be so! —

"Now, howbeit your title and name you give to this Paper [*Looking on the Vellum*] makes me think you intended 'Advice;' and I should transgress against all reason, should I make any other construction than that you did intend Advice: [yet —! — *Still hesitates, then?*] — I would not lay a burden on my beast but I would consider his strength to bear it! And if you lay a burden upon a man that is conscious of his own infirmity and disabilities, and doth make some measure of counsels which may seem to come from Heaven, counsels from the Word of God (who leaves room for charity, and for men to consider their own strength), — I hope it will be no evil in me to measure your 'Advice' with my own Infirmities. And truly these will have some influence upon conscience! Conscience in him that receives talents [1] to know how he may answer the trust of them. And such a conscience have I had [in this matter]; and still have; and therefore, when I thought I had an opportunity to make an Answer, I made that Answer [*The unemphatic Negative; truest "Answer" your Highness then had: — can it not grow an Affirmative?*] — and am a person that have been, before and then and since, lifting up my heart to God, To know *what* might be my duty at such a time as this, and upon such an occasion and trial as this was to me! [*Deep silence: Old Parliament casts down its eyes.*] —

"Truly, Mr. Speaker, it hath been heretofore, I think, a

[1] Meaning "charges," "offices."

matter of philosophical discourse, That great places, great authority, are a great burden. I know it so. And I know a man that is convinced in his conscience, Nothing less will enable *him* to the discharge of it than Assistance from Above. And it may very well require in such a one, so convinced and so persuaded, That he be right with the Lord in such an undertaking! — And therefore, to speak very clearly and plainly to you: I had, and I have, my hesitations as to that individual thing. [*Still Negative, your Highness?*] If I undertake anything *not* in Faith, I shall serve you in my own Unbelief; — and I shall then be the most unprofitable Servant that People or Nation ever had!

"Give me leave, therefore, *to ask counsel.* I am ready to render a reason of my apprehensions; which haply may be overswayed by better apprehensions. I think, so far I have deserved no blame; nor do I take it you will lay any upon me. Only you mind me of the duty that is incumbent upon me. And truly the same answer I have as to the point of duty one way, the same consideration have I as to duty another way.[1] — I would not urge to you the point of 'Liberty.' Surely you have provided for Liberty, — I have borne my witness to it, — Civil and Spiritual! The greatest provision that ever was made have you made [for Liberty] to all, — and I know that you do not intend to exclude *me.* The 'Liberty' I ask is, To vent my own doubts, and my own fears, and my scruples. And though haply, in such cases as these are, the world hath judged that a man's conscience ought to know no scruples; yet surely mine doth, and I dare not dissemble. And therefore — !

"They that are knowing in the ground of their own Action will be best able to measure advice to others. [*Will have us reason, in Free Conference, with him?*] There are many things in this [Instrument of] Government besides that one of the Name and Title, that deserve much to be elucidated [2] as to my judgment. It is you that can capacitate me to receive satis-

[1] Bound to regard your "Advice;" and yet, in doing so, not to disregard a Higher.

[2] "deserve much information" in orig.

faction in them! Otherwise, I say truly, — I must say, I am not persuaded to the performance of [this] as my trust and duty, nor [sufficiently] informed. [Not persuaded or informed]; and so not actuated [by a call of *duty*] as I know you intend I should be, — and as every man in the Nation should be. You have provided for [every one of] them as a Free Man, as a man that is to act possibly,[1] rationally and conscientiously! — And therefore I cannot tell what other return to make to you than this: —

"I am ready to give a reason, if you will, I say, capacitate me to do it; and [capacitate] yourselves to receive it; — and to do what other things may inform me a little more particularly than this Vote which you have passed Yesterday, and which has now been read by you to me.

"Truly I hope when [once] I understand the ground of these things, — the whole being [meant] neither for your good nor mine, but for the good of the Nation, — there will be no doubt but we may, even in these particulars, find out what[2] may answer our duty. Mine, and all our duties, to those whom we serve. And this is that that I do, with a great deal of affection and honor and respect, offer now to you." [3]

Thus has the Honorable House gone a second time in a body, and not yet prevailed. We gather that his Highness has doubts, has scruples; on which, however, he is willing to be dealt with, "to receive satisfaction," — has intimated, in fact, that though the answer is still No, the Courtship may continue.

Committee to give satisfaction is straightway nominated: Whitlocke, Lord Chief-Justice Glynn, Lord Broghil, Fiennes, Old-Speaker Lenthall, Ninety-nine of them in all; [4] and is ready to confer with his Highness. At this point, however,

[1] Means "in a way possible for him;" "*does* possibly" is the phrase in orig.

[2] "those things" in orig.

[3] Old Pamphlet (in *Parliamentary History*, xxiii., Appendix, pp. 164–166)

[4] List in *Commons Journals*, vii. 521; in *Somers Tracts*, vi. 351.

there occurs an extraneous Phenomenon, which unexpectedly delays us for a day or two: a rising of the Fifth-Monarchy, namely. The Fifth-Monarchy, while men are meditating earthly Kingship, and Official Persons are about appointing an earthly tyrannous and traitorous King, thinks it ought to bestir itself, now or never; — explodes accordingly, though in a small way; testifying to us how electric this element of England now is.

Thursday, 9th April. The Fifth-Monarchy, headed mainly by one Venner a Wine-Cooper, and other civic individuals of the old Feak-and-Powel species whom we have transiently seen emitting soot and fire before now, has for a long while been concocting underground; and Thurloe and his Highness have had eye on it. The Fifth-Monarchy has decided that it will rise this Thursday, expel carnal sovereignties; and call on the Christian population to introduce a Reign of Christ, — which it is thought, if a beginning were once made, they will be very forward to do. Let us rendezvous on Mile-End Green this day, with sword and musket, and assured heart: perhaps General Harrison, Colonel Okey, one knows not who, will join us, — perhaps a miracle will be wrought, such as Heaven might work in such a case, and the Reign of Christ actually take effect.

Alas, Heaven wrought no miracle: Heaven and his Highness sent a Troop of Horse into the Mile-End region, early in the morning; seized Venner, and some Twenty Ringleaders, just coming for the rendezvous; seized chests of arms, many copies of a flaming Pamphlet or War-manifesto with title *A Standard set up;* seized also a War-flag with Lion Couchant painted on it, Lion of the Tribe of Judah, and this motto, "Who shall rouse him up?" O Reader, these are not fictions, these were once altogether solid facts in this brick London of ours; ancient resolute individuals, busy with wine-cooperage and otherwise, had entertained them as very practicable things! — But in two days' time, these ancient individuals and they are all lodged in the Tower; Harrison, hardly connected with the thing, except as a well-wisher, he and others are likewise made secure: and the Fifth-Monarchy is put under lock and key.[1]

[1] Narrative in *Thurloe*, vi. 184–188.

Nobody was tried for it: Cooper Venner died on the scaffold, for a similar attempt under Charles Second, some two years hence. The Committee of Ninety-nine can now proceed with its "satisfaction to his Highness;" his Highness is now at leisure for them again.

This Committee did proceed with its satisfactions; had various Conferences with his Highness, — which unfortunately are not lost; which survive for us, in *Somers Tracts* and the old Pamphlets, under the Title of *Monarchy Asserted;* in a condition, especially his Highness's part of them, enough to drive any Editor to despair! The old Pamphleteer, as we remarked, was intent only on the learned law-arguments in favor of Kingship; and as to what his Highness said, seems to have taken it very easy; printing what vocables he found on his Note-paper, with or without meaning, as it might chance. Whom new unchecked Printers and Imaginary-Editors following, and making the matter ever worse, have produced at last in our late time such a Coagulum of Jargon as was never seen before in the world! Let us not speak of it; let us endeavor to get through it, — through this also, now since we have arrived at it, and are not yet permitted to burn it! Out of this sad monument of Human Stupor too the imprisoned Soul of a Hero must be extricated. Souls of Heroes, — they have been imprisoned, enchanted into growing Trees, into glass Phials, into leaden Caskets sealed with Solomon's signet, and sunk in the deep sea; — but to this of *Somers Tracts* there wants yet a parallel! Have not we English a talent of musical utterance? Here are men consummating the most *epic* of acts, Choosing their King; and it is with such melodious elegancies that they do it; it is in such soft-flowing hexameters as the following that the Muse gives record of it! —

My reader must be patient; thankful for mere Dulness, thankful that it is not Madness over and above. Let us all be patient; walk gently, swiftly, lest we awaken the sleeping Nightmares! We suppress, we abridge, we elucidate; struggle to make legible his Highness's words, — dull but not insane. Notes where not indispensable are not given. The curious

reader can, in all questionable places, refer to the Printed Coagulum of Jargon itself, and see whether we have read aright.

SPEECH X.

PROPERLY an aggregate of many short Speeches, and passages of talk: his Highness's part in this First Conference with the Committee of Ninety-nine. His Highness's part in it; the rest, covering many pages, is, so far as possible, strictly suppressed. One of the dullest Conferences ever held, on an epic subject, in this world. Occupied, great part of it, on mere preliminaries, and beatings about the bush; throws light, even in its most elucidated state, upon almost nothing. Oliver is here — simply what we have known him elsewhere. Which so soon as Mankind once understood to be the fact, but unhappily not till then, — the aid of *fire* can be called in, as we suggested.

Fancy, however, that the large Committee of Ninety-nine has got itself introduced into some Council-room, or other fit locality in Whitehall, on Saturday, 11th April, 1657, "about nine in the morning;" has made its salutations to his Highness, and we hope been invited to take seats; — and all men are very uncertain how to act. Who shall begin? His Highness wishes much *they* would begin; and in a delicate way urges and again urges them to do so; and, not till after great labor and repeated failures, succeeds. Fancy that old scene; the ancient honorable Gentlemen waiting there to do their epic feat: the ponderous respectable Talent for Silence, obliged to break up and become a kind of Utterance in this thick-skinned manner: — really rather strange to witness, as dull as it is! —

The Dialogue has gone on for a passage or two, but the Reporter considers it mere preliminary flourishing, and has not taken it down. Here is his first Note, — in the abridged lucidified state: [1] —

[1] *Somers Tracts*, vi. 352.

LORD WHITLOCKE. "Understands that the Committee is here only to receive what his Highness has to *offer;* such the letter and purport of our Instructions; which I now read. [*Reads it.*] Your Highness mentions 'the Government that now is;' seems to hint thereby: The Government being well now, why change it? If that be your Highness's general objection, the Committee will give you satisfaction."

THE LORD PROTECTOR. "Sir, I think both parties of us meet here with a very good heart to come to some issue in this great business; and truly that is what I have all the reason in the world to move me to. And I am exceeding ready to be ordered by you as to the manner of proceeding. Only I confess, according to the thoughts I have, — in preparing my thoughts for so great a work, I formed this notion to myself: That the Parliament having already done me the honor of Two Conferences;[1] and now sent you again, their kind intention to me evidently is no other than this, That I should receive satisfaction. They might have been positive in the thing; might have declared their Address itself to be enough, and insisted upon Yes or No to that. But I perceive that it is really and sincerely the satisfaction of my doubts that they aim at; and there is one clause in the Paper itself [quoted by my Lord Whitlocke], which doth a little warrant that: 'To offer such reasons for his satisfaction,' &c. — Now, Sir, it 's certain the occasion of all this [Conference] is the Answer I already made; that 's the occasion of your having to come hither again. And truly, Sir, I doubt whether by your plan — If you will *draw out my reasons from me*, I will offer them to you: but on my own part, I doubt, if you should proceed that other way, it would a little put me out of the method of my own thoughts. And it being mutual satisfaction that is endeavored, if you will do me the favor — ["*To go by my method*," *his Highness means; to "offer me* YOUR *Reasons, and* DRAW *me out, rather than oblige me to* COME *out"*] — I shall take it as a

[1] Two Conferences with the whole Parliament; and one Conference with a Committee: Speeches VII. (31st March), IX. (8th April), and VIII. (3d April).

favor, if it please you! I will leave you together to consider your own thoughts of it." [*Motioning to go.*]

Lord Whitlocke. "This Committee, being sent to wait upon your Highness, I do suppose cannot undertake to give the *Parliament's* reasons for what the Parliament hath done. But any gentleman here may give for your Highness's satisfaction his own particular apprehension of them. And if you will be pleased to go in the way you have propounded, and on any point *require* a satisfaction from the Committee, I suppose we shall be ready to do the best we can to give you satisfaction." [*Bar Practice! Is not yet what his Highness wants.*]

The Lord Protector. "If this be so, then I suppose nothing can be said by you but what the Parliament hath dictated to you? — However, I think it is clearly expressed that the Parliament intends satisfaction. Then it is *as* clear that there must be reasons and arguments which have light and conviction in them, in order to satisfaction! I speak for myself in this; I hope you will not take it otherwise.[1] I say it doth appear to me you have the liberty of giving your own reasons. If I should write down any of *them*, I could not call that 'the reason of Parliament.' [*Whitlocke, in a heavy manner, smiles respectful assent.*] But in Parliamentary and other such conclusions the efficient 'reason' is diffused over the general body, and every man hath his particular share of it; yet when they have determined such and such a thing, certainly it was reason that led them up into it. And if you shall be pleased to make me partaker of some of that 'reason' — ! I do very respectfully represent to you that I have a general dissatisfaction at the thing [*Glancing at the Engrossed Vellum; but meaning the Kingship*]; and do desire to be informed of the grounds that lead you, whom I presume to be all satisfied with it and with every part of it. And if you will be pleased, if you so think fit, — I will not urge it farther upon you, — to proceed in that way, it will be a favor to me. Otherwise, I deal plainly with you, it doth put me out of the method of my

[1] As if I meant to dictate to you, or tutor you in your duties.

own conceptions: and in that case I shall beg that we may have an hour's deliberation, and meet again in the afternoon."

Lord Chief-Justice Glynn, — one of the old expelled Eleven, whom we saw in great straits in 1647; a busy man from the beginning, and now again busy; begs to say in brief: "The Parliament has sent us to give all the satisfaction which it is in our understandings to give. Certainly we will try to proceed according to what method your Highness finds best for that end. The Paper or Vellum Instrument, however, is general, consisting of many heads; and we can give but general satisfaction."

The Lord Protector. "If you will please to give me leave. [*Clearing his throat to get under way.*] I do agree, truly, the thing is a general; for it either falls under the notion of Settlement, which is a general consisting of many particulars; or if you call it by the name it bears in the Paper, 'Petition and Advice,' — that again is a general; it is advice, desires and advice. What in it I have objected to is as yet, to say truth, but one thing. Only, the last time I had the honor to meet the Parliament,[1] I did offer to them that they might put me in the way of getting satisfaction as to particulars [any or all particulars]. Now, no question I might easily offer something particular for debate, if I thought that would answer the end. [*What curious pickeering, flourishing, and fencing backwards and forwards, before the parties will come to close action! As in other affairs of courtship.*] For truly I know my end and yours is the same: To bring things to an issue one way or the other, that we may know where we are, — that we may attain the general end, which is Settlement. [*Safe ground here, your Highness!*] The end is in us both! And I durst contend with any one person in the world that it is not more in his heart than in mine! — I would go into some particulars [*Especially one particular, the Kingship*], to ask a question, to ask a reason of the alteration [made]; which might well

[1] Wednesday last, 8th April; Speech IX.

enough let you into the business, — that it might.[1] Yet, I say, it doth not answer me. [*I had counted on being drawn out, not on* COMING *out: I understood I was the young lady and* YOU *the wooer!*] I confess I did not so strictly examine the terms of your Order from the Parliament [which my Lord Whitlocke cites]; whether I even read it or no I cannot tell. — [*Pause.*] — If you will have it that way, I shall, as well as I can, make such an objection as may occasion some answer [and so let us into the business]; — though perhaps I shall object weakly enough! I shall very freely submit to you."

GLYNN (with official solemnity). "The Parliament hath sent us for that end, to give your Highness satisfaction."

LORD COMMISSIONER FIENNES, — Nathaniel Fiennes, alias Fines alias Fenys, as he was once called when condemned to be shot for surrendering Bristol; second son of "Old Subtlety" Say and Sele; and now again a busy man, and Lord Keeper, — opens his broad jaw, and short snub face full of hard sagacity,[2] to say: "Looking upon the Order, I find that *we* may offer your Highness *our* reasons, if your Highness's dissatisfaction be to the alteration of the Government whether in general or in particular." — So that his Highness may have it his own way, after all? Let us hope the preliminary flourishing is now near complete! His Highness would like well to have it his own way.

THE LORD PROTECTOR. "I am very ready to say, I have no dissatisfaction that it hath pleased the Parliament to find out a way, though it be of alteration, for bringing these Nations into a good Settlement. Perhaps you may have judged the Settlement we hitherto had was not so favorable to the great end of Government, the Liberty and Good of the Nations, and the preservation of all honest Interests that have been engaged in this Cause. I say I have no objection to the general [fact], That the Parliament hath thought fit to take consideration of a new Settlement or Government. But you having done it in

[1] A favorite reduplication with his Highness; that it is!

[2] Good Portrait of him in Lord Nugent's *Memorials of Hampden*

such way, and rendered me so far an interested party in it by making such an Overture to me [*As this of the Kingship, which modesty forbids me to mention*], — I shall be very glad [to learn], if you please to let me know it, besides the *pleasure* of the Parliament, somewhat of the *reason* they had for interesting me in this thing, by such an Overture.

"Truly I think I shall, as to the other particulars, have less to object.[1] I shall be very ready to specify objections, in order to clear for you whatsoever it may be better to clear; [in order] at least to help myself towards a clearer understanding of these things; — for better advantage [to us all]; for that, I know, is in your hearts as well as mine. Though I cannot presume that I have anything to offer calculated to convince you; yet, if you will take it in good part, I shall offer somewhat to every particular.

"[And now,] if you please, — As to the *first* of the things [*Kingship*] I am clear as to the ground of the thing, being so put to me as it hath been put. And I think that some of the reasons which moved the Parliament to do it, would [if they were now stated to me] lead us into such objections or doubts as I may have to offer; and would be a very great help to me in that. And if you will have me offer this or that or the other doubt which may arise methodically, I shall do it."

Whereupon Lord Whitlocke, summoning into his glassy coal-black eyes and ponderous countenance what animation is possible, lifts up his learned voice, and speaks several pages;[2] — which we abridge almost to nothing. In fact, the learned pleadings of these illustrious Official Persons, which once were of boundless importance, are now literally shrunk to zero for us; it is only his Highness's reply to them that is still something, and that not very much. Whitlocke intimates,

"That perhaps the former Instrument of Government having originated in the way it did, the Parliament considered it would be no worse for sanctioning by the Supreme Authority; such was their reason for taking it up. 'Their intentions I

[1] "shall, as to the other particulars, swallow this," in orig.

[2] *Somers Tracts*, vi. 355.

suppose were' this and that, at some length. As for the new Title, that of *Protector* was not known to the Law; that of *King* is, and has been for many hundreds of years. If we keep the title of Protector, as I heard some argue, our Instrument has only its own footing to rest upon; but with that of *King*, 'it will ground itself in all the ancient foundations of the Laws of England,'" &c. &c.

MASTER OF THE ROLLS, — old Sly-face Lenthall, once Speaker of the Long Parliament; the same whom Harrison helped out of his Chair, — him also the reader shall conceive speaking for the space of half an hour: —

"'May it please your Highness,' Hum-m-m! Drum-m-m! 'Upon due consideration, you shall find that the whole body of the Law is carried upon this wheel' of the Chief Magistrate being called King. Hum—m—m! [*Monotonous humming for ten minutes.*] 'The title of Protector is not *limited* by any rule of Law that I understand;' the title of King is. Hum—m—m! King James wanted to change his Title, and that only from *King of England* to *King of Great Britain;* and the Parliament could not consent, so jealous were they of new titles bringing new unknown powers. Much depends upon a title! The Long Parliament once thought of changing its title to *Representative of the People;* but durst not. Hum—m—m! '*Nolumus Leges Angliæ mutari.*' Drum—m—m! '*Vox populi:* it is the voice of the Three Nations that offers your Highness this Title.' Drum—m—m!" — Such, in abbreviated shape, is the substance of Lenthall's Speech for us.[1] At the ending of it, a pause.

THE LORD PROTECTOR. "I cannot deny but the things that have been spoken have been spoken with a great deal of weight. And it is not fit for me to ask any of you if you have a mind to speak farther of this. But if such had been your pleasure, truly then I think it would have put me into a way of more preparedness, according to the method and way I had conceived for myself, to return some answer. And if it had not been to you a trouble — Surely the business requires, from any

[1] *Somers*, vi. 356, 357.

man in the world in any case, and much more from me, that there be given to it serious and true answers! I mean such answers as are not feigned in my own thoughts; but such wherein I express the truth and honesty of my heart. [*Seems a tautology, and almost an impertinence, and ground of suspicion, your Highness; — but has perhaps a kind of meaning struggling half-developed in it. Many answers which call and even* THINK *themselves "true" are but "feigned in one's own thoughts," after all; from that to "the truth and honesty of heart" is still a great way; — witness many men in most times; witness almost all men in such times as ours.*] That is what I mean by true answers.

"I did hope that when I had heard you, so far as it might be your pleasure to speak on this head, I should then, having taken some short note of it as I do [*Glancing at his Note-paper*], have been in a condition, this afternoon [*Would still fain be off!*] — if it had not been a trouble to you, — to return my answer, upon a little advisement with myself. But seeing you have not thought it convenient to proceed that way, — truly I think I may very well say, I shall need to have a little thought about the thing before returning answer to it: lest our Debate should end on my part with a very vain discourse, and with lightness; as it is very like to do. [*A Drama* COMPOSING *itself as it gets* ACTED, *this; very different from the blank-verse Dramas.*]

"I say, therefore, if you had found good to proceed farther in speaking of these things, I should have made my own short animadversions on the whole, this afternoon, and have made some short reply. And this would have ushered me in not only to give the best answer I could, but to make my own objections [too. — *An interrogative look; evidently some of us must speak! Glynn steps forward.*]"

LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE GLYNN steps forward, speaks largely; then SIR CHARLES WOLSELEY steps forward; and NATHANIEL FIENNES steps forward; and LORD BROGHIL (Earl of Orrery that is to be) steps forward; and all speak largely: whom, not to treat with the indignity poor Lenthall got from us, we shall

abridge down to *absolute* nothing. Good speaking too; but without interest for us. In fact it is but repetition, under new forms, of the old considerations offered by heavy Bulstrode and the Master of the Rolls. The only idea of the slightest novelty is this brought forward by Lord Broghil in the rear of all.[1]

Lord Broghil. "By an Act already existing (the 11th of Henry VII.), all persons that obey a 'King *de facto*' are to be held guiltless; not so if they serve a Protector *de facto*. Think of this. — And then 'in the 7th and last place,' I observe: The Imperial Crown of this country and the Pretended King are indeed divorced; nevertheless persons divorced may come together again; but if the person divorced be married to another, there is no chance left of that!" —

Having listened attentively to perhaps some three hours of this, his Highness, giving up the present afternoon as now hopeless, makes brief answer.

The Lord Protector. "I have very little to say to you at this time. I confess I shall never be willing to deny or defer those things[2] that come from the Parliament to the Supreme Magistrate [*He accepts, then?*], if they come in the bare and naked authority of such an Assembly as is known by that name, and is the Representative of so many people as a Parliament of England, Scotland and Ireland is. I say, this ought to have its weight; and it hath so, and ever will have with me.

"In all things a man is free to grant desires coming from Parliament. I may say, inasmuch as the Parliament hath condescended so far as to do me this honor (a very great one added to the rest) of giving me the privilege of counsel from so many members of theirs, so able, so intelligent of the grounds of things — [*Sentence breaks down*] — This is, I say, a very singular honor and favor to me; and I wish I may do, and I hope I shall do, what becomes an honest man in giving an answer to these things, — according to such insight[3] either

[1] *Somers*, p. 363. [2] Means "anything, — the Kingship for one thing."

[3] "desire" in orig.: but there is no sense in that.

as I have, or as God shall give me, or as I may be helped into by reasoning with you. But indeed I did not in vain allege conscience in the first answer I gave you. [*Well!*] For I must say, I should be a person very unworthy of such favor if I should prevaricate in saying things did stick upon my conscience. Which I must still say they do! Only, I must [also] say, I am in the best way I could be [in] for information; and I shall gladly receive it.

"Here have been divers things spoken by you to-day, with a great deal of judgment and ability and knowledge. I think the arguments and reasonings that have been used were upon these three heads:[1] *First*, Speaking to the thing simply, to the abstract notion of the Title, and to the positive reasons upon which it stands. Then [*secondly*, Speaking] comparatively of it, and of the foundation of it; in order to show the goodness of it comparatively [in comparison with our present title and foundation]. It is alleged to be so much better than what we now have; and that *it* will do the work which this other fails in. And *thirdly*, Some things have been said by way of precaution; which are not arguments from the thing itself, but are considerations drawn from the temper of the English People, what will gratify them [and so on];—which is surely considerable As also [some things were said] by way of anticipation of me in my answer; speaking to some objections which others have made against this proposal. These are things, in themselves, each of them considerable. [*The "objections?" or the "Three heads" in general? Uncertain; nay it is perhaps uncertain to Oliver himself! He mainly means the objections, but the other also is hovering in his head,—as is sometimes the way with him.*]

"To answer objections, I know, is a very weighty business; and to make objections is very easy; and that will fall to my part. And I am sure I shall make them to men who know somewhat how to answer them [to whom they are not strange],—having already in part been suggested to them by the Debates already had.

"But upon the whole matter, I having as well as I could

[1] "accounts" in orig.

taken those things [*Looking at his Notes*] that have been spoken,— which truly are to be acknowledged as very learnedly spoken, — I hope you will give me a little time to consider of them. As to when it may be the best time for me to return hither and meet you again, I shall leave that to your consideration."

Lord Whitlocke. "Your Highness will be pleased to appoint your own time."

The Lord Protector. "On Monday at nine of the clock I will be ready to wait upon you."[1]

And so, with many bows, *exeunt*. — Thus they, doing their epic feat, not in the hexameter measure, on that old Saturday forenoon, 11th April, 1657; old London, old England, sounding manifoldly round them; — the Fifth-Monarchy just locked in the Tower.

Our learned friend Bulstrode says: "The Protector often advised about this" of the Kingship "and other great businesses with the Lord Broghil, Pierpoint" (Earl of Kingston's Brother, an old Long-Parliament man, of whom we have heard before), with "Whitlocke, Sir Charles Wolseley, and Thurloe; and would be shut up three or four hours together in private discourse, and none were admitted to come in to him. He would sometimes be very cheerful with them; and laying aside his greatness, he would be exceedingly familiar; and by way of diversion would make verses with them," play at crambo with them, "and every one must try his fancy. He commonly called for tobacco, pipes and a candle, and would now and then take tobacco himself;" which was a very high attempt. "Then he would fall again to his serious and great business" of the Kingship; "and advise with them in those affairs. And this he did often with them; and their counsel was accepted, and" in part "followed by him in most of his greatest affairs," — as well as it deserved to be.[2]

[1] *Somers Tracts*, vi. 351–365. [2] Whitlocke, p. 647.

SPEECHES XI.–XIV.

On Monday, April 13th, at Whitehall, at nine in the morning,[1] according to agreement on Saturday last, the Committee of Ninety-nine attend his Highness, and his Highness there speaks: — addressing Whitlocke as reporter of the said Committee.

SPEECH XI.

"My Lord, — I think I have a very hard task on my hand. Though it be but to give an account of *myself*, yet I see I am beset on all hands here. I say, but to give an account of 'myself:' yet that is a business very comprehensive of others; — [comprehending] us all in some sense, and, as the Parliament have been pleased to shape it, comprehending all the interests of these Three Nations!

"I confess I have two things in view. The *first* is, To return some answer to what was so well and ably said the other day on behalf of the Parliament's putting that Title in the Instrument of Settlement. [*This is the First thing; what the Second is, does not yet for a long while appear.*] I hope it will not be expected I should answer everything that was then said: because I suppose the main things that were spoken were arguments from ancient Constitutions and Settlements by the Laws; in which I am sure I could never be well skilled, — and therefore must the more ask pardon for what I have already transgressed [in speaking of such matters], or shall now transgress, through my ignorance of them, in my [present] answer to you.

"Your arguments, which I say were chiefly upon the Law, seem to carry with them a great deal of necessary conclusiveness, to inforce that one thing of Kingship. And if your

[1] at "eight," say the *Journals*, vii. 522.

arguments come upon me to inforce upon me the ground of Necessity, — why, then, I have no room to answer: for what must be must be! And therefore I did reckon it much of my business to consider whether there *were* such a necessity, or would arise such a necessity, from those arguments. — It was said: 'Kingship is not a Title, but an Office, so interwoven with the fundamental Laws of this Nation, that they cannot, or cannot well, be executed and exercised without [it], — partly, if I may say so, upon a supposed ignorance which the Law hath of any other Title. It knows no other; neither doth any know another. And, by reciprocation, — this said Title, or Name, or Office, you were farther pleased to say, is understood; in the dimensions of it, in the power and prerogatives of it; which are by the Law made certain; and the Law can tell when it [*Kingship*] keeps within compass, and when it exceeds its limits. And the Law knowing this, the People can know it also. And the People do love what they know. And it will neither be *pro salute populi*, nor for our safety, to obtrude upon the People what they do not nor cannot understand.'

"It was said also, 'That the People have always, by their representatives in Parliament, been unwilling to vary Names, — seeing they love settlement and known names, as was said before.' And there were two good instances given of that: the one, in King James's time, about his desire to alter somewhat of the Title: and the other in the Long Parliament, where they being otherwise rationally moved to adopt the word 'Representative' instead of 'Parliament.' refused it for the same reason. [*Lenthall tries to blush.*] — It was said also, 'That the holding to this word doth strengthen the [new] Settlement; for hereby there is not anything *de novo* done, but merely things are revolved into their old current.' It was said, 'That it is the security of the Chief Magistrate, and that it secures all who act under him.' — Truly these are the principal of those grounds that were offered the other day, so far as I do recollect.

"I cannot take upon me to refel those grounds; they are so strong and rational. But if I am to be able to make *any*

answer to them, I must not grant that they are necessarily conclusive; I must take them only as arguments which perhaps have in them much conveniency, much probability towards conclusiveness. For if a remedy or expedient may be found, they are not *of necessity*, they are not inevitable grounds: and if not necessary or concluding grounds, why then they will hang upon the reason of expediency or conveniency. And if so, I shall have a little liberty [to speak]; otherwise I am concluded before I speak. — Therefore it will behoove me to say what I can, Why these are not *necessary* reasons; why they are not — why *it* [1] is not (I *should* say) so interwoven in the Laws but that the Laws may still be executed as justly, and as much to the satisfaction of the people, and answering all objections equally well, without such a Title as with it. And then, when I have done that, I shall only take the liberty to say a word or two for my own grounds.[2] And when I have said what I can say as to that [latter point], — I hope you will *think* a great deal more than I say. [*Not convenient to* SPEAK *everything in so ticklish a predicament; with Deputations of a Hundred Officers, and so many "scrupulous fellows, considerable in their own conceit," glaring into the business, with eyes much sharper than they are deep!*]

"Truly though Kingship be not a [mere] Title, but the Name of an Office which runs through the [whole of the] Law; yet is it not so *ratione nominis*, by reason of the name, but by reason of what the name signifies. It is a Name of Office plainly implying a Supreme Authority: is it more; or can it be stretched to more? I say, it is a Name of Office, plainly implying the Supreme Authority: and if so, why then I should suppose, — I am not peremptory in anything that is matter of deduction or inference of my own, — but I should suppose that whatsoever name hath been or shall

[1] The Kingship: his Highness finds that the grammar will require to be attended to.

[2] "Grounds" originating with myself independently of yours. Is this the "second" thing, which his Highness had in view, but did not specify after the "first," when he started? The issue proves it to be so.

be the Name under which the Supreme Authority acts — [*Sentence abruptly stops; the conclusion being visible without speech!*] Why, I say, if it had been those Four or Five Letters, or whatever else it had been — ! That signification goes to the *thing*, certainly it does; and not to the name. [*Certainly!*] Why, then, there can no more be said but this: As such a Title hath been fixed, so it may be unfixed. And certainly in the right of the Authority, I mean the Legislative Power, — in the right of the Legislative Power, I think the Authority that could christen it with such a name could have called it by another name. Therefore the name is only derived from that [Authority]. And certainly they [the primary Legislative Authority] had the disposal of it, and might have detracted [from it], changed [it]: — and I hope it will be no offence to say to you, as the case now stands, 'So may you.' And if it be so that you may, why then I say, there is nothing of *necessity* in your argument; and all turns on consideration of the expedience of it. [*Is the Kingship expedient?*]

"Truly I had rather, if I were to choose, if it were the original question, — which I hope is altogether *out* of the question [*His Highness means, afar off, in a polite manner, "*You *don't pretend that I still need to be made Protector by you or by any creature"!*], — I had rather have any Name from this Parliament than any other Name without it: so much do I value the authority of the Parliament. And I believe all men are of my mind in that; I believe the Nation is very much of my mind, — though it be an uncertain way of arguing, *what* mind *they* are of.[1] I think we may say it without offence; for I would give none! [*No offence to you, Honorable Gentlemen; who are here, by function, to interpret and signify the Mind of the Nation. It is very difficult to do!*] — Though the Parliament be the truest way to know what the mind of the Nation is, yet if the Parliament will be pleased to give me a liberty to reason for myself; and if that be one of your

[1] Naturally a delicate subject: some assert the Nation has never recognized his Highness, — his Highness himself being of a very different opinion indeed!

arguments — [*"That:" what, your Highness? That the mind of the Nation, well interpreted by this Parliament, is really for a King? That our Laws cannot go on without a King? — His Highness means the former mainly, but means the latter too; means several things together, as his manner sometimes is, in abstruse cases!*] — I hope I may urge against it, that the reason of my own mind is not quite to that effect. But I do say undoubtedly (let us think about other things [about the mind of the Nation and such like] what we will), What the Parliament settles is what will run [and have currency] through the Law; and will lead the thread of Government through this Land equally well as what hath been. For I consider that what hath been was upon the same account [by the same authority]. Save that there hath been some long continuance of the thing [*This thing of Kingship*], it is but upon the same account! It had its original somewhere! And it was with consent of the whole, — there is the original of it. And consent of the whole will [still], I say, be the needle that will lead the thread through all [*The same tailor-metaphor a second time*]; — and I think no man will pretend right against it, or wrong!

"And if so, then, under favor to me, I think these arguments from the Law are all *not* as of *necessity*, but are to be understood as of *convenieney*. It is in your power to dispose and settle; and beforehand we can have confidence that what you do settle will be as authentic as the things that were of old, — especially as this individual thing, the Name or Title, — according to the Parliament's appointment. [Is not this so? It is question not of necessity; we have power to settle it as conveniency directs.] Why then, there will (with leave) be way made for me to offer a reason or two to the other considerations you adduced: otherwise, I say my mouth is stopped! [*His Highness is plunging in deep brakes and imbroglios; hopes, however, that he now sees daylight athwart them.*]

"There are very many inforcements to carry on this thing. [*Thing of the Kingship.*] But I suppose it will [have to] stand on its expediency — Truly I should have urged one

consideration more which I forgot [*Looks over his shoulder in the jungle, and bethinks him!*], — namely, the argument not of reason only, but of *experience*. It is a short one, but it is a true one (under favor), and is known to you all in the fact of it (under favor) [*A damnable iteration; but too characteristic to be omitted*]: That the Supreme Authority going by *another* Name and under another Title than that of King hath been, why it hath been already twice complied with! [*Long Parliament, called "Keepers of the Liberties of England," found compliance; and now the "Protectorate" finds.* — Twice:] under the *Custodes Libertatis Angliæ*, and also since I exercised the place, it hath been complied with. And truly I may say that almost universal obedience hath been given by all ranks and sorts of men to both. Now this [on the part of both these Authorities] was a beginning with the highest degree of Magistracy at the first alteration; and [at a time] when that [Kingship] was the Name [established]: and the new Name, though it was the name of an invisible thing, the very Name, I say, was obeyed, did pass current, was received and did carry on the [Public] Justice of the Nation. I remember very well, my Lords the Judges were somewhat startled: yet upon consideration, — if I mistake not, — I believe so, — they, there being among them (without reflection) as able and as learned as have sat there, — though they did, I confess, at first, demur a little, — *they* did receive satisfaction, and did act, as I said before. [*Untwist this extraordinary* WITHE *of a sentence; you will find it not inextricable, and very characteristic of Oliver!*] And as for my own part [*My own Protectorate*], I profess I think I may say: Since the beginning of *that* change, — though I should be loath to speak anything vainly, — but since the beginning of that change to this day, I do not think there hath been a freer procedure of the Laws, not even in those years called, and not unworthily, the 'Halcyon Days of Peace,' — from the Twentieth of Elizabeth to King James's and King Charles's time. I do not think but the Laws have proceeded with as much freedom and justice, and with less of private solicitation since I came to the Government, as they did in those years so named [Halcyon].

I do not think, under favor, — [*His Highness gets more emphatic*] — that the Laws had a freer exercise, more uninterrupted by any hand of Power, in those years than now; or that the Judge has been less solicited by letters or private interpositions either of my own or other men's, in *double* so many years in all those times [named] 'of Peace'! [*Sentence involving an incurable Irish-bull; the head of it eating the tail of it, like a Serpent-of-Eternity; but the meaning shining very clear through its contortions nevertheless!*] And if more of my Lords the Judges were here than now are, they could tell us perhaps somewhat farther.[1] —And therefore I say, under favor: These two Experiences do manifestly show that it is not a *Title*, though never so interwoven with our Laws, that makes the Law to have its free passage, and to do its office without interruption (as we venture to think it is now doing): [not a Title, no;] and if a Parliament shall determine that another Name run through the Laws, I believe it will run with as free a passage as this [of King ever did]. Which is all I have to say upon that head.

"And if this be so, then truly other things may fall under a more indifferent consideration:[2] and so I shall arrive [at the Second thing I had in view] at some issue of answering for *myself* in this great matter. And all this while, nothing that I say doth any way determine as to my final resolution, or [intimate any] thought against the Parliament's wisdom in this matter; but [endeavoreth] really and honestly and plainly towards such an answer as may be fit for me to give. The Parliament desires to have this Title. It hath stuck with me, and doth yet stick. As truly, and I hinted the other day,[3] it seemed as if your arguments to me did partly give positive grounds for what was to be done, and partly comparative grounds; stating the matter as you were then pleased to do, — for which I gave no cause that I know of, that is, for comparing the effects of Kingship with those of such a Name as I at

[1] Reform of Chancery; improvements made in Law.

[2] "Other things," your other arguments, may lose a great deal of their formidable air of cogency, as if Necessity herself were backing them.

[3] Saturday last, day before Yesterday.

present bear, with [those of] the Protectorship [to wit]. I say, I hope it will not be understood that I contend for the Name; or for any name, or any thing [of a merely extraneous nature]; but truly and plainly [for the substance of the business], — if I speak as in the Lord's presence; ay, in all right things, as a person under the disposal of the Providence of God, — neither 'naming' one thing nor other; but only endeavoring to give fit answer as to this proposed Name or Title.[1] For I hope I do not desire to give a rule to anybody — [much less to the Parliament]. I professed I had not been able, — and I truly profess I have not yet been able, — to give a rule to myself [in regard to your Proposal]. I would be understood in this. [*Yes, your Highness.* "*That it is not doubt of the Parliament's wisdom; that it is not vain preference or postponence of one 'name' to another; but doubt as to the substantial expediency of the thing proposed, uncertainty as to God's will and monition in regard to it, — that has made and still makes me speak in this uncomfortable, haggling, struggling and wriggling manner. It is no easy thing forcing one's way through a jungle of such depth! An affair of Courtship moreover, which grows and has to grow by the very handling of it! I would not be misunderstood in this.*"]

"I am a man standing in the Place I am in [*Clearly, your Highness*]; which Place I undertook not so much out of hope of doing any good, as out of a desire to prevent mischief and evil [*Note this*], — which I did see was imminent on the Nation. I say, we were running headlong into confusion and disorder, and would necessarily [have] run into blood; and I was passive to those that desired me to undertake the Place which I now have. [*With tones, with a look of sorrow, solemnity and nobleness; the brave Oliver!*] A Place, I say, not so much of doing good, — which a man lawfully *may*, if he deal deliberately with God and his own conscience, — a man *may* (I say) lawfully, if he deal deliberately with God and his own conscience; a man may lawfully, as the case may be (though it is

[1] The original (*Somers*, vi. 368) unintelligible, illegible except with the powerfulest *lenses*, yields at last, — with some slight changes of the points and so forth, — this sense as struggling at the bottom of it.

a very tickle case), desire a Place to do good in! [*Window once more into his Highness! "Tickle" is the old form of* TICKLISH: *"a tickle case indeed," his Highness candidly allows; yet a case which does occur, — shame and woe to him, the poor cowardly Pedant, tied up in cobwebs and tape-thrums, that neglects it when it does!*] I profess I had not that apprehension, when I undertook the Place, that I could so much do good; but I did think I might prevent imminent evil. — And therefore I am not contending for one 'name' compared with another; — and therefore have nothing to answer to any arguments that were used for preferring [the name] Kingship to Protectorship. For I should almost think any 'name' were better than my Name; and I should altogether think any person fitter than I am for such business [*Your Highness? — But St. Paul too professed himself "the chief of sinners," — and has not been altogether thought to "cant" in doing so!*]; — and I compliment not, God knows it! But this I should say, That I do think, you, in the settling of the peace and liberties of this Nation, which cries as loud upon you as ever Nation did for somewhat that may beget a consistence [ought to attend to that]; otherwise the Nation will fall in pieces! And in that, so far as I can, I am ready to serve not as a King, but as a Constable [if you like]! For truly I have, as before God, often thought that I could not tell what my business was, nor what I was in the place I stood in, save comparing myself to a good Constable set to keep the peace of the Parish. [*Hear his Highness!*] And truly this hath been my content and satisfaction in the troubles I have undergone, That you yet have peace.

"Why now, truly, — if I may advise, — I wish to God you may but be so happy as to keep the peace still![1] If you cannot attain to such perfection as to accomplish this [that we are now upon], I wish to God we may still have peace, — that I do! But the 'fruits of righteousness' are shown in 'meekness;' a better thing than we are aware of! — I say therefore, I do judge for myself there is no such necessity of this Name

[1] If I may advise, I should say the purport and soul of our whole inquiry at present ought to be that of keeping the peace.

of King; for the other Names may do as well. I judge for myself. I must say a little (I think I have somewhat of conscience to answer as to the matter), why I cannot undertake this Name. [*We are now fairly entered upon the Second head of method.*] And truly I must needs go a little out of the way, to come to my reasons. And you will be able to judge of them when I have told you them. And I shall deal seriously, as before God.

"If you do not all of you, I am sure some of you do, and it behooves me to say that I do, 'know my calling from the first to this day.' I was a person who, from my first employment, was suddenly preferred and lifted up from lesser trusts to greater; from my first being a Captain of a Troop of Horse; and did labor as well as I could to discharge my trust; and God blessed me [therein] as it pleased Him. And I did truly and plainly, — and in a way of foolish simplicity, as it was judged by very great and wise men, and good men too, — desire to make my instruments help me in that work. And I will deal plainly with you: I had a very worthy Friend then; and he was a very noble person, and I know his memory is very grateful to all, — Mr. John Hampden. [*Hear, hear; — a notable piece of History!*] At my first going out into this engagement,[1] I saw our men were beaten at every hand. I did indeed; and desired him that he would make some additions to my Lord Essex's Army, of some new regiments; and I told him I would be serviceable to him in bringing such men in as I thought had a spirit that would do something in the work. This is very true that I tell you; God knows I lie not.[2] 'Your troops,' said I, 'are most of them old decayed serving-men, and tapsters, and such kind of fellows; and,' said I, 'their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons and persons of quality: do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will

[1] enterprise.

[2] A notable clause of a sentence, this latter too; physiognomic enough; — and perhaps very liable to be misunderstood by a modern reader. The old phrase, still current in remote quarters, "It 's no lie," which signifies an emphatic and even courteous assent and affirmation, must be borne in mind.

ever be able to encounter gentlemen, that have honor and courage and resolution in them?' Truly I did represent to him in this manner conscientiously; and truly I did tell him: 'You must get men of a spirit: and take it not ill what I say, — I know you will not, — of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go: — or else you will be beaten still.' I told him so; I did truly. He was a wise and worthy person; and he did think that I talked a good notion, but an impracticable one. [*Very natural in Mr. Hampden, if I recollect him well, your Highness! With his close thin lips, and very vigilant eyes; with his clear official understanding; lively sensibilities to "unspotted character," "safe courses," &c. &c. A very brave man; but formidably thick-quilted, and with pincer-lips, and eyes very vigilant. — Alas, there is no possibility for poor Columbus at any of the Public Offices, till once he become an Actuality, and say, "Here* is *the America I was telling you of!"*] Truly I told him I could *do* somewhat in it. I did so [did this somewhat]: and truly I must needs say this to you, [The result was] — impute it to what you please, — I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, as made some conscience of what they did [*The Ironsides; yea!*]; and from that day forward, I must say to you, they were never beaten, and wherever they were engaged against the enemy, they beat continually. [*Yea!*] And truly this is matter of praise to God: — and it hath some instruction in it, To own men who are religious and godly. And so many of them as are peaceably and honestly and quietly disposed to live within [rules of] Government, and will be subject to those Gospel rules of obeying Magistrates and living under Authority [*Sentence catches fire abruptly, and explodes here*] — I reckon no Godliness without that circle! Without that spirit, let it pretend what it will, it is diabolical, it is devilish, it is from diabolical spirits, from the depth of Satan's wickedness[1] — [*Checks him-*

[1] Not "height of Jotham's wickedness," as the lazy Reporter has it. Jotham was not "wicked" at all (Judges c. 9). Nay the lazy Reporter corrects himself elsewhere, — if he had not been asleep! Compare p. 369 line 16 of *Somers* with p. 385 line 2.

self] — Why truly I need not say more than to apply all this[1] [to the business we have in hand].

"I will be bold to apply this to our present purpose, because it is my all! I could say as all the world says, and run headily upon anything; but I must tender this [my present answer] to you as a thing that sways upon my conscience; or else I were a knave and a deceiver. [Well;] I tell you there are such men in this Nation; godly men of the same spirit, men that will not be beaten down by a worldly or carnal spirit while they keep their integrity. And I deal plainly and faithfully with you [when I say]: I cannot think that God would bless an undertaking of anything [Kingship or whatever else], which would, justly and with cause, grieve *them*. True, they may be troubled *without* cause; — and I must be a slave if I should comply with any such humor as that. [*Leaves the matter open still!*] But I say there are honest men and faithful men, true to the great things of the Government, namely the Liberty of the People, giving them what is due to them, and protecting this Interest (and I think verily God will bless you for what you have done in that) — [*Sentence broken; try it another way*] — But if I know, as indeed I do, that very generally good men do not swallow this Title, — though really it is no part of their goodness to be unwilling to submit to what a Parliament shall settle over them, yet I must say, it is my duty and my conscience to beg of you that there may be no hard things put upon me; things, I mean, hard to *them*, which they cannot swallow. [*The Young Lady will and she will not!*] If the Nation may be as well provided for without these things we have been speaking of [*Kingships, &c.*], as, according to my apprehension, it may, — [then] truly I think it will be no sin in you, it will be to you as it was to David in another case,[2] 'no grief of heart in time coming,' that you have a tenderness even possibly (if it be their weakness) to the weakness of those who have integrity and honesty and uprightness, and who are not carried away with the

[1] "this" of my old proposal to Mr. Hampden; and how good it is to "own men who are religious and godly."

[2] Nabal's and Abigail's case (1 Samuel xxv. 31).

hurries I see some taken with — [*"A Standard lifted up," the other day! We have had to turn the key upon them, in Chepstow, in the Tower and elsewhere*], — that think their virtue lies in despising Authority, in opposing it! I think you will be the better able to root out of this Nation that [disobedient] spirit and principle, — and to do so is as desirable as anything in this world, — by complying, indulging, and being patient to the weakness and infirmities of men who have been faithful, and have bled all along in this Cause; — and who *are* faithful, and will oppose all oppositions (I am confident of it) to the things that are Fundamentals in your Government, in your Settlement for Civil and Gospel Liberties. [*Not ill said, your Highness; and really could not well be better thought!* — *The moral is: "As my old Ironsides, men fearing God, proved the successful soldiers; so in all things it is men fearing God that we must get to enlist with us. Without these we are lost; with these, if they will be soldiers with us (not noisy mutineers like Wildman, Harrison and Company, but true soldiers, rational persons that will learn discipline), — we shall, as heretofore, hope to prevail against the whole world and the Devil to boot, and 'never be beaten at all,' no more than the Ironsides were. See, therefore, that you do not disaffect* THEM. *Mount no foolish cockade or Kingship which can convert* THEM, *rational obedient men, true in all essential points, into mutineers."*]

"I confess, for it behooves me to deal plainly with you — [*Young Lady now flings a little weight into the other scale, — and the sentence trips itself once or twice before it can get started*] — I must confess I would say — I hope I may not be misunderstood in this, for indeed I must be tender in what I say to such an audience: — I say I would have it understood, That in this argument I do not make a parallel between men of a different mind [mere dissentient individuals] and a Parliament, [as to] Which shall have their desires. I know there is no comparison. Nor can it be urged upon me that my words have the least color that way. For the Parliament seems to have given me liberty to say whatever is on my mind to you; as that [indeed] is a tender of my humble reasons and judgment and opinion to *them*: and now if I think these objectors

to the Kingship [1] are such [as I describe], and [that they] will be such; [if I think] that they are faithful servants and will be so to the Supreme Authority, and the Legislative wheresoever it is, — if, I say, I should *not* tell you, knowing their minds to be so, then I should not be faithful. I am bound to tell it you, to the end you may report it to the Parliament. [*Parliament very jealous lest the Army be thought of greater weight than it. We try to carry the scales even.*]

"I will now say something for *myself*. As for my own mind, I do profess it, I am not a man scrupulous about words, or names, or such things. I have not [hitherto clear direction] [2] — but as I have the Word of God, and I hope shall ever have, for the rule of my conscience, for my information and direction; so, truly, if men have been led into dark paths [*As this matter of the Kingship is to me even now; very "dark" and undecidable!*] through the providence and dispensations of God, — why surely it is not to be objected to a man! For who can *love* to walk in the dark? But Providence doth often so dispose. And though a man may impute his own folly and blindness to Providence *sinfully*, — yet this must be at a man's own peril. The case may *be* that it is the Providence of God that doth lead men in darkness! I must needs say, I have had a great deal of experience of Providence; and though such experience is no rule without or against the Word, yet it is a very good expositor of the Word in many cases. [*Yes, my brave one!*]

"Truly the Providence of God hath laid aside this Title of King providentially *de facto:* and that not by sudden humor or passion; but it hath been by issue of as great deliberation as ever was in a Nation. It hath been by issue of Ten or Twelve Years' Civil War, wherein much blood hath been shed. I will not dispute the justice of it when it was done; nor need I tell you what my opinion is in the case were it *de novo* to be done. [*Somewhat grim expression of face, your Highness!*] But if it be at all disputable; and a man comes and finds that

[1] "they" in orig

[2] Coagulated Jargon (*Somers*, p. 370) is almost worth looking at here: — never was such a Reporter since the Tower of Babel fell.

God in His severity hath not only eradicated a whole Family, and thrust them out of the land, for reasons best known to Himself, but also hath made the issue and close of that to be the very eradication of a Name or Title — ! Which *de facto* is [the case]. It was not done by me, nor by them that tendered me the Government I now act in: it was done by the Long Parliament, — that was it.[1] And God hath seemed Providential [seemed to appear as a Providence], not only in striking at the Family but at the Name. And, as I said before, it is blotted out: it is a thing cast out by an Act of Parliament; it hath been kept out to this day. And as Jude saith, in another case, speaking of abominable sins that should be in the Latter Times,[2] — he doth farther say, when he comes to exhort the Saints, he tells them, — they should 'hate even the *garments* spotted with the flesh.'[3]

"I beseech you think not that I bring this as an argument to prove anything. God hath seemed so to deal with the Persons and the Family that He blasted the very Title. And you know when a man comes, *a parte post*, to reflect, and see this *done*, this Title laid in the dust, — I confess I can come to no other conclusion. ["*But that God seems to have blasted the very Title;*" — *this, however, is felt to need some qualifying.*] The like of this may make a strong impression upon such weak men as I am; — and perhaps upon weaker men (if there be any such) it will make a stronger. I will not seek to set up that which Providence hath destroyed, and laid in the dust; I would not build Jericho again! And this is somewhat to me, and to my judgment and my conscience. This, in truth, it is this that hath an awe upon my spirit. [*Hear!*] And I must confess, as the times are, — they are very fickle, very uncertain, nay God knows you had need have a great deal of

[1] Oliverian reduplication of the phrase: accent on *was*.

[2] Very familiar with this passage of Jude; see Speech II. vol. xviii. pp. 403, 404.

[3] Grammar a little imperfect. Really one begins to find Oliver would, as it were, have needed a *new* Grammar. Had all men been *Olivers*, what a different set of *rules* would Lindley Murray and the Governesses now have gone upon!

faith to strengthen you in your work, you had need look at Settlement! — I would rather I were in my grave than hinder you in anything that may be for Settlement of the Nation. For the Nation needs it, never needed it more! And therefore, out of the love and honor I bear you, I am forever bound, whatever becomes of me, to do [what is best for that]; — [and] I am forever bound to acknowledge you have dealt most honorably and worthily with me, and lovingly, and have had respect for one who deserves nothing.

"Indeed, out of the love and faithfulness I bear you, and out of the sense I have of the difficulty of your work, I would not have you lose *any* help [*Help of the Name "King;" help of the scrupulous Anti-King people: — it is a dark case!*] that may serve you, that may stand in stead to you. I would willingly be a sacrifice [*King, Protector, Constable, or what you like*], that there might be, so long as God shall please to let this Parliament sit, a harmony, and better and good understanding between all of you. And — whatever any man may think — it equally concerns one of us as another to go on to Settlement: and where I meet with any that is of another mind, indeed I could almost curse him in my heart. And therefore, to deal heartily and freely, I would have you lose nothing [*Not even the Scrupulous*] that may stand you in stead in this way. I would advise, if there be [found] any of a froward, unmannerly or womanish spirit, — I would not that you should lose them! I would not that you should lose any servant or friend who might help in this Work; that any such should be offended by a thing that signifies no more to me than I have told you it does. That is to say: I do not think the thing necessary; I do not. I would not that you should lose a friend for it. If I could help you to many [friends], and multiply myself into many, that would be to serve you in regard to Settlement! And therefore I would not that any, especially any of these who indeed perhaps are men that do think themselves engaged to continue with you, and to serve you, should be anywise disobliged from you.

"[I have now no more to say.] The truth is, I did indicate this as my conclusion to you at the first, when I told you what

method I would speak to you in.[1] I may say that I cannot, with conveniency to myself, nor good to this service which I wish so well to, speak out all my arguments as to the safety of your Proposal, as to its tendency to the effectual carrying on of this Work. [*There are many angry suspicious persons listening to me, and every word is liable to different misunderstandings in every different narrow head!*] I say, I do not think it fit to use all the thoughts I have in my mind as to that point of safety. But I shall pray to God Almighty that He would direct you to do what is according to His will. And this is that poor account I am able to give of myself in this thing."[2]

And so enough for Monday, which is now far spent: "till to-morrow at three o'clock"[3] let us adjourn; and diligently consider in the interim.

His Highness is evidently very far yet from having made up his mind as to this thing; the undeveloped Yes still balancing itself against the undeveloped No, in a huge dark intricate manner, with him. Unable to "declare" himself; there being in fact nothing to declare hitherto, nothing but what he does here declare, — namely, darkness visible. An abstruse time his Highness has had of it, since the end of February, six or seven weeks now; all England sounding round him, waiting for his Answer. And he is yet a good way off the Answer. For it is a considerable question this of the Kingship: important to the Nation and the Cause he presides over; to himself not unimportant, — and yet to himself of very minor importance, my erudite friend! A Soul of a Man in right earnest about its own awful Life and Work in this world; much superior to "feathers in the hat," of one sort or the other, my erudite friend! — Of all which he gives here a candid and honest account; and indeed his attitude towards this matter

[1] "This was my *second* head of method; all this about myself and my own feelings in regard to the Kingship, — after I had proved to you in my first, head that it was not *necessary*, that it was only *expedient* or *not expedient*. I am now therefore got to the end of my second head, to my conclusion."

[2] *Somers Tracts*, vi. 365–371. [3] *Burton*, ii. 2.

is throughout, what towards other matters it has been, very manful and natural.

However, on the morrow, which is Tuesday, at three o'clock, the Committee cannot see his Highness; attending at Whitehall, as stipulated, they find his Highness indisposed in health; — are to come again to-morrow, Wednesday, at the same hour. Wednesday they come again; "wait for above an hour in the Council-Chamber;" — Highness still indisposed, "has got a cold:" Come again to-morrow, Thursday! "Which," says the writer of the thing called *Burton's Diary*, who was there, "did strongly build up the faith of the Contrariants," — He will not dare to accept, think the Contrariants. The Honorable House in the mean while has little to do but denounce that Shoreditch Fifth-Monarchy Pamphlet, the *Standard set up*, which seems to be a most incendiary piece; — and painfully adjourn and re-adjourn, till its Committee do get answer. A most slow business; and the hopes of the Contrariants are rising.

Thursday, 16th April, 1657, Committee attending for the third time, the Interview does take effect; Six of the Grandees, Glynn, Lenthall, Colonel Jones, Sir Richard Onslow, Fiennes, Broghil, Whitlocke, take up in their order the various objections of his Highness's former Speech, of Monday last, and learnedly rebut the same, in a learned and to us insupportably wearisome manner; fit only to be entirely omitted. Whitlocke urges on his Highness, That, in refusing this Kingship, he will do what never any that were actual Kings of England did, reject the advice of his Parliament.[1] Another says, It is his duty; let him by no means shrink from his duty! — Their discoursings, if any creature is curious on the subject, can be read at great length in the distressing pages of *Somers*,[2] and shall be matter of imagination here. His Highness said, These were weighty arguments; give him till to-morrow to think of them.[3] "To-morrow at three: *spero!*" says the writer of the thing called *Burton's Diary*, who is not one of the Contrariants.

[1] *Somers*, p. 386. [2] Ibid. vi. 371–387. [3] *Burton*, ii. 5.

SPEECH XII.

ALAS, to-morrow at three his Highness proves again indisposed; which doth a little damp our hopes, I fancy! Let us appoint Monday morning: Monday, ten o'clock, "at the old place," Chamber of the Council-of-State in Whitehall. Accordingly, on Monday, 20th April, 1657, at the set place and hour, the Committee of Ninety-nine is once more in attendance, and his Highness speaks, — answering our arguments of Thursday last, and indicating still much darkness.

"[MY LORDS], — I have, as well as I could, considered the arguments used by you, the other day, to enforce your conclusion as to that Name and Title, which has been the subject of various Debates and Conferences between us. I shall not now spend your time nor my own much, in recapitulating those arguments, or giving answers to them. Indeed I think they were [mainly] but the same we formerly had, only with some additional inforcements by new instances: and truly, at this rate of debate, I might spend your time, which I know is very precious; and unless I were [to end in being] a satisfied person, the time would spin out, and be very unprofitably spent, — so it would. I will say a word or two to that only which I think was new.

"[You were pleased to say some things as to the power of Parliament, as to the force of a Parliamentary sanction in this matter.][1] What comes from the Parliament in the exercise of their Legislative power, as this Proposal does, — I understand this to be an exercise of the *Legislative* power, and the Laws formerly were always passed in this way [of Proposal or Conference], and the way of Bills is of a newer date, — I understand that, I say; but — [*In short, the Sentence falls prostrate, and we must start again*]. You said, 'that what was done by the Parliament now, and simply made to hang upon this Legislative power [as any Title but that of King will do], might seem partly as if it were a thing *ex dono*, not *de jure*; a thing that had not the same weight, nor the same strength,

[1] Glynn, Lenthall, Broghil, Whitlocke (*Somers*, pp. 371, 372, 384–386)

as if it bore a reference to [the general Body of] the Law that is already in being.' I confess there is some argument in that, — that is there! But if the degree of strength will be as good without Parliamentary sanction, [then — *Sentence pauses, never gets started again.*] — Though *it* too [this Title of Kingship] comes as a gift from you! I mean as a thing which you either provide for the people or else it will never come to them; so in a sense it comes from *you*, it is what *they* cannot otherwise arrive at; therefore in a sense it is *ex dono;* for whoever helps a man to what he cannot otherwise attain, doth an act that is very near a gift; and you helping *them* to this Title, it were a kind of gift to them, since otherwise they could not get it [though theirs — *this Sentence also finds that it will come to nothing, and so calls halt.*] — But if you do it simply by your Legislative power — [*Halt again. — In what bottomless imbroglios of Constitutional philosophy and crabbed Law-logic, with the Fifth-Monarchy and splenetic Contrariants looking on, is his poor Highness plunging! A ray of natural sagacity now rises on him with guidance.*] — The question, 'What makes such a thing as this more firm?' is not the manner of the settling of it, or the manner of your [or another's] doing of it; there remains always the grand question after that; the grand question lies, In the *acceptance* of it by those who are concerned to yield obedience to it and accept it! [*Certainly, your Highness; that is worth all the Law-logic in the world!*] And therefore if a thing [*Like this Protectorate, according to your argument, — not altogether to mine*] hath but, for its root, your Legislative sanction — If I may put a 'But' to it [to that most valid sanction!], I will not do so: for I say, It is as good a foundation as that other [which you ascribe to the Kingship, howsoever "grounded in the body of Law"]. And if that thing [that Protectorate] be as well accepted, and the other be less well — ? Why, then truly *it*, I shall think, is the better; — and then all that I say is founded upon Law too! —

"Your arguments founded upon the Law do all make for the Kingship. Because, say you, it doth agree with the Law; the Law knows, — the People know it, and are likelier to

receive satisfaction that way. Those were arguments that have [*"had" is truer, but less polite*] been used already; and truly I know nothing that I have to add to them. And therefore, I say, those arguments also may stand as we found them and left them already; — except, truly, this [one point]. It hath been said to me [*Saluting my Lord Whitlocke slightly with the eye, whose heavy face endeavors to smile in response*] that I am a person who meditate to do what never any that were actually Kings of England did: 'Refuse the Advice of Parliament.' I confess, that runs deep enough, [that runs] to all; that may be accounted a very great fault in me; and may rise up in judgment against me another time, — if my case be not different from any man's that ever was in the Chief Command and Government of these Nations before. But truly I think, all they that have been in this Office before, and owned in right of Law, were inheritors coming to it by birthright, — or if owned by the authority of Parliament, they yet had some previous pretence of title or claim to it. And so, under favor, I think I deserve less blame than any of them would have done, if I cannot so well comply with this Title, and [with] the desire of Parliament in regard to it, as these others might do. For they when they were *in*, would have taken it for an injury *not* to be in. Truly such an argument, to *them*, might be very strong, Why they should not refuse what the Parliament offered! But [as for me] I have dealt plainly with you: and I have not complimented with you [in saying] I have not desired, I have no title to, the Government of these Nations. [No title] but what was taken up in a case of necessity, and as a temporary means to meet the actual emergency; without which we must needs — [*Have gone you know whither!*] — I say we had been all [topsy-turvying now] at the rate of the Printed Book [you have just got hold of — *Shoreditch* STANDARD SET UP, *and Painted Lion there*], and at the rate of those men that have been seized going into arms, — if that expedient had not been taken! That was visible to me as the day, unless I undertook it. And so, it being put upon me, I being then General, as I was General by Act of Parliament, — it being [put] upon me to take the

power into my hand after the Assembly of Men that was called together had been dissolved — [" *I took it, as you all know:" but his Highness blazing off here, as his wont is when that subject rises, the Sentence explodes*] — !

"Really the thing would have issued itself in this Book: — for the Book, I am told, knows an Author [*Harrison, they say, is Author*]; he was a Leading Person in that Assembly! And now when I say (I speak in the plainness and simplicity of my heart, as before Almighty God), I did out of necessity undertake that [Business], which I think no man but myself would have undertaken, — it hath pleased God that I have been instrumental in keeping the Peace of the Nation to this day. And have kept it under a Title [*Protector*] which, some say, signifies but a keeping of it to another's use, — to a better use; [a Title] which may improve it to a better use! And this I may say: I have not desired the continuance of my power or place either under one Title or another, — that have I not! I say it: If the wisdom of the Parliament could find where to place things so as they might save this Nation and the Interests of it, — the Interest of the People of God in the first place; of those Godly honest men, — for such a character I reckon them by, who live in the fear of God, and desire to hold forth the excellency [of Christ] and a Christian course in their life and conversation — [*Sentence may be said to burst asunder here for the present, but will gather itself together again perhaps!*] I reckon *that* proceeds from Faith, and [from] looking to our duties towards Christians, and our humanity to men as men; and to such Liberties and Interests as the People of this Nation are of: — and [I] do look upon that as a standing truth of the Gospel; and whoso lives up to that is a Godly Man in my apprehension! [*Looks somewhat animated.*] — And therefore I say, If the wisdom of this Parliament, — I speak not this vainly or as a fool, but as to God, — if the wisdom of this Parliament should have found a way to settle the Interests of this Nation, upon the foundations of justice and truth and liberty, to the people of God, and concernments of men as Englishmen [*Voice risen into a kind of recitative*], — I would have lain at their feet, or at anybody

else's feet, that things might have run in such a current! [*Your Highness can't get out; no place for you now but here or in the grave! — His Highness fetches a deep breath.*] — I say I have no pretensions to things for myself; to ask this or that, or to avoid this or that. I know the censures of the world may quickly pass upon me [and are already passing]: but I thank God I know where to lay the weight that is laid upon me, — I mean the weight of reproach and contempt and scorn that hath been cast upon me! [*Ends, I think, in a kind of snort, — and the look partly as of an injured dove, partly as of a couchant lion.*] —

"I have not offered you any Name in competition with Kingship. I know the evil spirits of men may easily obtrude upon a man, That he would have a Name which the Laws know not, and which is boundless, and is one under which he may exercise more arbitrariness: but I know there is nothing in that argument; and if it were in your thoughts to offer any Name of that kind, I think, whatsoever it was, you would bound it and limit it sufficiently. I wish it were come to that, That no favor should be showed to me; but that the good of these Nations should be consulted; — as [indeed] I am confident it will be by you in whatsoever you do. — But I may say a word to another thing which doth a little pinch upon me: That it is my duty [to accept this Title]. I think it can be no man's duty but between God and himself, if he be conscious of his own infirmities, disabilities and weakness; [conscious] that he perhaps is not able to encounter with it, — although he may have a little faith too, for a little exercise. I say I do not know what way it can be imputed to me for a fault, or laid upon me as a duty. Except I meant to gripe at the Government of the Nations without a legal consent, — as I say I have done in time past upon principles of Necessity [but have no call now to do again]. And I promise I shall think whatever is done towards Settlement, without authority of Parliament, will neither be very honest, nor to me very comprehensible at this stage of the business. I think we have fought for the Liberties of the Nation and for other Interests! — [*Checks himself.*] —

"You will pardon me that I speak these things in such a [desultory] way as this. I may be borne withal, because I have not truly well stood the exercise that hath been upon me these three or four days, — I have not, I say. [*Besides, your Highness is suffering from the dregs of a cold, and I doubt still somewhat feverish!*] — I have told you my thoughts, and have laid them before you. You have been pleased to give me your grounds, and I have given you mine. And truly I do purposely refuse to mention those arguments that were used when ye were last here: but rather tell you what since (as I say) lies upon my heart, — [speaking to you] out of the abundance of difficulty and trouble that lies upon me. [*His Highness, sick of body, feverish, unequal to such a jungle of a subject and its adjuncts, is really weltering and staggering like a wearied man, in the thickets and puddles.*] And therefore you having urged me, I mean offered reasons to me, and urged them in such way as did occur to you; and I having told you, the last time we met, that the satisfaction from them did not reach to me so as wholly to convince me of my duty, — I have thought rather to answer to-day by telling you my grief, and the trouble I am under. [*Poor Sovereign Man!*] —

"And truly my intentions and purposes, they are honest to the Nation, — and shall be, by the Grace of God. And I have it *not* in view, upon collateral pretences, [either by asking this Kingship or by refusing it] — to act towards things that may be destructive to the liberties of this Nation! ["*I am worn and weary; let me be as clay in the hands of the potter!*"] — Any man may give me leave *to die;* every one may give me leave to be as a dead man, — when God takes away the spirit and life and activity that are necessary for the carrying on of such a work! [*Poor Highness, still somewhat feverish, suffering from the dregs of a cold!*]

"And therefore I do leave the former Debates as they were, and as we had them; and will let you know that I have looked a little upon the Paper [*Petition and Advice*], the Instrument, I would say, in the other parts of it [unconnected with this of the Kingship]. And considering that there are very many

particulars in this Instrument [*Holding it in his hand*], some of a general reference and others specific, and all of weight (let this business of the Title be decided as it may) to the concernment of the Nations, — I think I may desire that those [particulars] may be really such as will serve their object, — let the 'Title' we *fix* upon be one or the other. They might be such as the People have no cause — [*Sentence checking itself*] — But I am confident your care and faithfulness need neither a spur nor an admonition to that! I say, reading in your Order, the Order of the Parliament to this Committee, I find mention there of 'divers particulars,' concerning which, if I do make any scruple of them, I am to have the freedom with this Committee to cast [1] my doubts.

"The truth of it is, I have a Paper here in my hands [2] that doth contain divers things with relation to the Instrument; which, I hope, have a Public aspect in them; therefore I cannot presume but they will be very welcome to you. Therefore I shall desire that you will read them. [*Hands Whitlocke the Paper.*] I should desire, if it please you, the liberty, — which I submit to your judgment whether you think I have or no, — that I might tender these few things; and some others which I have in preparation. And truly I shall reduce them to as much brevity as I can: — they are too large here [these in the Paper are diffuse].[3] And if it please you, To-morrow in the afternoon at three o'clock I may meet you again. And I hope we shall come to know one another's minds; and shall agree to that that may be for the glory of God, and for the good of these Nations." [4]

So much for Monday, the 20th; — noontide and the hour of dinner being now nigh. Herewith *exeunt* till to-morrow at three.

[1] canvass, shake out.

[2] A Paper of Objections by his Highness; repeatedly alluded to in the Journals; "unhappily altogether lost now," say the *Parliamentary History*, and the Editor of *Burton*, — not very unhappily, say my readers and I.

[3] He gave them the complete Paper *on the morrow* (*Burton*, ii. 7).

[4] *Somers*, vi. 387–389.

We returned "much unsatisfied with the Lord Protector's Speech," says the Writer of *Burton;* it is "as dark and promiscuous as before;" nobody can know whether he will have the Kingship or not. Sometimes the "Contrariants" are up in hope, and sometimes again we,[1] — and the bets, if betting were permitted under Gospel Ordinances, would fluctuate not a little.

Courage, my Lord Protector! Blake even now, though as yet you know it not, is giving the Spaniards a terrible scorching for you, in the Port of Santa Cruz! — Worth noting: In those very minutes while the Lord Protector is speaking as above, there goes on far off, on the Atlantic brine, under shadow of the Peak of Teneriffe, one of the fieriest actions ever fought by land or water; this action of the Sea-king Blake, at the Port of Santa Cruz. The case was this. Blake cruising on the coast of Spain, watching as usual for Plate Fleets, heard for certain that there was a Fleet actually coming, actually come as far as the Canary Isles, and now lying in the Bay of Santa Cruz in Teneriffe there. Blake makes instant sail thither; arrives there still in time this Monday morning early; finds the Fleet fast moored in Santa Cruz Bay; rich silver-ships, strong war-ships, Sixteen as we count them; stronger almost than himself, — and moored here under defences unassailable apparently by any mortal. Santa Cruz Bay is shaped as a horse-shoe: at the entrance are Castles, in the inner circuit are other Castles, Eight of them in all, bristling with great guns; war-ships moored at the entrance, war-frigates moored all round the beach, and men and gunners at command: one great magazine of sleeping thunder and destruction: to appearance, if you wish for sure suicide to run into, this must be it. Blake, taking measure of the business, runs into it, defying its loud thunder; much out-thunders it, — mere whirlwinds of fire and iron hail, the old Peak never heard the like; — silences the Castles, sinks or burns every sail in the Harbor; annihilates the Spanish Fleet; and then, the wind veering round in his favor, sails out again, leaving

[1] See *Burton*, ii. 7 et seqq.

Santa Cruz Bay much astonished at him.[1] It is the last action of the brave Blake; who, worn out with toil and sickness and a cruise of three years, makes homewards shortly after; dies within sight of Plymouth.[2]

On the whole, the Spanish Antichrist finds his Highness a rough enemy. In these same April days, six thousand men are getting mustered here, "furnished with new red coats" and other equipments, to join French Turenne in the Low Countries, and fight the Spaniard by land too. For our French Treaty has become a French League Offensive and Defensive,[3] to last for one year; and Reynolds is to be Land-General, and Montague to help him as Sea-General: of whom by and by there may be tidings. — But meanwhile this matter of the Kingship must be settled. All men wish it settled; and the present Editor as much as any! They have to meet to-morrow again, Tuesday, 21st, at three o'clock: they for their uncertain airy talking, while so much hard fighting and solid work has to be managed withal.

SPEECH XIII.

His Highness this Tuesday, we find, has deserted the question of the Kingship; occupies himself with the other points of the New Instrument, what he calls the "essentials" of it; leaving that comparatively empty unessential one to hang undecided, for the present. The Writer of *Burton's Diary*, Nathaniel Bacon or another, is much disappointed. The question of the Kingship not advanced a whit by this long Discourse, one of the most tedious we have yet listened to from his Highness. "Nothing but a dark speech," says he,[4] "more promiscuous than before!" — A sensible Speech too, in some respects, Mr. Bacon. His Highness once more elucidates as

[1] *Heath's Chronicle*, pp. 720–721.

[2] 7th August, 1657, in his Fifty-ninth year (*Biog. Brit.* in voce)

[3] Signed 23d March, 1656–7 (*Godwin*, iv. 540).

[4] *Burton*, ii. 7.

he best can his past conduct, and the course of Providence in bringing us all hither to the very respectable pass we now stand in; — explains next what are the *essential* elements of keeping us safe here, and carrying us farther, as checking of Public Immorality, attention wiser and wiser to the Preaching Clergy, and for one indispensable thing, additional Provision of Cash; — and terminates by intimating with soft diffuseness, That when he has heard their answer as to these essential things (not that he makes them "conditions," that were terribly ill-judged!), he will then be prepared, in regard to unessential things, to King's Cloaks, Titles, and such like frippery and feathers in the cap, which are not without use say the Lawyers, but which irritate weak brethren, — to give such answer as may reasonably be expected from him, as God may set him free to do. — Let us listen, us and Whitlocke who also has to report, the best we can.

"My Lords, — I think you may well remember what the issue was of the last Conference I had with you [yesterday], and what the stick[1] then was. I confess I took liberty [at that time], from the Order of Parliament; whereby they gave me power to speak with you about those things that were in the body of that Instrument and Desire which you have been pleased to speak with me [upon]; that I might confer with you about those particulars, and might receive satisfaction from you as to them. Whether there will a good issue be to all these affairs or no, is only in the hands of God. That is a great secret; — and secrets belong to God. To us belong things revealed; — and such things are the subject-matter of this Instrument of yours: and [the course is], so far as they may have relation to me, That you and I shall consider what may be for the public good [therein], that so they may receive such an impression[2] as can humanly be given them.

"I would be well understood in that I say, The former Debates and Conferences have been upon the Title; and that rests as it did. But seeing, as I said before, your Order of Commitment [your Order to Committee] doth as well reach to

[1] stop. [2] impulse and decision.

the particulars contained in the Instrument [generally] as to that of the Title, — I did offer to you that I should desire to speak with you about *them* also. That so we may come to an understanding one with another, not What the things in their parts are, but What is in the whole conducible to that end we ought all to aim at, — which is a general Settlement upon good foundations.

"Truly, as I have often said to the Parliament itself when they did me the honor to meet me in the Banqueting-House, so I may now say to you who are a Committee, a very considerable representation of the Parliament: I am hugely taken with the word *Settlement;* with the thing, and with the notion of it. [And indeed] I think he is not worthy to live in England who is not! No; I will do my part, so far as I am able, to expel that man out of the Nation who desireth not that in the general we come to a Settlement. Because indeed it is the great misery and unhappiness of a Nation to be without such: it is like a house (and so much worse than a 'house') divided against itself; it 'cannot stand' without Settlement! — And therefore I hope, so far, we are all at a good point; and the spirit of the Nation, I hope, in the generality of it, is so far at a good point: we are all contending for *a* Settlement. That is sure. But the question is, *De modo,* and Of those things [and conditions] that will make it a good Settlement if possible. It's no fault to aim at perfection in Settlement! And truly I have said, and I say it again: That I think this [present proposed Form of Settlement] doth tend to the making of the Nation enjoy the things we have [all along] declared for; and I would come upon that issue with all men, or with any man. The things we have declared for, which have been the ground of our quarrelling and fighting all along, — the securing of these is what will accomplish the general work. Settlement is the general work. That which will give to the Nation to enjoy their civil and religious liberties; that which will conserve the liberties of every man, and not rob any man of what is justly his! I think these two things make up Settlement. I am sure they acquit us before God and man; having endeav-

ored, as we have done, through some streamings of blood, to attain that end.

"I may tell you my [own] experience in this business, and offend no good man who loves the Public before what is personal. Truly, I shall, a little, shortly recapitulate to you what my observations and endeavors and interest have been to this end. And I hope no man that hath been interested in transactions all along [1] will blame me. And he shall have no cause to blame me: because I will take myself into the number of the Culpable Persons (if there be any such), — though perhaps apt enough, from the self-love I have, to be willing to be [reckoned] innocent where I am so! And yet as willing withal to take my reproach, if anybody will lay it upon me, where I am culpable! And truly I have, through the Providence of God, endeavored to discharge a poor duty; having had, as I conceive, a clear call to the stations I have acted in through all these affairs; — and I believe very many are sufficiently satisfied in that. I shall not go about saying anything to clear it to you [*No, your Highness; let it stand on its own feet*]; — but must exercise myself in a little short Chronology. To come to that [issue: *not the "Chronology," but what the Chronology will help to teach us!*] I say, is really all our business at present; and the business of this Nation: To come upon clear grounds; To consider the Providence of God, how He hath led us hitherunto.

"After it pleased God to put an end to the War of this Nation; a final end; which was done at Worcester, in the determination and decision that was there by the hand of God, — for other War, we have had none that deserves the name of War, since that time, which is now six years gone September [last]; — I came up to the Parliament that then was. And truly I found the Parliament, as I thought, very [well] disposed to put a good issue to all those Transactions which had been in the Nation; and I rejoiced at it. And though I had not been well skilled in Parliamentary affairs, having been near ten years in the Field; yet, in my poor measure, my desires did tend to the same issue; believing verily that all

[1] Not polite to add, "as I have been."

the blood which had been shed, and all the distemper which God had suffered to be among us, which in some sense God had raised among us, — [believing, I say,] that surely Fighting was not the *end*, but the *means*, which had an end, and was in order to somewhat! Truly the end, then, was, I thought, Settlement; that is, that men might come to some consistencies. And to that end I did endeavor to add my mite, — which was no more than the interest any one member there might have, — after I was returned again to that capacity. And I did. — I shall tell you no fable, but things [of] which divers persons here can tell whether they be true or no [*Threatening to blaze up again?*], — I did endeavor it. I would make the best interpretation of all that: but yet it is a truth, and nothing of a discovery on my part, but a fact which everybody knows to be true, That the Parliament, having done these memorable things — [*Sentence explodes; and even launches off into a panegyric of the Long Parliament, — preparatory to* EXECUTION] — They had done things of honor, and things of necessity; things which, if at this day you have any judgment that there lieth a possibility upon you to do any good, and to bring this Nation to any foot of Settlement, I may say you are all along, in a good manner, beholden to that Parliament [for]. But yet truly as men who contend for the Public Interest are not like to have the applause of all men, nor justification from all hands, so it was with them. And truly, when they had made preparations which might have led to the issuing in some good for the Settlement of these Nations, in point of liberty, in point of freedom from tyranny and oppression and from hazard of our religion, — To throw it all away upon men who designed by innovations to introduce Popery, and by complying with some notions introduce Arbitrariness upon a Civil account — [*"Royalist Malignants, in* 1647, 1648, *and Crypto-Royalists; with their 'notions' that of all things indispensable, a Stuart King was indispensablest? That would never have done! The Long Parliament did need a Pride's Purge; could not" — But the Sentence here, in its hasty impatience, as is usual, bursts*] — Why, they had more enemies than friends [that Long Parliament had]; they had

so all along! And this made them careful [*In* 1648, *trying to bargain with Charles, they were "full of care;" and even afterwards they could not decide all at once on granting a new Free Parliament and General Election; no!*], — upon principles of Nature, which do sometimes suggest the best. And upon the most undeniable grounds, they did think that it was not fit for them presently to go and throw themselves, and all this Cause, into hands that perhaps had no heart nor principle [in common] with them to accomplish the end *they* had aimed at. [*In short, they, very properly, decided on sitting still for a while.*]

"I grant, perhaps through infirmity they did desire to have continued themselves; to have perpetuated themselves upon that Act.[1] An Act which was justly enough obtained, and necessarily enough obtained, when they did get it from the King. But though, truly, it was good in the first obtaining of it; yet it was, by most men who had ventured their lives in this Cause, judged not fit to be perpetuated, but rather a thing that was to have an end when it had finished its course! Which was certainly the true way of doing, — in subserviency to the bringing in of what might be a good and honest Settlement to the Nation. — I must say to you that I found them very willing to perpetuate themselves! And truly this is not a thing of reflection upon *all*, for perhaps some were not so; — I can say it of some. The sober men whom I had converse with, were not for continuing; but the major part, I think, did overrule in that they would have continued. This is true that I say to you: I was entreated to comply with the plan, and advised to it; and it was to have been accomplished by this medium, [They were] to have sent into the country to have got their number reinforced, and the Parliament filled up by new elections. And it had this excuse, That it would not be against the Liberty of the People, nor against a *succession* of men coming into rule and government; because as men died out of the House, so they should be supplied again. [*Like*

[1] Act, 10th May, 1641, That we are not to be dissolved without our own consent. Necessary in all ways; the City would not lend money otherwise, — not even money could be had otherwise (antea, vol. xvii. p. 116).

Sir John Cockle's silk hose; which always, after infinite darnings, could remain the same hose, though not a thread of the original silk was now left in them: a perennial pair of stockings. Such was the plan of the Rump.] And this was the best answer they could give to all objections [this], 'That the proper way to govern is to have *successive* men in such great bodies as Parliaments; to have men learning to know how to obey as well as how to govern.'[1] And truly the expedient they then offered was what I tell you.

"The truth of it is, this did not satisfy a company of poor men [*Certain insignificant individuals, — mentioned elsewhere by the same name!*], who thought they had ventured their lives, and had some interest to inquire after these things! And the rather, because really they had been invited out [first of all, into this War], upon principles of honesty, conscience and religion; 'for Spiritual Liberties;' as many as would come. [Yes;] when the Cause was a little doubtful, there had issued forth a declaration [of that purport], which was very inviting; and men did come in [and enlist] upon that invitation; — and did thereby think themselves not to be mercenary men, but men who had wives and children in the Nation, and [who] therefore might a little look after satisfaction in what would be the Issue of the Business! [*They told us always, We were Soldiers, sworn as our first duty to obey; but we answered* (*and it was intrinsically a fact*), *We were the most peculiar Soldiers that had ever handled steel in England: whereby our first, and also our second and third, duties had become modified a good deal!*]

"And when this thing was thus pressed, and perhaps overpressed [by us], That a period might be put, and some ascertainment made, and a time fixed, — why then truly the extreme ran another way. [*Parliament would not go at all*, that had been the one extreme; *Parliament shall go straightway*, that was now the other.] This is very true that I tell you; although it shame me. [Extremes give rise to their

[1] The "Rota *Club*" (see Wood, iv. 1119, 1120, § Harrington) had not started in 1653; but this doctrine, it would seem, was already afloat; — not much patronized by his Highness at any time.

opposite extremes; and are honorable to nobody!] I do not say it shames all that were of the House, for I know all were not of that mind; but truly when this was urged, they on their side did fall into another extreme. And what was that? Why, truly, then it was: Seeing this Parliament could not be perpetual, yet *a* Parliament might always be sitting. And to that end there was a Bill framed, That Parliaments might always be sitting; that as soon as one Parliament went out of place, another might leap in.[1] When we saw this, truly we thought it did but make a change in pretence; and did not remedy the thing! — However, it was pursued with such heat [in the House], I dare say there was more progress in it in a month than had ever been with the like business in four; [so eager were they] to hasten it to an issue, to get such a Parliament brought in: — to bring the state of the Nation into this, *A continual sitting of Parliament.*

"We did think, who were plain men, and I do think it still, That that had been, according to the old foolish proverb, 'out of the frying-pan into the fire!' For, looking at the Government you would then have had, it was [still] a 'Commonwealth's' Government. [*Not entirely the Ideal of a Government, your Highness thinks?*] Why, we should have had fine work then! We should have had a Council of State, and a Parliament of four hundred men, executing arbitrary government [*As the Long Parliament did*] without intermission, except some change of a part of them; one Parliament stepping into the seat of another, just left warm for them; the same day that the one left, the other was to leap in! — Truly I did think,

[1] This arrangement, of a Parliament constantly sitting, his Highness and the company of poor men did by no means consider a good "Issue of the Business." It leads almost infallibly to "arbitrariness," argues his Highness (Speech III., vol. xviii. p. 428), leads to &c. &c. — in fact, as in these days of ours is everywhere becoming too apparent, leads to "Nothing," to Self-cancelment (like that of the Kilkenny Cats) and peaceable *Zero*. Which in very few epochs of the world's history is the desirable thing! His Highness's logic-arguments, here and in his other Speech, are none of the best; but instincts and inarticulate insights much deeper than logic taught him well that "a Parliament always sitting" was not the Balm of Gilead we had all been fighting for.

and I do think, however much some are enamoured with that kind of Government — [*Style getting hasty, hot; the Sentence breaks*] — Why it was no more but this, That Committees of Parliament should take [all] upon them, and be instead of the Courts at Westminster! Perhaps some will think there had been no hurt in that arbitrariness of Committees? Where a man can neither come to prove nor to defend, — nor to know his judges; because there are one set of men who judge him to-day, and another set of men to-morrow! Thus was to have been the Law of England; and thus was to have been the way of judging this Nation. And truly I thought that it was an ill way of 'judging.' For I may say to you, with truth in regard to that, After it pleased God, your poor Army, those poor contemptible men, came up hither, — it did prove so. An outcry here in this place [then an outcry there in that], to get some cause determined and judged. [*The way of Parliaments, your Highness, with their caballings and committeeings, and futile jargonings, and Babel outbabbled!*] And Committees erected to fetch men from the extremest parts of the Nation to London, to attend Committees [set] to determine all things. And without any manner of satisfaction. Whether a man travel with never such right or never such wrong, he must come, — and he must go back again, as wise as he came. This truly was the case [*Fancy an old Ironside who had stood Dunbar and Worcester, and Marston and Naseby, dancing attendance here!*], and our condition. And truly I must needs say, Take all that was in the practices there — [*Better not, your Highness!*], — I am sorry to tell the story of it! — Though there was indeed some necessity for such a thing. A necessity for some Committees to look to Indemnity [and such like]; but no necessity for Committees instead of Courts of Justice! However, so it was; and this was the case of the People of England at that time; the Parliament assuming to itself the authority of the *Three* Estates that were before. It had so assumed that authority: and if any man had come and said, 'What rules do you judge by?' — 'Why, we have none! We are supreme [we] in Legislature and Judicature!' —

"Such was the state of the case. And I thought, and we

thought, and I think so still, That this was a pitiful remedy, [this that they proposed. — *This of a Perpetual Parliament,* NEW-DARNED, *like Sir John's Perpetual Pair of Stockings: — a bad article in itself, whether new or new-darned, if you make it the exclusive one!*] And it will always be so when and whensoever a Perpetual Legislative is exercised; where the Legislative and Executive Powers are always the same. — Truly I think the Legislature might almost as well be in the Four Courts of Westminster Hall! If they could make Laws and Judges too, you would have excellent Laws; and the Lawyers would be able to give excellent counsel! And so it was then. This was our condition, without scruple or doubt; and I shall say no more to it. But the offer was made by us with a true and honest spirit; the desire, the entreaty that we might have a Settlement. And there is our 'Settlement;' that is what they propose for a Settlement! —

"It was desired then, it was offered and desired, that the Parliament would be pleased, either of their own body or of any else, to choose a certain number of men [*The Puritan Notables; ah yes!*] to settle the Nation: 'This,' said we, 'is unsettlement, this is confusion!' For, give me leave, if anybody now have the face to say, — and I would die upon this — [*Sentence catching fire*] — if any man in England have the impudence [*Ah!*] or face to say, That the reluctance of the Parliament to dissolve themselves was their fear of hasty throwing of the Liberties of the People of God, and of the Nation, into the hands of a bare Representative of the People, — which was then the business *we* opposed: if any man have the face to say this *now*, who did *then* judge it [that last measure of theirs], and I will say more, ought then to have judged it, to be a confounding of the whole Cause we had fought for, — which it was, — I would look upon that man's face! I would be glad to see such a man![1] I do not say there is

[1] A dangerous spectator, your Highness, with that thundery countenance of yours! — His Highness's anger is exceedingly clear; but the cause of it, in this intricate sentence, much more in the distracted coagulum of jargon which the original here offers, is by no means so clear. On intense inspection, he discovers himself to be (as above) reproaching certain parties who now

any such here: but if any such should come to me, see if I would not look upon him, and tell him he is an hypocrite! I dare say it, and I dare die for it [he is an hypocrite]; — knowing the spirit that hath been in some men to me. They come and tell me, They do not like my being Protector. Why do you not? — 'Why, because you will exercise arbitrary government.' — Why, what is it you want me to do? — 'Pray, turn those Gentlemen [of the Long Parliament] all in again; then we will like you exceedingly well!' — [*Inarticulate interjection; snort or "Humph!"*] — I was a child in swaddling clouts![1] I cannot go beyond the Instrument of Government. I cannot do anything but in co-ordination with the Council. They fear [these objectors]: 'arbitrary government' by *me* in that way; but if arbitrary government were restored to be general [by reinstatement of the Long Parliament], then they are not afraid of it! Such things as these are, such hypocrisies as these are, should they enter into the heart of any man that hath truth or honesty in him? —

"Truly that was our case: — and finding our case to be thus, we did press the Parliament, as I told you, That they would be pleased to select some Worthy Persons who had loved this Cause, and the liberties of England, and the interest of England: and we told them we would acquiesce, and lie at *their* [the Worthy Persons'] feet; but that to be thrown into Parliaments which should sit perpetually, though but for three years [each], we had experience of that! An experience which may remain to this day, to give satisfaction to honest and sober men! — Why, truly this might have satisfied, this proposal of ours; but it did not. And therefore we did think that it was the greatest of dangers, [thus] to be overwhelmed, and brought under a slavery by our own consent, and 'Iniquity to become a

affect to regret the Long Parliament, which while it existed they had been sufficiently loud in condemning. You say: "They were afraid to fling the whole Cause into the lottery of a general Parliament:" — *They?* while *we* opposed that; and while that was the very thing they at last were recklessly doing! I should like to see the face of a man brazen enough for a story like this!

[1] So tied up with restrictions in that first Instrument; had not the smallest power to do "arbitrary government."

Law.'[1] And there was our ground we acted upon at that time. And truly they had perfeeted their Bill for perpetuating of Parliaments to the last Clause [*Hear!*]; and were resolved to pass it as a Bill in Paper [not even engrossed on Parchment as the wont was], rather than comply with any expedient. [*We then entered upon them; bade them with emphasis, Go about their business! That 's no lie!*] — If your own experience add anything to you in this, [if you ever individually had to do with a Long-Parliament Committee, and know its ways,] — in this point, 'Whether or no, in cases civil and criminal, if a Parliament assume an absolute power, without any control, to determine the interests of men in property and liberty; whether or no *this* be desirable in a Nation?' — if you have any sense ["*General openness of perception;*" *not exactly our modern word; but a questionable expression, as his Highness immediately sees:* "*any sense*"], — as I believe you have, — you have more than I, — [then] I think you will take it for a merey that *that* did not befall England at that time! And that is all I will say of it.

"Truly I will now come and tell you a story of my own weakness and folly. [*The Little Parliament.*] And yet it was done in my simplicity, I dare avow it was: and though some of my companions — ["*May dislike my mentioning the story?*" — *The Sentence, in its haste, has no time to* END.] — And truly this is a story that should not be recorded, that should not be told, except when good use may be made of it. I say, It was thought then that men of our own judgment, who had fought in the Wars, and were all of a piece upon that account; — [it was thought,] 'Why surely these men will hit it, and these

[1] "The Throne of Iniquity, which frameth mischief by a *Law*" (Psalm xciv. 20). A fearful state of matters; shadowed forth by old Prophets as the fearfulest of all; but entirely got rid of in these modern days, — if Dryasdust and the general course of *new* Prophecy may be credited, to whom Law *is* Equity, and the mere want of "Law," with its three readings, and tanned pieces of sheepskin written over in bad English, is Iniquity. — O Dryasdust, thy works in this world are wonderful. Thy notions of this world, thy ideas, what thou namest ideas, perhaps defy all ages, even ages when Witchcraft was believed in, — or when human creatures worshipped Leeks, and considered that the Founder of this Universe was one Apis, a sacred Prize Ox! I begin to be weary of thee.

men will do it to the purpose, whatever can be desired!' And truly we did think, and I did think so, — the more blame to me. And such a Company of Men were chosen [*The Little Parliament; — Convention of the Puritan Notables*]; and did proceed to action. And truly this was the naked truth, That the issue was not answerable to the simplicity and honesty of the design. [*Poor Puritan Notables!*]

"What the issue of that Meeting would have been [seemed questionable], and was feared: upon which the sober men of that Meeting did withdraw; and came and returned my power as far as they could, — they did actually the greater part of them, — into my hands; professing and believing that the issue of that Meeting would have been The subversion of your Laws and of all the Liberties of this Nation, the destruction of the Ministers of this Nation; in a word, the confusion of all things. [Confusion of all things!] To set up, instead of Order, the Judicial Law of Moses, in abrogation of all our administrations; to have had administered the Judicial Law of Moses *pro hic et nunc*, according to the wisdom of any man that would have interpreted the Text this way or that — ! And if you do not believe that these Persons [thereupon sent home] were sent home by the major part [of themselves], who were judicious and sober and learned (the minority being the worser part upon this account), and with my consent *a parte post*, — you will believe nothing! [*Somewhat tart.*] For the persons that led in that Meeting were Mr. Feak and his Assemblage in Blackfriars. [*We know "Feak," and other foul chimneys on fire, from of old! As for "Mr. Squib," he sits now with Venner and the Fifth-Monarchy, safe locked in the Tower.* — Mr. Feak] Major-General Harrison, and the rest that associated with him at one Mr. Squib's house. There were all the resolutions taken that were acted in that House [of Parliament] day by day. And this was so *de facto;* I know it to be true. And that such must naturally be the product of it, I do but appeal to that Book I told you of the other day ["*Standard set up*"], That all Magistracy and Ministry is Antichristian, wherefore all these things ought to be abolished. Which we are certain must have been the issue of that

Meeting. [*A failure, that poor Convention of the Puritan Notables!*]

"So that you have been delivered, if I think aright, from two evils. The *one*, a secular evil, which would have swallowed up all religious and civil interest, and brought us under the horridest arbitrariness that ever was exercised in the world: To have had five or six hundred 'Friends,'[1] with *their* friends [the Feaks &c.], intrusted with the judgment of all causes, and to judge of them without rule; thinking that 'the Power which swallowed up all other Lawful Powers in the Nation' hath all the power *they* ever had, both Legislative and Judiciary! In short, a thing which would have swallowed both the Civil and Religious Interest. And the *other* evil — [*His Highness has already inextricably caudled the two together, and here merely gives them another stir*] — merely under a Spiritual Interest, would have swallowed up all again in another extreme [no stated Ministry being allowed]. All our Civil and Religious Interest; and had made our Ministry, and all the things we were beholding to God for [of no account]! Truly we think we ought to value *this* Interest above all the interests in the world: but if this latter had not as surely been destroyed as the former, I understand nothing. —

"And having told you these two things [two Failures in getting Settlement], — truly it makes me in love with this Paper; and with all the things in it; and with the additions I have now to tender you thereto; and with *Settlement* above all things in the world! — Except [only] that, where I left you last time ["*The Kingship!*" *Committee of Ninety-nine look alert*]; — for that, I think, we have debated. [*Look dumpish again.*] I have heard your mind, and you have heard mine [as to that]; I have told you my heart and judgment; and the Lord bring forth His own issue. [*His Highness produces the Engrossed Vellum.*]

"I think we are now to consider, not what we are in regard to our Footing and that of the Government which called this

[1] The name of Quakers already budding in 1653, — now, in 1657, budded and blown.

Parliament. [*No: our First foolish Parliament spent all their time on that; not you, my wiser Friends.*] Our Footing and Government is, till there be an end put to it, — that that hath existence! [*What other definition of it can be given, or need?*] And so I shall say nothing to *it*. If it accomplisheth the end of our Fighting, and all those blessed ends and aims that we should aim at; if it do, — I would we might keep it, and remain where we are. If it do not, I would we might have a better! — Which[1] truly I do come out of myself to tell you, That as to the substance and body of your Instrument, I do look upon it as having things in it, — if I may speak freely and plainly; I may, and we all may! — I say, the things that are provided for in this [Act of] Government [*Handling the Vellum*] do secure the Liberties of the People of God so as they never before had them! And he must be a pitiful man who thinks the People of God ever had the like Liberty either *de facto* or *de jure*; — *de jure* from God, I think they have had it from the beginning of the world to this day, and have it still, — but asserted by a *jus humanum* I say, they never had it so as they have it now. I think you have provided for the Liberty of the People of God, and [for the Liberty] of the Nation. And I say he sings sweetly that sings a song of reconciliation betwixt those two Interests! And it is a pitiful fancy, like wisdom and ignorance, to think they are *in*consistent. Certainly they may consist! And, I speak my conscience of this [Act of] Government, I think you have made them to consist.

"And therefore, I must say, in that, and in other things, you have provided well, — that you have. And because I see the Rule of the Parliament [your written Order here] gives you leave to speak with me about the particulars (I judge the Parliament doth think that any Member it has is not to be neglected in offering of anything that may be of additional good,) — therefore, I having a little surveyed the Instrument, I have a Paper here to offer you upon that account. [*Handles a Paper of his own.*] And truly I must needs say and think that, in such a case as this, where so new a work and

[1] Ungrammatical, but unalterable. Means "On which hint."

so strange a work as this is before you, it will not be thought ill [*Not at all, your Highness, — only get on!*] if I do with a little earnestness press you for some explanations in some things. [A few explanations] that may help to complete the business, and leave me — (for it is only handled with *me* [and for *my* behoof] at this time, not with you and the Parliament whom you represent) : — I say, I would be glad that you might leave me, and all opposers, without excuse ; as well as glad that you should settle this Nation to the uttermost advantage for it ; — in all the things I have to offer you. They are not very weighty ; they may tend to the completion of the business ; and therefore I shall take the freedom to read them to you.

[First, however, this Editor, with your Highness's leave, will read to the Moderns a certain excerpt or abstract from the Engrossed Vellum itself, which he has obtained sight of,[1] that they also may understand what your Highness will animadvert upon. Let the Moderns pay what attention they can.

"*Article Fourth* of the Petition and Advice is taken up with describing who are to be Electors to Parliament, and Eligibles, — or rather who not ; for it is understood that, except the classes of persons here specified, all who had such a privilege by the old Laws are still entitled to vote and to be voted for.

"The Classes excluded from electing or being elected are the following : —

"1. All who have been concerned in the rebellion of Ireland ; or who, with or without concern in said Rebellion, are or shall become Papists. — All who have advised, abetted or assisted in any War against the Parliament since the First of January, 1641–2, — unless they have since given signal proofs of repentance, by bearing arms *for* the Parliament, — or in some other 'signal' manner, difficult to define. The defining of which has occasioned great debates in Parliament.[2] This excludes all the English and other Malignants. — All who have

[1] Whitlocke, p. 648 et seqq. ; *Parliamentary History*, xxi. 129 et seqq.

[2] *Burton's Diary.*

ever been engaged in any Plot against the Person of his Highness; or, apart from that, have been engaged in any Insurrection in England or Wales 'since 16th December, 1653,' beginning of the Protectorate.

"2. In Scotland all who have been in arms against the Parliament of England or the Parliament of Scotland before the First of April, 1648. This excludes the Montrose Party and Royalists Proper of Scotland, — except such as have given 'signal' &c. But then follows this clause in favor of the Hamilton Engagers, and the Dunbar and Worcester people, which attracts his Highness's animadversion in the present Discourse: 'Nor any' (shall elect or be elected) 'who *since* the First of April, 1648, have been in arms, or otherwise aided, abetted' &c. (which excludes all the Preston, and all the Dunbar and Worcester people; with, however, a most *important* exception) — 'except such as since the First day of March, 1651–2, have *lived peaceably*,' — as they might *all* very well do, having been all smashed to powder six months before, at Worcester Fight, and their 'Chief Malignant,' whom they had set up as King, being now sent on his travels, somewhat in the style of a King of the Gypsies!" His Highness cannot but animadvert on this with some tartness.

With these exceptions, and one "proviso for Ireland" to be speedily noticed, all Freeholders of Counties, according to the old definition, shall vote; and all Burgesses and Citizens of Towns, — nay, I think, there is in this latter department a tendency towards the *Potwalloper* System; but modified of course by the established custom of each several locality in that respect.

And now let us hear his Highness in regard to Paragraph Second of Article Fourth:]

"In the Fourth Article and Second Paragraph, you have something that respects the calling of Members to Parliament [for Scotland]. You would not have those excluded that were under Duke Hamilton, and made that Invasion.[1] Because it hath been said to you, perhaps, that if you should exclude all

[1] Which met its due at Preston.

[such], you would have no Members from that Nation? I hope there be persons of that Nation who will be ready to give a better testimony of their country than admit that argument! And I hope it is no argument: but if it be one, then truly, to meet with the least certainty as to qualifications, you should indeed exclude men of your own country upon better [defined] crimes; you should hold them off upon stricter characters [than those given]! It is thought, the qualification there which saith, of their 'good testimony,' That they are to be men who have given good testimony by their quiet living — Why, truly, for divers years, they have not been willing to do other; they have not had an easy possibility to do otherwise, than to live quietly! [*Not since the taming they got at Worcester, your Highness!*] Though perhaps [at bottom] many of them have been the same men: — and yet [certainly too] I know many of them are good men, worthy men. — And therefore whether it be not fit, in that place, to explain somewhat farther, and put some other character[1] upon what may really be regarded as 'a good testimony' of their *being* otherwise minded, of their *being* now of another judgment? I confess I have not anything here to supply this defect with: but certainly if the description so stand as it now is in your Article, — those men, though they be never so indisposed, enemies and remain so, yet if they have 'lived peaceably,' where they could neither will nor choose [to live otherwise], they are to be admitted. I only tell you so, being without any amendment for it; and when done, I shall leave it all with yourselves. This is for the Second Paragraph.

[For the Second Paragraph his Highness is "without any amendment" of his own; offers us nothing to "supply the defect:" indeed it is difficult to supply well, as that Nation stands and has stood. Besides they send but Fifty Members in all, poor creatures; it is no such vital matter! Paragraph Second remains *un*altered. — And now let the Moderns attend for an instant to Paragraph Third: —

"*Article Fourth*, Paragraph Third: A proviso as to Ireland,

[1] description.

'that no English or Scotch Protestant in Ireland who before the First of March, 1649–50' (just about the time his now Highness, then Lord General, was quitting Ireland, having entirely demolished all chance of opposition there) 'have borne arms *for* the Parliament or your Highness, or otherwise given signal testimony' &c. 'shall be excluded.'" This also to his Highness seems worthy of animadversion.]

"In the Third Paragraph of the same Article, whereas it is said, 'That all persons in Ireland be made capable to elect or to be elected who, before the First of March, 1649, have borne arms for the Parliament, or otherwise given testimony of their good affections to the Parliament and continued faithful *to the Parliament:*'—and yet perhaps many of them are since revolted [against us]!—Whether it be not necessary that this be more clearly expressed? For it seems to capacitate all those who revolted from the Parliament;[1] if they have borne arms for the State before the First of March, 1649, it seems to restore them. But if *since* then they have revolted, as I doubt many of our English-Irish have done, why then the question is, Whether those men who lately[2] have been angry and have flown to arms; Whether you will think their having borne arms formerly on the Parliament's side shall be an exemption to them? This is but tendered to you, for some worthy person here to give an answer unto?

[Very rational and irrefragable. It is accordingly altered: "Signal testimony of their good affection to the *Commonwealth or your Highness, and continued*" &c.—And now let us look at Paragraph Fifth; concerning the last item of which his Highness has a word to say:—

"*Article Fourth*, Paragraph Fifth. All who are atheistical, blasphemous, 'married to Popish wives,' who train or shall train any child to be Popish, or consent that a son or daughter of theirs shall marry a Papist;—who are scoffers of religion, or can be proved to have scoffed any one for being

[1] The Ormond Royalists almost all;—Malignant enough many of them.
[2] in late years.

religious; who deny the Scriptures to be God's Word; who deny Sacraments, Ministry or Magistracy to be ordinances of God (Harrison's set); who are Sabbath-breakers, swearers, haunters of taverns or alehouses; — in short demonstrably unchristian men. All who are Public Preachers too." Concerning this latter clause his Highness has a remark to make.

"Following in the rear of which, in the same Fifth Paragraph, is a new Item which still more deserves consideration. For securing the 'Freedom of Parliament' as well as its Purity, there are to be Forty-one Commissioners appointed 'by Act of Parliament with your Highness's consent,' who are to examine and certify whether the Persons returned by these rules are, after all, qualified to sit." — So that it is not to be by the Council of State henceforth, and by "Nathaniel Tayler, Clerk of the Commonwealth in Chancery," with his *Certificate* in the Lobby, that Honorable Gentlemen are to be turned back at the door of the House, and sent to redact *Protests*, as in the case of this present Parliament! Forty-one Commissioners are now to do it. His Highness on this also will have a word to say.]

"In the Fifth Paragraph of the same Article, you have incapacitated Public Preachers from sitting in Parliament. And truly I think your intention is [of] such [only] as have Pastoral Function; such as are actually real Ministers. For I must say to you, in behalf of our Army, — in the next place to their fighting, *they* have been very good 'Preachers:' and I should be sorry they should be excluded from serving the Commonwealth because they have been accustomed to 'preach' to their troops, companies and regiments: — which I think has been one of the blessings upon them to the carrying on of the great Work. I think you do not mean so [that they should be excluded]: but I tender it to you that, if you think fit, there may be a consideration had of it. There may be some of us, it may be, who have been a little guilty of that, who would be loath to be excluded from sitting in Parliament [on account of it! — "*I myself have been known, on occasion, to exhort my troops with Bible texts and considerations;*

to 'preach,' if you like to call it so! What has my whole Life been but a 'Sermon' of some emphasis; preached with tongue and sword, with head and heart and right hand, and soul and body and breeches-pocket, — not without results, one would venture to hope!" — This Clause, the Committee, expressly or tacitly, will modify as desired.]

"In the same Paragraph, there is care taken for the nominating of Commissioners to *try* the Members who are chosen to sit in Parliament. And truly those Commissioners are uncertain Persons; and it is hard to say what may happen. I hope they will be always good men; — but if they should be bad, then perhaps they will keep out good men! Besides we think, — truly, if you will give us leave to help as to the 'freedom of Parliament,' this [of the Commissioners] will be something that may go rather harshly down than otherwise! Very many reasons might be given; but I do only tender it to you. I think, if there were *no* Commissioners, it might be never a whit the worse: — if you make qualifications [for Membership], and any man presume to sit without those qualifications, you may deal with him. A man without qualifications, sitting there, is as if he were not chosen; and if he sit without being *chosen*, without having qualification, — I am sure the old custom was to send him to the Tower [*That will settle him!*], to imprison such a one! If any sit there that have not right to sit, — if any stranger come in upon a pretended title of *election*, perhaps it is a different case, — but if any sit there upon a pretence of *qualification* in him, you may send *him* to prison without more ado. Whether you think fit to do so or no, is parliamentary business: — I do but hint it to you. I believe, If any man had sat in former Parliaments without [for instance] taking the oaths &c. that were prescribed, it would have been fault enough in him. I believe something of that kind [instead of your Forty-one Commissioners] might be equivalent to any other way, if not better.

[The Honorable House does not want any more concern with Nathaniel Tayler and his *Certificates*. This Paragraph

remains unaltered. Forty-one Commissioners, Fifteen a quorum; future Parliaments to name a future set when they like: the Examinations as to Members are to be by oath of informer in writing, with copies left &c., and rigorous enough formalities. — Let us now glance at Article Fifth: —

"*Article Fifth* relates to the 'Other House;' a new House of Lords we are getting up. Not more than Seventy of them, not fewer than Forty: they are to be nominated by your Highness and approved by this House: all classes excluded by the preceding Article from our body are of course excluded from theirs." His Highness has a remark to make on this also.]

"In that Article, which I think is the Fifth Article [*Yes*], which concerns the Nomination of the Other House, — in the beginning of that Article it stands, That the House is to be nominated as you there design it,[1] and the approbation is to be from This House, — I would say, from the Parliament. It stands so. But then now, if any shall be subsequently named, after the Other House *is sat*, upon any accidental removal or death, — you do not say [How]. Though it seems to refer to the same [rule] as the first [original] selection doth; yet it doth not so clearly intimate this, That the nomination shall be, where it was, with the Chief Officer,[2] and the approbation of the 'Other House.' If I do express clearly what you — Pardon me: but I think that is the aim of it; and it is not clearly expressed there; — as I think you will be able to judge whether it be or no.

[Article Fifth ruled as his Highness wishes. And now take Article Seventh: —

"*Article Seventh* promises, but does not say how, that there shall be a yearly Revenue of £1,300,000; one million for Navy and Army, £300,000 for the support of the Government. No part of it by a Land-tax. Other temporary supplies to be granted by the Commons in Parliament, — and neither this

[1] "as you there design it;" polite for "by me."

[2] Cannot say "me."

Revenue nor any other charge whatever to be laid upon the subject except according to the Parliament's direction and sanction." Such yearly Revenue the Parliament promises in this Petition and Advice, but does not specify in what way it shall be raised: which omission also his Highness fails not to comment on.]

"In the Seventh Article, which concerns the Revenue, that is, the Revenue which you have appointed for the Government; wherein you have distributed three hundred thousand pounds of it to the Maintenance of the Civil Authority and one million to the Maintenance of your Forces by Sea and Land: — you have indeed in your Instrument said so, [that there shall be such a Revenue,] and we cannot doubt of it: but yet you have not made it certain; nor yet those 'temporary supplies' which are intended for the peace and safety of the Nations. It is desired, That you will take this into your thoughts, and make the general and temporary allowances of Revenue *certain* both as to the sum and to the times those 'supplies' are to be continued. [*Let us know what ground we stand on.*] And truly I hope I do not curry favor with you: but another thing is desired, and I may very reasonably desire it, That these moneys, whatever they are; — that they may not, if God shall bring me to any interest in this business [1] as lieth at His disposal; — that these moneys [I say] may *not* be issued out by the authority of the Chief Magistrate, but by the advice of his Council. You have made in your Instrument a co-ordination [of Council and Chief Magistrate] in general terms: [but I could wish] that this might be a specified thing, That the moneys were not to be distributed [except by authority of both]. It will be a safety to whosoever is your Supreme Magistrate, as well as a security to the Public, That the moneys be issued out by advice of the Council, and that the Treasurers who receive these moneys be accountable every Parliament, within a certain time limited by yourselves; — [that] every new Parliament, the Treasurer be accountable to the Parliament for the disposing of the Treasury.

[1] If I live, and continue to govern.

["*Article Ninth:* Judges, Principal Officers of State, Commanders-in-chief by Sea or Land, all chief Officers civil and military, 'are to be approved of by both Houses of Parliament.'"]

"There is mention made of the Judges in your Ninth Article. It is mentioned that the Officers of State and the Judges are to be chosen with the approbation of Parliament. But now if there be no Parliament sitting, should there be never so great a loss of Judges, it cannot be supplied. And whether you do not intend that, in the intervals of Parliament, it should be by the choice — [*Omit "of the Chief Magistrate," or politely mumble it into indistinctness*], — with the consent of the Council; to be *afterwards* approved by Parliament?

[Certainly, your Highness; reason so requires it. Be it tacitly so ruled. — And now for Article Twelfth: —

"*Article Twelfth* (Let us still call it Article *Twelfth*, though in the ultimate Redaction it has come to be marked *Thirteenth*): — Classes of persons incapable of holding any office. Same, I think, as those excluded from elections, — only there is no penalty annexed. His Highness makes some remarks upon this, under the Title of 'Article Twelfth;' — a new article introduced for securing Purchasers of Church Lands, which is now Article Twelfth,[1] has probably pushed this into the Thirteenth place."]

"The Twelfth Article relates to several qualifications that persons must be qualified with, who are put into places of Public Office and Trust. [*Treats all of* DISqualifications, *your Highness; which, however, comes to the same thing.*] Now if men shall step into Public Places and Trust who are not so qualified, [I do not see but hereby still] they may execute them. 'Office of Trust' is a very large word; it goeth almost to a Constable, if not altogether; — it goeth far. Now if any shall come in who are not so qualified, they certainly do commit a breach upon your rule: — and whether you will not

[1] Whitlocke, p. 659.

think in this case that if any shall take upon him an Office of Trust, there shall not some *Penalty* be put upon him, where he is excepted by the general rule? Whether you will not think it fit in that respect to deter men from accepting Offices and Places of Trust, contrary to that Article?

[Nothing done in this. The "Penalty," vague in outline, but all the more terrible on that account, can be sued for by any complainant in Westminster Hall.

"*Article Thirteenth* suddenly provides that your Highness will be pleased to consent that 'Nothing in this Petition and Advice, or the assent thereto, shall be construed to extend to — the dissolving of this present Parliament!'" — "Oh, no!" answers his Highness in a kind of bantering way; "not in the least!"]

"The next [Article] is fetched, in some respects, I may say, by head and shoulders into your Instrument! Yet in some sense it hath an affinity [with the rest, too]; I may say, I think it is within your general scope [1] upon this account; — [yes,] I am sure of it: There is mention made in the last parts of your Instrument [*Looking in the Paper; Article Eighteenth*] of your purpose to do many good things: — I am confident, *not* like the gentleman who made his last will, and set down a great number of names of men who were to receive benefit by him, and there was no sum at the latter end! ["*You cannot do these 'many good things' if I dissolve you! That will be a Will, with many beneficiary legatees, and no sum mentioned at the end!*" *His Highness wears a pleasant bantering look; — to which the countenances of the others, even Bulstrode's leaden countenance, respond by a kind of smile.*]

"I am confident you are resolved to deal effectually in these things at the latter end; and I should wrong my own conscience if I thought otherwise. I hope you *will* think sincerely, as before God, 'That the Laws be regulated.'[2] I hope you will. We have been often talking of them: — and I remember

[1] "order" in orig.

[2] One of their concluding promises (Article Eighteenth).

well, at the old Parliament [*Whitlocke and Glynn look intelligence*], we were three months, and could not get over the word 'Incumbrances' [*Hum-m-m!*]: and we thought there was little hope of 'regulating the Law' where there was such difficulty as to that. But surely the Laws need to be regulated! And I must needs say, I think it were a sacrifice acceptable to God, upon many accounts. And I am persuaded it is one of the things that God looks for, and would have. [*Alas, your Highness!*] — I confess, if any man should ask me, 'Why, how would you have it done?' I confess I do not know How. But I think verily, at the least, the Delays in Suits, and the Excessiveness in Fees, and the Costliness of Suits, and those various things which I do not know what names they bear — I heard talk of 'Demurrers' and such like things, which I scarce know — [*Sentence is wrecked*]! — But I say certainly, The people are greatly suffering in this respect; they are so. And truly if this whole business of Settlement, whatever be the issue of it, if it come, which I am persuaded it doth, as a thing that would please God; — [then] by a sacrifice [to God] in it, or rather as an expression of our thankfulness to God, I am persuaded that *this* will be one thing that will be upon your hearts, to do something that is honorable and effectual in this. [*"Reforming of the Law!" Alas, your Highness!*] —

"[Another thing] that — truly I say that it is not in your Instrument — [*Nothing said of it there, which partly embarrasses his Highness; who is now getting into a small Digression*]! — Somewhat that relates to the Reformation of Manners, — you will pardon me! — My Fellow Soldiers [the Major-Generals], who were raised up upon that just occasion of the Insurrection, not only 'to secure the Peace of the Nation,' but to see that persons who were least likely to help on 'peace' or to continue it, but rather to break it — ["*These Major-Generals, I say, did look after the restraining of such persons; suppressed their horse-racings, cock-fightings, sinful roysterings; took some charge of* Reformation of Manners, *they:*" — *but his Highness is off else-whither, excited by this "tickle subject," and the Sentence has evaporated*] — Dissolute loose persons that can go up and down from house to house, — and they are Gentlemen's sons

who have nothing to live on, and cannot be supplied with means of living to the profit of the Commonwealth: these I think had a good course taken with them. [*Ordered to fly away their gamecocks, unmuzzle their bear-baitings; fall to some regular livelihood, some fixed habitat, if they could, — and, on the whole, to duck low, keep remarkably quiet, and give no rational man any trouble with them which could be avoided!*] And I think what was done to them was honorably and honestly and profitably done. And, for my part, I must needs say, It[1] showed the dissoluteness which was then in the Nation; — as indeed it springs most from that Party of the Cavaliers! Should that Party run on, and no care be taken to reform the Nation; to prevent, perhaps, abuses which will not fall under *this* head alone — ! [*Not under Reformation of* MANNERS *alone: what will the consequence be?*]

"We send our children into France before they know God or Good Manners;[2] and they return with all the licentiousness of that Nation. Neither care taken to educate them before they go, nor to keep them in good order when they come home! Indeed, this makes the Nation not only commit those abominable things, most inhuman things, but hardens men to justify those things; — as the Apostle saith, 'Not only to do wickedly themselves, but to take pleasure in them that do so.' And truly, if something be not done in this kind [in the way of reforming public morals] without sparing that condition of men, without sparing men's sons, though they be Noblemen's sons — ! [*Sentence breaks down*] — Let them be who they may that are deboist, it is for the glory of God that nothing of outward consideration should save them in their debauchery from a just punishment and reformation! And truly I must needs say it, I would much bless God to see something done in that matter heartily, not only as to those persons mentioned, but to all the Nation; that some course might be taken for Reformation; that there might be some stop put to such a current of wickedness and evil as this is! And truly,

[1] The course taken with them, the quantity of coercion they needed, and of complaint made thereupon, are all loosely included in this "It."

[2] Morals.

to do it heartily, and nobly and worthily! The Nobility of this Nation, they especially, and the Gentry, would have cause to bless you. And likewise that some care might be taken that those good Laws already made for punishing of vice might be put in execution.

"This I must needs say of our Major-Generals who did that service: I think it was an excellent good thing; — I profess I do! [*Yes; though there were great outcries about it.*] And I hope you will not think it unworthy of you, [to consider] that though we may have good Laws against the common Country disorders that are everywhere, yet Who is to execute them [now, the Major-Generals being off]? Really a Justice of the Peace, — he shall by the most be wondered at as an owl, if he go but one step out of the ordinary course of his fellow Justices in the reformation of these things! [*Cannot do it; not he.*] And therefore I hope I may represent this to you as a thing worthy your consideration, that something may be found out to repress such evils. I am persuaded you would glorify God by this as much as by any one thing you could do. And therefore I hope you will pardon me.

[His Highness looks to the Paper again, after this Digression. *Article Fifteenth* in his Highness's copy of the Paper, as we understand, must have provided, "That no part of the Public Revenue be alienated except by consent of Parliament:" but his Highness having thus remonstrated against it, the Article is suppressed, expunged; and we only gather by this passage that such a thing had ever been.]

"I cannot tell, in this Article that I am now to speak unto, whether I speak to anything or nothing! There is a desire that [no part of] 'the Public Revenue be alienated except by consent of Parliament.' I doubt 'Public Revenue' is like '*Custodes Libertatis Angliæ;*' a notion only; and not to be *found* that I know of! [*It* is *all alienated; Crown Lands &c. are all gone, long ago. A beautiful dream of our youth, as the "Keepers of the* LIBERTY *of England" were — a thing you could nowhere lay hands on, that I know of!*] But if there

be any, — and if God bless us in our Settlement, there will be Public Revenue accruing, — the point is, Whether you will subject this to any alienation without consent of Parliament?

[We withdraw the question altogether, your Highness: when once the chickens are *hatched*, we will speak of selling them! — Let us now read Article Sixteenth: —

"*Article Sixteenth*," in his Highness's copy of the Paper, "provides that no Act or Ordinance already extant, which is not contrary to this Petition and Advice, shall be in the least made void hereby." — His Highness, as we shall see, considers this as too indefinite, too indistinct; a somewhat vague foundation for Church-Land Estates (for example), which men purchased with money, but hold only in virtue of Writs and Ordinances issued by the Long Parliament. — A new Article is accordingly added, in our Perfect-copy; specifying, at due breadth, with some hundreds of Law-vocables, that all is and shall be safe, according to the common sense of mankind, in that particular.]

"Truly this thing that I have now farther to offer you, — it is the last in this Paper; it is the thing mentioned in the Sixteenth Article: That you would have those Acts and Ordinances which have been made since the late Troubles, and during the time of them [kept unabrogated]; that they should, if they be not contrary to this Advice,[1] — that they should remain in force, in such manner as if this Advice had not been given. Why, what is doubted is, Whether or no this will be sufficient to keep things in a settled condition?[2] Because it is but an implication [that you here make]; it is not determined. You do pass by the thing, without such a foundation as will keep those people, who are now in possession of Estates upon this account, that their titles be not questioned or shaken, — if the matter be not explained. Truly I believe you intend very fully in regard to this [of keeping men safe who have

[1] *Petition* and Advice; but we politely suppress the former part of the name

[2] It was long debated; see *Burton*.

purchased on that footing]. If the words already [used] do not suffice — That I submit to your own advisement.

"But there is in this another very great consideration. There have been, since the present Government [began], several Acts and Ordinances, which have been made by the exercise of that Legislative Power that was exercised since we undertook this Government [*Very cumbrous phraseology, your Highness; for indeed the subject is somewhat cumbrous. Questionable, to some, whether one* CAN *make Acts and Ordinances by a mere Council and Protector!*]: And I think your Instrument speaks a little more *faintly* [as] to these, and dubiously, than to the other! And truly, I will not make an apology for anything: but surely two persons, two sorts of them [very extensive sorts], will be merely concerned upon this account: They who exercised that authority, and they who were objects of its exercise! This wholly dissettles them; wholly, if you be not clear in your expressions. It will dissettle us very much to think that the Parliament doth not approve well of what hath been done [by us] upon a true ground of necessity, in so far as the same hath saved this Nation from running into total arbitrariness. [Nay, if not,] why subject the Nation to a sort of men who perhaps would do so?[1] We think we have in that thing deserved well of the State. [*Do not "dissettle" his Highness! He has, "in that thing," of assuming the Government and passing what Ordinances &c. were indispensable, "deserved well." — Committee of Ninety-nine agree to what is reasonable.*]

"If any man will ask me, 'But ah, Sir, what have you done *since?*' — Why, ah, — as I will confess my fault where I am guilty, so I think, taking things as they [then] were, I think we have done the Commonwealth service! We have therein made great settlements, — that have we. We have settled almost all the whole affairs in Ireland; the rights and interests of the Soldiers there, and of the Planters and Adventurers. And truly we have settled very much of the business of the Ministry ["*Triers*" *diligent here,* "*Expurgators*" *diligent everywhere; much good work completed*]; — and I wish that be not an

[1] Why subject the Nation to *us*, who perhaps would drive it into arbitrariness, as your non-approval of us seems to insinuate?

aggravation of our fault;[1] I wish it be not! But I must needs say, If I have anything to rejoice in before the Lord in this world, as having done any good or service [it is this]. I can say it from my heart; and I know I say the truth, let any man say what he will to the contrary, — he will give me leave to enjoy my own opinion in it, and my own conscience and heart; and [to] dare bear my testimony to it: There hath not been such a service to England since the Christian Religion was perfect in England! I dare be bold to say it; however there may have, here and there, been passion and mistakes. And the Ministers themselves, take the generality of them — [*"are unexceptionable, nay exemplary as Triers and as Expurgators:" but his Highness, blazing up at touch of this tender topic, wants to utter three or four things at once, and his "elements of rhetoric" fly into the* ELEMENTAL *state! We perceive he has got much blame for his Two Church Commissions; and feels that he has deserved far the reverse.*] — They will tell [you], it is beside their instructions [if they have fallen into "passion and mistakes," if they have meddled with civil matters, in their operations as Triers!]. And we did adopt the thing upon that account; we did not trust upon doing what we did *virtute Instituti*, as if [these Triers were] *jure divino*, but as a civil good. But — [*Cheeks himself*] — So we end in this: We [knew not and] know not better how to keep the Ministry good, and to augment it in goodness, than by putting such men to be Triers. Men of known integrity and piety; orthodox men and faithful. We knew not how better to answer our duty to God and the Nation and the People of God, in that respect, than by doing what we did.

"And, I dare say, if the grounds upon which we went will not justify us, the issue and event of it doth abundantly justify us; God having had exceeding glory by it, — in the generality of it, I am confident, forty-fold! For as heretofore the men that were admitted into the Ministry in times of Episcopacy — alas what pitiful Certificates served to make a man a Min-

[1] "be not to secure the grave men" (Scott's *Somers*, p. 399) is unadulterated nonsense; for *grave men* read *gravamen*, and we have dubiously a sense as above; "an aggravation of our fault with such objectors."

ister! [*Forty-fold better now.*] If any man could understand Latin and Greek, he was sure to be admitted; — as if he spake Welsh; which in those days went for Hebrew with a good many! [*Satirical. "They studied Pan, Bacchus, and the Longs and Shorts, rather than their Hebrew Bible, and the Truths of the Living Jehovah!"*] Certainly the poorest thing in the world would serve a turn; and a man was admitted upon such an account [*As this of mere Latin and Greek, with a suspicion of Welsh-Hebrew*]; — ay, and upon a less. — I am sure the admission granted to such places *since* has been under this character as the rule: That they must not admit a man unless they were able to discern something of the Grace of God in him. [*Really it is the grand primary essential, your Highness. Without which, Pan, Bacchus, Welsh-Hebrew, nay Hebrew itself, must go for nothing, — nay for less, if we consider well. In some points of view, it is horrible!* — Grace of God;] which was to be so inquired for, as not foolishly nor senselessly, but so far as men could judge according to the rules of Charity. Such and such a man, of whose good life and conversation they could have a very good testimony from four or five of the neighboring Ministers who knew him, — he could not yet be admitted unless he could give a very good testimony of the Grace of God in him. And to this I say, I must speak my conscience in it,[1] — though a great many are angry at it, nay if all are angry at it, — for how shall you please everybody?

"Then say some, None must be admitted except, perhaps, he will be baptized [again]. That is their opinion. [*Anabaptists.*] They will not admit a man into a Congregation to be Minister, except he commence by being so much *less*. The Presbyterians [again] they will not admit him unless he be 'ordained.' Generally *they* will not go to the Independents: — truly I think, if I be not partial, I think if there be a freedom of judgment, it is there. [*With the Independents: that is your Highness's opinion.*] Here are three sorts of Godly Men whom you are to take care for; whom you have provided for in your Settlement. And how could you put the selection upon the Presbyterians without, by possibility, excluding all those

[1] "I do approve it" is modestly left out.

Anabaptists, all those Independents! And so now you have put it into this way, That though a man be of any of those three judgments, if he have the root of the matter in him, he may be admitted. [*Very good, your Highness!*] This hath been our care and work; both by some Ordinances of ours, laying the foundations of it, and by many hundreds of Ministers being [admitted] in upon it. And if this be a 'time of Settlement,' then I hope it is not a time of shaking; — and therefore I hope you will be pleased to settle this business too: and that you will neither 'shake' the Persons [*Us*] who have been poorly instrumental in calling you to this opportunity of settling this Nation, and of doing good to it; nor shake those honest men's interests who have been thus settled. And so I have done with the offers to you [with these my suggestions to you]. —

[His Highness looks now on the Paper again; looks at Article Seventh there, "That the Revenue shall be £1,300,000;" and also at a Note by himself of the Current Expenses; — much wondering at the contrast of the two; not having Arithmetic enough to reconcile them!]

"But here is somewhat that is indeed exceedingly past my understanding; for I have as little skill in Arithmetic as I have in Law! These are great sums; it is well if I can count them to you. [*Looking on his Note.*] The present charge of the Forces both by Sea and Land will be £2,426,989. The whole present Revenue in England, Scotland and Ireland, is about £1,900,000; I think this was reckoned the most, as the Revenue now stands. Why, now, towards this you settle, by your Instrument, £1,300,000 for the Government; and out of that 'to maintain the Force by Sea and Land,' and 'without Land-tax,' I think: and this is short of the Revenue which now can be raised by the [present Act of] Government £600,000! [*A grave discrepancy!*] Because, you see, the present Government has £1,900,000; and the whole sum which can be raised comes [short] of the present charge by £542,689, — [*So his Highness says; but, by the above data, must be mistaken or mis-*

reported: £526,989 is what "Arithmetic" gives.] And although an end should be put to the Spanish War, yet there will be a necessity, for preserving the peace of the Three Nations, to keep up the present established Army in England, Scotland and Ireland; also a considerable Fleet for some good time, until it shall please God to quiet and compose men's minds, and bring the Nation to some better consistency. So that, considering the Pay of the Army, which comes to upwards of £1,100,000 *per annum*, and the 'Support of the Government' £300,000, it will be necessary for some convenient time, — seeing you find things as you do, and it is not good to think a wound healed before it be, — that there be raised, over and above the £1,300,000, the sum of £600,000 *per annum;* which makes up the sum of £1,900,000. And likewise that the Parliament declare, How far they will carry on the Spanish War, and for what time; and what farther sum they will raise for carrying on the same, and for what time. [*Explicit, and undeniable!*] And if these things be not ascertained, — as one saith 'Money is the Cause,' and certainly whatever the Cause is, if Money be wanting, the business will fall to the ground, — all our labor will be lost. And therefore I hope you will have a care of our undertakings! — [*Most practical paragraph.*]

"And having received expressions from you which we may believe, we need not offer these things to you; [we need not doubt] but these things will be cared for. Those things have [already in Parliament] been made overture of to you; and are before you: — and so has likewise the consideration of the Debts, which truly I think are apparent.

"And so I have done with what I had to offer you, — I think I have, truly, for my part. [*"Nothing of the Kingship, your Highness?" Committee of Ninety-nine looks expectant*] — And when I shall understand where it lies on me to do farther; and when I shall understand your pleasure in these things a little farther; — we have answered the Order of Parliament in considering and debating of those things that were the subject-matter of debate and consideration; — and when you will be pleased to let me hear farther of your thoughts in these things, *then* I suppose I shall be in a condition to discharge myself

[*Throws no additional light on the Kingship at all!*], as God shall put in my mind. And I speak not this to evade; but I speak in the fear and reverence of God. And I shall plainly and clearly, I say, — when you shall have been pleased among yourselves to take consideration of these things, that I may hear what your thoughts are of them, — I do not say that as a *condition* to anything — but I shall then be free and honest and plain to discharge myself of what, in the whole and upon the whole, may reasonably be expected from me, and [what] God shall set me free to answer you in." [1]

Exeunt the Ninety-nine, much disappointed; the Moderns too look very weary. Courage, my friends, I now see land!

This Speech forms by far the ugliest job of *buckwashing* (as Voltaire calls it) that his Highness has yet given us. As printed in the last edition of *Somers*, it is perhaps the most unadulterated piece of coagulated nonsense that was ever put into types by human kind. Yet, in order to educe some sense out of it as above, singularly few alterations, except in the punctuation, have been required; no change that we could detect has been made in the style of dialect, which is physiognomic and ought to be preserved; in the meaning, as before, all change was rigorously forbidden. In only one or two places, duly indicated, did his Highness's sense, on earnest repeated reading, continue dubious. And now the horrid buck-basket is reduced in some measure to clean linen or huckaback: thanks be to Heaven! —

For the next ten days there is nothing heard from his Highness; much as must have been *thought* by him in that space. The Parliament is occupied incessantly considering how it may as far as possible fulfil the suggestions offered in this Speech of his Highness; assiduously perfecting and new-polishing the Petition and Advice according to the same. Getting Bills ready for "Reformation of Manners," — with an eye on the "idle fellows about Piccadilly," who go bowling and gambling, with much tippling too, about "Piccadilly House" and its

[1] *Somers Tracts*, vi. 389–400.

green spaces.[1] Scheming out how the Revenue can be raised: — "Land-tax," alas, in spite of former protest on that subject; "tax on new buildings" (Lincoln's Inn Fields for one place), which gives the public some trouble afterwards. Doing somewhat also in regard to "Triers for the Ministry;" to "Penalties" for taking Office when disqualified by Law; and very much debating and scrupling as to what Acts and Ordinances (of his Highness and Council) are to be confirmed.

Finally, however, on Friday, 1st of May, the Petition and Advice is again all ready; and the Committee of Ninety-nine wait upon his Highness with it,[2] — who answers briefly, "speaking very low," That the things are weighty, and will require meditation; that he cannot just at present say On what day he will meet them to give his final answer, but will so soon as possible appoint a day.

So that the Kingship remains yet a great mystery! "By the generality" it is understood that he will accept it. But to the generality, and to us, the interior consultations and slow-formed resolutions of his Highness remain and must remain entirely obscure. We can well believe with Ludlow, sulkily breathing the air in Essex, who is incorrect as to various details, That in general a portion of the Army were found averse to the Title; a more considerable portion than the Title was worth. Whereupon, "for the present," as Bulstrode indicates, "his Highness did decide to" — in fact speak as follows.

SPEECH XIV.

Banqueting-House, Whitehall, Friday forenoon, 8th May, 1657, the Parliament in a body once more attends his Highness; receives at length a final Answer as to this immense matter of the Kingship. Which the reader shall now hear, and so have done with it.

[1] Dryasdust knows a little piece of Archæology: How "piccadillies" (*quasi* Spanish *pecadillos*, or *little-sins*, a kind of notched linen-tippet) used to be sold in a certain shop there; whence, &c. &c.

[2] Burton, ii. 101.

The Whitlocke Committee of Ninety-nine had, by appointment, waited on his Highness yesterday, Thursday, May 7th; gave him "a Paper," — some farther last-touches added to their ultimate painfully revised edition of the Petition and Advice, wherein all his Highness's suggestions are now, as much as possible, fulfilled; — and were in hopes to get some intimation of his Highness's final Answer then. Highness, "sorry to have kept them so long," requested they would come back next morning. Next morning, Friday morning: "We have been there; his Highness will see you all in the Banqueting-House even now."[1] Let us shoulder our Mace, then, and go. — "Petition of certain Officers," that Petition which Ludlow[2] in a vague erroneous manner represents to have been the turning-point of the business, is just "at the door:" we receive it, leave it on the table, and go. And now hear his Highness.

"Mr. Speaker, — I come hither to answer That that was in your last Paper to your Committee you sent to me [yesterday]; which was in relation to the Desires that were offered me by the House in That they called their Petition.

"I confess, that Business hath put the House, the Parliament, to a great deal of trouble, and spent much time.[3] I am very sorry for that. It hath cost me some [too], and some thoughts: and because I have been the unhappy occasion of the expense of so much time, I shall spend little of it now.

"I have, the best I can, revolved the whole Business in my thoughts: and I have said so much already in testimony to the whole, I think I shall not need to repeat what I have said. I think it is an [Act of] Government which, in the aims of it, seeks the Settling of the Nation on a good foot, in relation to Civil Rights and Liberties, which are the Rights of the Nation. And I hope I shall never be found one of them that go about to rob the Nation of those Rights; — but [always] to

[1] Report by Whitlocke and Committee: in *Commons Journals* (8th May 1657), vii. 531.

[2] ii. 588, &c., the vague passage always cited on this occasion.

[3] 23d Feb.–8th May: ten weeks and more.

serve it what I can to the attaining of them. It has also been exceedingly well provided there for the safety and security of honest men in that great natural and religious liberty, which is Liberty of Conscience. — These are the great Fundamentals; and I must bear my testimony to them; as I have done, and shall do still, so long as God lets me live in this world: That the intentions and the things are very honorable and honest, and the product worthy of a Parliament.

"I have only had the unhappiness, both in my Conferences with your Committees, and in the best thoughts I could take to myself, not to be convinced of the necessity of that thing which hath been so often insisted on by you, — to wit, the Title of King, — as in itself so necessary as it seems to be apprehended by you. And yet I do, with all honor and respect, testify that *cæteris paribus*, no private judgment is to be in the balance with the judgment of Parliament. But in things that respect particular persons, — every man who is to give an account to God of his actions, he must in some measure be able to prove his own work, and to have an approbation in his own conscience of that which he is to do or to forbear. And whilst you are granting others Liberties, surely you will not deny *me* this; it being not only a Liberty but a Duty, and such a Duty as I cannot without sinning forbear, — to examine my own heart and thoughts and judgment, in every work which I am to set my hand to, or to appear in or for.

"I must confess therefore, though I do acknowledge all the other [points], I must be a little confident in this, That what with the circumstances which accompany human actions, — whether they be circumstances of time or persons [*Strait-laced Republican Soldiers that have just been presenting you their Petition*], whether circumstances that relate to the whole, or private and particular circumstances such as compass any person who is to render an account of his own actions, — I have truly thought, and I do still think, that, at the best, if I should do anything on this account to answer your expectation, at the best I should do it doubtingly. And certainly whatsoever is so is not of faith. And whatsoever is not so,

whatsoever is not of faith, is sin to him that doth it, — whether it be with relation to the substance of the action about which that consideration is conversant, or whether to circumstances about it [*Thin-skinned Republicans, or the like "circumstances"*], which make all indifferent actions good or evil. I say 'Circumstances' [*Yes!*]; and truly I mean 'good or evil' to him that doth it. [*Not to you Honorable Gentlemen, who have merely advised it in general.*]

"I, lying under this consideration, think it my duty— Only I could have wished I had done it sooner, for the sake of the House, who have laid such infinite obligations on me [*With a kind glance over those honorable faces; all silent as if dead, many of them with their mouths open*]; I wish I had done it sooner for your sake, and for saving time and trouble; and for the Committee's sake, to whom I must acknowledge I have been unreasonably troublesome! But truly this is my Answer, That (although I think the Act of Government doth consist of very excellent parts, in all but that one thing, of the Title as to me) I should not be an honest man, if I did not tell you that I cannot accept of the Government, nor undertake the trouble and charge of it — as to which I have a little more experimented than everybody what troubles and difficulties do befall men under such trusts and in such undertakings — [*Sentence irrecoverable*] — I say I am persuaded to return this Answer to you, That I cannot undertake this Government with the Title of King. And that is mine Answer to this great and weighty Business."[1]

And so *exeunt* Widdrington and Parliament: "Buzz, buzz! Distinct at last!" — and the huge buzzing of the public mind falls silent, that of the Kingship being now ended; — and this Editor and his readers are delivered from a very considerable weariness of the flesh.

"The Protector," says Bulstrode, "was satisfied in his pri-

[1] *Commons Journals*, vii. 533; as reported by Speaker Widdrington, on Tuesday, the 12th. Reported too in *Somers* (pp. 400, 401), but in the form of coagulated nonsense there. The *Commons Journals* give it as here, with no variation worth noticing, in the shape of sense.

vate judgment that it was fit for him to accept this Title of King, and matters were prepared in order thereunto. But afterwards, by solicitation of the Commonwealth's-men," by solicitation, representation and even denunciation from "the Commonwealth's-men" and "many Officers of the Army," he decided "to attend some better season and opportunity in the business, and refused at this time." [1] With which summary account let us rest satisfied. The secret details of the matter are dark, and are not momentous. The Lawyer-party, as we saw, were all in favor of the measure. Of the Soldier-party, Ex-Major-Generals Whalley, Goffe, Berry are in a dim way understood to have been for it; Desborow and Fleetwood strong against it; to whom Lambert, much intriguing in the interim, had at last openly joined himself.[2] Which line of conduct, so soon as it became manifest, procured him from his Highness a handsome dismissal. Dismissal from all employment; but with a retiring pension of £2,000: which mode of treatment passed into a kind of Proverb, that season; and men of wooden wit were wont to say to one another, "I will *lambertize* you." [3] The "great Lord Lambert," hitherto a very important man, now "cultivated flowers at Wimbledon;" attempted higher things, on his own footing, in a year or two, with the worst conceivable success; and in fact had at this point, to all reasonable intents, finished his public work in this world.

The rest of the Petition and Advice, so long discussed and conferenced upon, is of course accepted; [4] a much improved Frame of Government; with a Second House of Parliament; with a Chief Magistrate who is to "nominate his successor," and be King in all points except the name. News of Blake's victory at Santa Cruz reach us in these same days,[5] whereupon is Public Thanksgiving, and voting of a Jewel to General

[1] Whitlocke, p. 646.

[2] Godwin, iv. 352, 367.

[3] *Heath's Chronicle.*

[4] *Commons Journals*, vii. 358 (25th May, 1657); Whitlocke, p. 648. — See, in Appendix, No. 30, another Speech of Oliver's on the occasion; forgotten hitherto. (*Note of* 1857.)

[5] 28th May (*Commons Journals*, vii. 54; *Burton*, ii. 142).

Blake: and so, in a general tide of triumphant accordance, and outward and inward prosperity, this Second Protectorate Parliament advances to the end of its First Session.

SPEECH XV., LETTERS CCXVIII.–CCXXIV.

THE Session of Parliament is prosperously reaching its close; and during the recess there will be business enough to do. Selection of our new House of Lords; carrying on of the French League Offensive against Spain; and other weighty interests. Of which the following small documents, one short official Speech, and seven short, mostly official Letters, are all that remain to us.

SPEECH XV.

PARLIAMENT has passed some Bills; among the rest, some needful Money-Bills, Assessment of £340,000 a month on England, £6,000 on Scotland, £9,000 on Ireland;[1] to all which his Highness, with some word of thanks for the money, will now signify his assent. Unexceptionable word of thanks, accidentally preserved to us,[2] which, with the circumstances attendant thereon, we have to make conscience of reporting.

Tuesday morning, 9th June, 1657, Message comes to the Honorable House, That his Highness, in the Painted Chamber, requires their presence. They gather up their Bills; certain Money-Bills "for an assessment towards the Spanish War;" and "divers other Bills, some of public, some of more private concernment," among which latter we notice one for settling Lands in the County of Dublin on Widow Bastwick and her four children, Dr. Bastwick's widow, poor Susannah, who has long been a solicitress in this matter: these Bills the Clerk of the Commons gathers up, the Sergeant shoulders his Mace; and so, Clerk and Sergeant leading off, and Speaker Widdrington and all his Honorable Members following, the whole House

[1] *Parliamentary History*, xxi. 151; *Commons Journals*, vii. 554–557.

[2] *Commons Journals*, vii. 551, 552.

in this due order, with its Bills and apparatus, proceeds to the Painted Chamber. There, on his platform, in chair of state sits his Highness, attended by his Council and others. Speaker Widdrington at a table on the common level of the floor "finds a chair set for him, and a form for his clerk." Speaker Widdrington, hardly venturing to sit, makes a "short and pithy Speech" on the general proceedings of Parliament; presents his Bills, with probably some short and pithy words, such as suggest themselves, prefatory to each: "A few slight Bills; they are but as the grapes that precede the full vintage, may it please your Highness." His Highness in due form signifies assent; and then says: —

"Mr. Speaker, — I perceive that, among these many Acts of Parliament, there hath been a very great care had by the Parliament to provide for the just and necessary support of the Commonwealth by those Bills for the levying of Money, now brought to me, which I have given my consent unto. Understanding it hath been the practice of those who have been Chief Governors to acknowledge with thanks to the Commons their care and regard of the Public, I do very heartily and thankfully acknowledge their kindness herein." [1]

The Parliament has still some needful polishing up of its Petition and Advice, other perfecting of details to accomplish: after which it is understood there will be a new and much more solemn Inauguration of his Highness; and then the First Session will, as in a general peal of joy-bells, harmoniously close.

LETTER CCXVIII.

Official Letter of Thanks to Blake, for his Victory at Santa Cruz on the 20th April last. The "small Jewel" sent herewith is one of £500 value, gratefully voted him by the Parliament; among whom, as over England generally, there is great rejoicing on account of him. Where Blake received

[1] *Commons Journals*, vii. 552: Reported by Widdrington in the afternoon.

this Letter and Jewel we know not; but guess it may have been in the Bay of Cadiz. Along with it, "Instructions" went out to him to leave a Squadron of Fourteen Ships there, and come home with the rest of the Fleet. He died, as we said above, within sight of Plymouth, on the 7th of August following.

[*To General Blake, at Sea.*]

"WHITEHALL, 10th June, 1657.

"SIR, — I have received yours of [the 20th of April last];[1] and thereby the account of the good success it hath pleased God to give you at the Canaries, in your attempt upon the King of Spain's Ships in the Bay of Santa Cruz.

"The mercy therein, to us and this Commonwealth, is very signal; both in the loss the Enemy hath received, and also in the preservation of our [own] ships and men;[2] — which indeed was very wonderful; and according to the goodness and loving-kindness of the Lord, wherewith His People hath been followed in all these late revolutions; and doth call on our part, That we should fear before Him, and still hope in His mercy.

"We cannot but take notice also how eminently it hath pleased God to make use of you in this service; assisting you with wisdom in the conduct, and courage in the execution [thereof]; — and have sent you a small Jewel, as a testimony of our own and the Parliament's good acceptance of your carriage in this Action. We are also informed that the Officers of the Fleet, and the Seamen, carried themselves with much honesty and courage; and we are considering of a way to show our acceptance thereof. In the mean time, we desire you to return our hearty thanks and acknowledgments to them.

"Thus, beseeching the Lord to continue His presence with you, I remain,

"Your very affectionate friend

[OLIVER P.]."[3]

[1] Blank in MS.: see antea, p. 177.

[2] "50 slain outright, 150 wounded, of ours" (Burton, ii. 142).

[3] Thurloe, vi. 342. "Instructions to General Blake," of the same date, ibid.

Land-General Reynolds has gone to the French Netherlands, with six thousand men, to join Turenne in fighting the Spaniards there; and Sea-General Montague is about hoisting his flag to co-operate with him from the other element. By sea and land are many things passing; — and here in London is the loudest thing of all: not yet to be entirely omitted by us, though now it has fallen very silent in comparison. Inauguration of the Lord Protector; second and more solemn Installation of him, now that he is fully recognized by Parliament itself. He cannot yet, as it proves, be crowned King; but he shall be installed in his Protectorship with all solemnity befitting such an occasion.

Friday, 26th June, 1657. The Parliament and all the world are busy with this grand affair; the labors of the Session being now complete, the last finish being now given to our new Instrument of Government, to our elaborate Petition and Advice, we will add this topstone to the work, and so, amid the shoutings of mankind, disperse for the recess. Friday at two o'clock, "in a place prepared," duly prepared with all manner of "platforms," "cloths of state," and "seats raised one above the other," "at the upper end of Westminster Hall." Palace-yard, and London generally, is all a-tiptoe, out of doors. Within doors, Speaker Widdrington and the Master of the Ceremonies have done their best: the Judges, the Aldermen, the Parliament, the Council, the foreign Ambassadors, and domestic Dignitaries without end; chairs of state, cloths of state, trumpet-peals, and acclamations of the people — Let the reader conceive it; or read in old Pamphlets the "exact relation" of it with all the speeches and phenomena, worthier than such things usually are of being read.[1]

"His Highness standing under the Cloth of State," says Bulstrode, whose fine feelings are evidently touched by it, "the Speaker in the name of the Parliament presented to him: First, a *Robe* of purple velvet; which the Speaker,

[1] An exact Relation of the Manner of the solemn Investiture, &c. (Reprinted in *Parliamentary History*, xxi. 152–160).

assisted by Whitlocke and others, put upon his Highness. Then he" the Speaker, "delivered to him the *Bible* richly gilt and bossed," an affecting symbolic Gift: "After that, the Speaker girt the *Sword* about his Highness; and delivered into his hand the *Sceptre* of massy gold. And then, this done, he made a Speech to him on these several things presented;" eloquent mellifluous Speech, setting forth the high and true significance of these several Symbols, Speech still worth reading; to which his Highness answered in silence by dignified gesture only. "Then Mr. Speaker gave him the Oath;" and so ended, really in a solemn manner. "And Mr. Manton, by prayer, recommended his Highness, the Parliament, the Council, the Forces by land and sea, and the whole Government and People of the Three Nations, to the blessing and protection of God." — And then "the people gave several great shouts;" and "the trumpets sounded; and the Protector sat in his chair of state, holding the Sceptre in his hand:" a remarkable sight to see. "On his right sat the Ambassador of France," on his left some other Ambassador; and all round, standing or sitting, were Dignitaries of the highest quality; "and near the Earl of Warwick stood the Lord Viscount Lisle, stood General Montague and Whitlocke, each of them having a drawn sword in his hand," — a sublime sight to some of us![1]

And so this Solemnity transacts itself; — which at the moment was solemn enough; and is not yet, at this or any hollowest moment of Human History, intrinsically altogether other. A really dignified and veritable piece of Symbolism; perhaps the last we hitherto, in these quack-ridden histrionic ages, have been privileged to see on such an occasion. — The Parliament is prorogued till the 20th of January next; the new House of Lords, and much else, shall be got ready in the interim.

[1] Whitlocke, p. 661.

LETTER CCXIX.

Sea-General Montague, whom we saw standing with drawn sword beside the chair of state, is now about proceeding to co-operate with Land-General Reynolds, on the despatch of real business.

"*For General Montague, on board the Naseby, in the Downs.*

"Whitehall, 11th August, 1657.

"Sir, — You having desired by several Letters to know our mind concerning your weighing anchor and sailing with the Fleet out of the Downs, we have thought fit to let you know, That we do very well approve thereof, and that you do cruise up and down in the Channel, in such places as you shall judge most convenient, taking care of the safety, interest and honor of the Commonwealth. I remain,

"Your very loving friend

[Oliver P.]."[1]

Under the wax of the Commonwealth Seal, Montague has written, *His Highness's letter, Aug^st^ 11, 1657, to comand mee to sayle.*

LETTER CCXX.

"*For my loving Friend John Dunch, Esquire.*

"[Hampton Court,] 27th August, 1657.

"Sir, — I desire to speak with you; and hearing a report from Hursley that you were going to your Father's in Berkshire, I send this express to you, desiring you to come to me at Hampton Court.

"With my respects to your Father,[2] — I rest,

"Your loving friend,

"Oliver P."[3]

[1] *Cromwelliana*, p. 168: "Original Letter, in the possession of Thomas Lister Parker, Esq.," is now (1846) in the British Museum (Additional Ayscough MSS. no. 12,098). Only the Signature is Oliver's, — tragically physiognomic: — in letters long, thin, singularly straight in direction, but all notched and tremulous.

[2] Father-in-law, Mayor.

[3] Harris, p. 515.

This is the John Dunch of Pusey; married, as we saw, to Mayor's younger Daughter, the Sister-in-law to Richard Cromwell: the Collector for us of those Seventeen Pusey Letters; of which we have here read the last. He is of the present Parliament, was of the former; seems to be enjoying his recess, travelling about in the Autumn Sun of those old days, — and vanishes from History at this point, in the private apartments of Hampton Court.

LETTER CCXXI.

General Montague, after a fortnight's cruising, has touched at the Downs again, "28th August, wind at S.S.W.," being in want of some instruction on a matter that has risen.[1] "A Flushinger," namely, "has come into St. Maloes; said to have twenty-five ton of silver in her;" a Flushinger there, and "six other Dutch Ships" hovering in the distance; which are thought to be carrying silver and stores for the Spaniards. Montague has sent Frigates to search them, to seize the very bullion if it be Spanish; but wishes fresh authority, in case of accident.

[*For General Montague, on board the Naseby, in the Downs.*]

"Hampton Court, 30th August, 1657.

"Sir, — The Secretary hath communicated to us your Letter of the 28th instant; by which you acquaint him with the directions you have given for the searching of a Flushinger and other Dutch Ships, which, as you are informed, have bullion and other goods aboard them belonging to the Spaniard, the declared Enemy of this State.

"There is no question to be made but what you have directed therein is agreeable both to the Laws of Nations and [to] the particular Treaties which are between this Commonwealth and the United Provinces. And therefore we desire you to con-

[1] His Letter to Secretary Thurloe (*Thurloe*, vi. 489).

tinue the said direction, and to require the Captains to be careful in doing their duty therein.

"Your very loving friend,

"OLIVER P." [1]

LETTER CCXXII.

BY the new and closer Treaty signed with France in March last,[2] for assaulting the Spanish Power in the Netherlands, it was stipulated that the French King should contribute twenty thousand men, and the Lord Protector six thousand, with a sufficient Fleet; which combined forces were straightway to set about reducing the three Coast Towns, Gravelines, Mardike and Dunkirk; the former when reduced to belong to France, the two latter to England; if the former should chance to be the first reduced, it was then to be given up to England, and held as cautionary till the other two were got. Mardike and Dunkirk, these were what Oliver expected to gain by this adventure. One or both of which strong Haven-towns would naturally be very useful to him, connected with the Continent as he was, — continually menaced with Royalist Invasion from that quarter; and struggling, as the aim of his whole Foreign Policy was, to unite Protestant Europe with England in one great effectual league.[3] Such was the French Treaty of the 23d of March last.

Oliver's part of the bargain was promptly and faithfully fulfilled. Six thousand well-appointed men, under Commissary-General Reynolds, were landed, "in new red coats," [4] "near Boulogne, on the 13th and 14th days of May" last; and a Fleet under Montague, as we observe, sufficient to command those seas, and prevent all relief by ships in any Siege, is actually cruising there. Young Louis Fourteenth came down to the Coast to see the English Troops reviewed; expressed his

[1] Thurloe, vi. 489.

[2] 23d March, 1656–7: Authorities in Godwin (iv. 540–543).

[3] *Foreign Affairs in the Protector's Time* (in *Somers Tracts*, vi. 329–339), by some ancient anonymous man of sense, is worth reading.

[4] Antea, vol. xvii. p. 152; vol. xviii. p. 87.

joy and admiration over them; — and has set them, the Cardinal and he have set them, to assault the Spanish Power in the Netherlands by a plan of their own! To reduce not "Gravelines, Mardike and Dunkirk," on the Coast, as the Treaty has it, but Montmédi, Cambray, and I know not what in the Interior; — the Cardinal doubling and shuffling, and by all means putting off the attack of any place whatever on the Coast! With which arrangement Oliver Protector's dissatisfaction has at length reached a crisis; and he now writes, twice on the same day, to his Ambassador, To signify peremptorily that the same must terminate.

Of "Sir William Lockhart, our Ambassador in France" in these years, there were much more to be said than we have room for here. A man of distinguished qualities, of manifold adventures and employments; whose Biography, if he could find any Biographer with real industry instead of sham industry, and above all things with human *eyes* instead of pedant *spectacles*, might still be worth writing in brief compass.[1] He is Scotch; of the "Lockharts of Lee" in Lanarkshire; has been in many wars and businesses abroad and at home; — was in *Hamilton's Engagement*, for one thing; and accompanied Dugald Dalgetty or Sir James Turner in those disastrous days and nights at Preston,[2] though only as a common Colonel then, and not noticed by anybody. In the next Scotch War he received affronts from the Covenanted King; remained angrily at home, did not go to Worcester or elsewhither. The Covenanted King having vanished, and Lockhart's connections being Presbyterian-Royalist, there was little outlook for him now in Scotland, or Britain; and he had resolved on trying France again. He came accordingly to London, seeking leave from the Authorities; had an interview with Oliver, now

[1] Noble (ii. 233–273) has reproduced, probably with new errors, certain MS. "Family Memoirs" of this Lockhart, which are everywhere very vague, and in passages (that of Dunkirk, for example) quite *mythological*. Lockhart's own Letters are his best Memorial; — for the present drowned, with so much else, in the deep slumber-lakes of *Thurloe;* with or without chance of recovery.

[2] Antea, vol. xvii. p. 333.

newly made Protector, — who read the worth of him, saw the uses of him, advised him to continue where he was.

He did continue; married "Miss Robina Sewster," a Huntingdonshire lady, the Protector's Niece, to whom, in her girlhood, we once promised "a distinguished husband;" [1] has been our Ambassador in France near two years now; [2] — does diplomatic, warlike, and whatever work comes before him, in an effectual and manful manner. It is thought by judges, that, in Lockhart, the Lord Protector had the best Ambassador of that age. Nay, in spite of all considerations, his merits procured him afterwards a similar employment in Charles Second's time. We must here cease speaking of him; recommend him to some diligent succinct Biographer of insight, should such a one, by unexpected favor of the Destinies, turn up.

[*To Sir William Lockhart, our Ambassador in France.*] [3]

"Whitehall, 31st August, 1657.

"Sir, — I have seen your last Letter to Mr. Secretary, as also divers others: and although I have no doubt either of your diligence or ability to serve us in so great a Business, yet I am deeply sensible that the French are very much short with us in ingenuousness [4] and performance. And that which increaseth our sense [of this] is, The resolution we [for our part] had, rather to overdo than to be behindhand in anything of our Treaty. And although we never were so foolish [as] to apprehend that the French and their interests were the same with ours in all things; yet as to the Spaniard, who hath been known in all ages to be the most implacable enemy that France hath, — we never could doubt, before we made our Treaty, that, going upon such grounds, we should have been failed [towards] as we are!

[1] Antea, vol. xvii. p. 254. — "Married, 22 Feb. 1654, William Lockhart, Esq. and Robina Sewster, spinster, both of this Parish." (*Register of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London.*)

[2] Since 30th December, 1655 ("Family Memoirs" in *Noble*, ii. 244).

[3] Now with the Court at Peronne (Thurloe, vi. 482, 487); soon after at Paris (ib. 496).

[4] "ingenuity," as usual, in orig.

"To talk of 'giving us Garrisons' which are *inland*, as Caution for future action; to talk of 'what will be done next Campaign,' — are but parcels of words for children. If they will give us Garrisons, let them give us Calais, Dieppe and Boulogne; — which I think they will do *as* soon as be honest in their words in giving us any one Spanish Garrison upon the coast into our hands! I positively think, which I say to you, they are afraid we should have any footing on that side [of the Water], though Spanish.

"I pray you tell the Cardinal from me, That I think, if France desires to maintain its ground, much more to *get* ground upon the Spaniard, the performance of his Treaty with us will better do it than anything appears yet to me of any Design he hath! — Though we cannot so well pretend to soldiery as those that are with him; yet we think that, we being able by sea to strengthen and secure his Siege, and [to] reinforce it as we please by sea, and the Enemy [being] in capacity to do nothing to relieve it, — the best time to besiege that Place will be *now*. Especially if we consider that the French horse will be able so to ruin Flanders as that no succor can be brought to relieve the place; and that the French Army and our own will have constant relief, as far as England and France can give it, without any manner of impediment, — especially considering the Dutch are now engaged so much to Southward [1] as they are.

"I desire you to let him know That Englishmen have had so good experience of Winter expeditions, they are confident, if the Spaniard shall keep the field, As he cannot impede this work, so neither will he be able to attack anything towards France with a possibility of retreat.[2] And what do all *delays* signify but [even this]: The giving the Spaniard opportunity so much the more to reinforce himself; and the keeping our men another Summer to serve the French, without any color of a reciprocal, or any advantage to ourselves! —

[1] Spain-ward: so much inclined to help the Spaniard, if Montague would let them; a thing worth Mazarin's consideration too, though it comes in irregularly here!

[2] You may cut off his retreat, if he venture that way.

"And therefore if this will not be listened unto, I desire that things may be considered of To give us satisfaction for the great expense we have been at with our Naval Forces and otherwise; which out of an honorable and honest aim on our part hath been incurred, thereby to answer the Engagements we had made. And [in fine] That consideration may be had how our Men may be put into a position to be returned to us; — whom we hope we shall employ to a better purpose than to have them continue where they are.

"I desire we may know what France saith, and will do, upon this point. We shall be ready still, as the Lord shall assist us, to perform what can be reasonably expected on our part. And you may also let the Cardinal know farther, That our intentions, as they have been, will be to do all the good offices we can to promote the Interest common to us.[1]

"Apprehending it is of moment that this Business should come to you with speed and surety, we have sent it by an Express.

"Your very loving friend,

"OLIVER P."[2]

LETTER CCXXIII.

SAME date, same parties; an afterthought, by the same express.

[*To Sir William Lockhart, our Ambassador in France.*]

"WHITEHALL, 31st August, 1657.

"SIR, — We desire, having written to you as we have, that the Design be *Dunkirk* rather than Gravelines; and much *more* that it be: — but one of them rather than fail.

"We shall not be wanting, To send over, at the French charge, Two of our old regiments, and two thousand foot more, if need be, — if Dunkirk be the design.[3] Believing

[1] "thereof" in orig.

[2] Thurloe, vi. 490.

[3] Gravelines is to belong to *them;* Dunkirk to *us:* Dunkirk will be much preferable.

that if the Army be well entrenched, and if La Ferté's Foot be added to it, we shall be able to give liberty to the greatest part of the French Cavalry to have an eye to the Spaniard, — leaving but convenient numbers to stand by the Foot.

"And because this action will probably divert the Spaniard from assisting Charles Stuart in any attempt upon us, you may be assured that, if reality may with any reason be expected from the French, we shall do all reason on our part. But if indeed the French be so false to us as that they would not have us *have* any footing on that side the Water, — then, I desire, as in our other Letter to you, That all things may be done in order to the giving us satisfaction [for our expense incurred], and to the drawing off of our Men.

"And truly, Sir, I desire you to take boldness and freedom to yourself in your dealing with the French on these accounts.

"Your loving friend,

"OLIVER P."[1]

This Letter naturally had its effect: indeed there goes a witty sneer in France, "The Cardinal is more afraid of Oliver than of the Devil;" — he ought indeed to fear the Devil much more, but Oliver is the palpabler Entity of the two! Mardike was besieged straightway; girt by sea and land, and the great guns opened "on the 21st day of September" next: Mardike was taken before September ended; and due delivery to our General was had of Mardike. The place was in a weak state; but by sea and land all hands were now busy fortifying and securing it.

LETTER CCXXIV.

HERE has an old dim Letter lately turned up, — communicated, for new editions, by the distinguished General Montague's Descendant, — which evidently relates to this operation. Resuscitated from its dim Archives, it falls with ready fitness

[1] Thurloe, vi. 489.

into rank here; kindling the old dead Books into pleasant momentary light and wakefulness at this point, and sufficiently illuminating itself also thereby. A curious meeting, one of those curious meetings, of old Letterpress now forgotten with old Manuscript never known till now, such as occasionally cheer the learned mind! — Of "Denokson," clearly some Dutch Vauban, or war *timmerman* on the great scale; of him, or of "Colonel Clerke," whom I take to be a Sea-Colonel mainly, the reader needs no commentary; — and is to understand withal that their hasty work was got accomplished, and Mardike put in some kind of fencible condition.

"*For General Montague, on board the London, before Dunkirk: These.*

"WHITEHALL, 2d October, 1657.

"SIR, — This Bearer, Christian Denokson, I have sent to you, — being a very good artist, especially in wooden works, — to view the Great Fort and the Wooden Fort, in order to the farther strengthening of them.

"I hope he is very able to make the Wooden Fort as strong as it is capable to be made; which I judge very desirable to be done with all speed. I desire you will direct him in this view; and afterwards speak with him about it, that upon his return I may have a very particular account about what is fit to be done, and what Timber will be necessary to be provided. I have written also to Colonel Clerke, the Governor of the Fort, about it. I pray, when he has finished his view, that you will hasten him back. I rest,

"Your very affectionate friend,

"OLIVER P."[1]

An attempt to retake Mardike, by scalado or surprisal from the Dunkirk side, was made, some three weeks hence, by Don John with a great Spanish Force, among which his Ex-Royal Highness the Duke of York, with Four English-Irish emigrant

[1] Original in the possession of the Earl of Sandwich, at Hinchinbrook (February, 1849). Only the Signature is Oliver's; hand, as before, "very shaky."

Regiments he has now got raised for him on Spanish pay, was duly conspicuous; but it did not succeed; it amounted only to a night of unspeakable tumult; to much expenditure of shot on all sides, and of life on his Royal Highness's and Don John's side, — Montague pouring death-fire on them from his ships too, and "four great flaming links at the corners of Mardike Tower" warning Montague not to aim *thitherward;* — and "the dead were carried off in carts before sunrise." [1]

Let us add here, that Dunkirk, after gallant service shown by the six thousand, and brilliant fighting and victory on the sandhills, was also got, next summer; [2] Lockhart himself now commanding there, poor Reynolds having perished at sea. Dunkirk too remained an English Garrison, much prized by England; till, in very altered times, his now Restored Majesty saw good to sell it, and the loyalest men had to make their comparisons. — On the whole, we may say this Expedition to the Netherlands was a successful one; the six thousand, "immortal six thousand" as some call them,[3] gained what they were sent for, and much glory over and above.

These Mardike-and-Dunkirk Letters are among the last Letters left to us of Oliver Cromwell's: — Oliver's great heroic Day's-work, and the small unheroic pious one of Oliver's Editor, is drawing to a close! But in the same hours, 31st August, 1657, while Oliver wrote so to Lockhart, — let us still spare a corner for recording it, — John Lilburn, Freeborn John, or alas only the empty *Case* of John, was getting buried; still in a noisy manner! Noisy John, set free from many prisons, had been living about Eltham lately, in a state of Quakerism, or Quasi-Quakerism. Here is the clipping from the old Newspaper:

"*Monday, 31st August,* 1657. Mr. John Lilburn, commonly known by the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn, dying on Saturday at Eltham, was this morning removed thence to London; and his corpse conveyed to the House called the

[1] 22d October (*Heath's Chronicle*, p. 727; Carte's *Ormond*, ii. 175).

[2] 13th June, 1658, the fight; 15th June, the surrender; 24th, the delivery to Lockhart (Thurloe, vii. 155, 173, &c.). Clarendon, iii. 853–858.

[3] Sir William Temple, *Memoirs*, Part iii. 154 (cited by Godwin, iv. 547).

Mouth," old, still extant *Bull-and-Mouth* Inn, "at Aldersgate, — which is the usual meeting-place of the people called Quakers, to whom, it seems, he had lately joined in opinion. At this place, in the afternoon, there assembled a medley of people; among whom the Quakers were most eminent for number: and within the house a controversy was, Whether the ceremony of a hearse-cloth [pall] should be cast over his coffin? But the major part, being Quakers, would not assent; so the coffin was, about five o'clock in the evening, brought forth into the street. At its coming out, there stood a man on purpose to cast a velvet hearse-cloth over the coffin; and he endeavored to do it: but the crowd of Quakers would not permit him; and having gotten the body upon their shoulders, they carried it away without farther ceremony; and the whole company conducted it into Moorfields, and thence to the new Church-yard adjoining to Bedlam, where it lieth interred."[1]

One noisy element, then, is out of this world: — another is fast going. Frantic-Anabaptist Sexby, over here once more on Insurrectionary business, scheming out a new Invasion of the Charles-Stuart Spaniards and English-Irish Regiments, and just lifting anchor for Flanders again, was seized "in the Ship *Hope*, in a mean habit, disguised like a countryman, and his face much altered by an overgrown beard;" — before the Ship *Hope* could get under weigh, about a month ago.[2] Bushy-bearded Sexby, after due examination by his Highness, has been lodged in the Tower; where his mind falls into a very unsettled state. In October next he volunteers a confession; goes mad; and in the January following dies,[3] and to his own relief and ours disappears, — poor Sexby.

Sexby, like the Stormy Petrel, indicates that new Royalist-Anabaptist tumult is a-brewing. "They are as the waves of the Sea, they cannot rest; they must stir up mire and dirt," — it is the lot appointed them! In fact, the grand Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasion is again on the anvil; and they will try it, this year, even without the Preface of Assassination.

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 168).

[2] 24th July (Newspapers, in *Cromwelliana*, p. 167).

[3] Ibid. pp. 169, 170.

New troubles are hoped from this new Session of Parliament, which begins in January. The "Excluded Members" are to be readmitted then; there is to be a "Second House:" who knows what possibilities of trouble! A new Parliament is always the signal for new Royalist attempts; even as the Moon to waves of the sea: but we hope his Highness will be prepared for them! —

Wednesday, 11th November, 1657. "This day," say the old Newspapers, "the most Illustrious Lady, the Lady Frances Cromwell, youngest Daughter of his Highness the Lord Protector, was married to the most noble Gentleman Mr. Robert Rich, Son of the Lord Rich, Grandchild of the Earl of Warwick and of the Countess-Dowager of Devonshire; in the presence of their Highnesses, and of his Grandfather, and Father, and the said Countess, with many other persons of high honor and quality." At Whitehall, this blessed Wednesday; all difficulties now overcome; — which we are glad to hear of, "though our friends truly were very few!" — And on the Thursday of next week follows, at Hampton Court, the Lady Mary's own wedding.[1] Wedding "to the most noble lord, the Lord Fauconberg," lately returned from his Travels in foreign parts: a Bellasis, of the Yorkshire kindred so named, — which was once very high in Royalism, but is now making other connections. For the rest, a brilliant, ingenuous and hopeful young man, "in my opinion a person of extraordinary parts;"[2] of whom his Highness has made due investigation, and finds that it may answer.

And now for the new Session of Parliament, which assembles in January next: the Second Session of Parliament, and indeed the last of this and of them all!

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 169).

[2] Lockhart's report of him to Thurloe, after an interview at Paris, as ordered on Fauconberg's return homeward, 21st March, 1657 (Thurloe, vi. 134, 125).

SPEECHES XVI.–XVIII., LETTER CCXXV.

The First Session of this Parliament closed, last June, under such auspicious circumstances as we saw; leaving the People and the Lord Protector in the comfortable understanding that there was now a Settlement arrived at, a Government possible by Law; that irregular exercises of Authority, Major-Generals and such like, would not be needed henceforth for saving of the Commonwealth. Our Public Affairs, in the Netherlands and elsewhere, have prospered in the interim; nothing has misgone. Why should not this Second Session be as successful as the First was? — Alas, success, especially on such a basis as the humors and parliamentary talkings and self-developments of four hundred men, is very uncertain! And indeed this Second Session meets now under conditions somewhat altered.

For one thing, there is to be a new House of Lords: we know not how that may answer! For another thing, it is not now permissible to stop our Haselrigs, Scotts and Ashley Coopers at the threshold of the Parliament, and say, Ye shall not enter: if they choose to take the Oath prescribed by this new Instrument, they have power to enter, and only the Parliament itself can reject them. These, in this Second Session, are new elements; on which as we have seen, the generation of Plotters are already speculating; on which naturally his Highness too has his anxieties. His Highness, we find, as heretofore, struggles to *do* his best and wisest, not yielding much to anxieties: but the result is, this Session proved entirely unsuccessful; perhaps the unsuccessfulest of all Sessions or Parliaments on record hitherto! —

The new House of Lords was certainly a rather questionable adventure. You do not improvise a Peerage: — no, his Highness is well aware of that! Nevertheless "somewhat to stand between me and the House of Commons" has seemed a thing

desirable, a thing to be decided on: and this new House of Lords, this will be a "somewhat," — the best that can be had in present circumstances. Very weak and small as yet, like a tree new-planted; but very certain to grow stronger, if it have real life in it, if there be in the nature of things a real necessity for it. Plant it, try it, this new Puritan Oliverian Peerage-of-Fact, such as it has been given us. The old Peerage-of-Descent, with its thousand years of strength, — what of the old Peerage has Puritan sincerity, and manhood and marrow in its bones, will, in the course of years, rally round an Oliver and his new Peerage-of-Fact, — as it is already, by many symptoms, showing a tendency to do. If the Heavens ordain that Oliver continue and succeed as hitherto, undoubtedly his new Peerage may succeed along with him, and gather to it whatever of the Old is worth gathering. In the mean while it has been enacted by the Parliament and him; his part is now, To put it in effect the best he can.

The List of Oliver's Lords can be read in many Books;[1] but issuing as that matter did, it need not detain us here. Puritan Men of Eminence, such as the Time had yielded: Skippon, Desborow, Whalley, Pride, Hewson, these are what we may call the *Napoleon-Marshals* of the business: Whitlocke, Haselrig, Lenthall, Maynard, old Francis Rouse, Scotch Warriston, Lockhart; Notabilities of Parliament, of Religious Politics, or Law. Montague, Howard are there; the Earls of Manchester, Warwick, Mulgrave — some six Peers; of whom only one, the Lord Eure from Yorkshire, would, for the present, take his seat. The rest of the six as yet stood aloof; even Warwick, as near as he was to the Lord Protector, could not think[2] of sitting with such a Napoleon-Marshal as Major-General Hewson, who, men say, started as a Shoemaker in early life. Yes; in that low figure did Hewson start; and has had to fight every inch of his way up hitherward, doing manifold

[1] Complete, in *Parliamentary History*, xxi. 167–169: incomplete, with angry contemporary glosses to each Name, which are sometimes curious, in *Harleian Miscellany*, vi. 460–471. An old Copy of the official *Summons* to these Lords is in Additional Ayscough MSS. no. 3246.

[2] Ludlow, ii. 596.

victorious battle with the Devil and the World as he went along, — proving himself a bit of right good stuff, thinks the Lord Protector! You, Warwicks and others, according to what sense of manhood you may have, you can look into this Hewson, and see if you find any manhood or worth in him; — I have found some! The Protector's List, compiled under great diffieulties,[1] seems, so far as we can now read it, very unexceptionable; practical, substantial, with an eye for the New and for the Old; doing between these two, with good insight, the best it can. There were some sixty-three summoned in all; of whom some forty and upwards sat, mostly taken from the House of Commons: — the worst effect of which was, that his Highness thereby lost some forty favorable votes in that other House; which, as matters went, proved highly detrimental there.

However, Wednesday, 20th January, 1657–8, has arrived. The Excluded Members are to have readmission, — so many of them as can take the Oath according to this New Instrument. His Highness hopes if they volunteer to swear this Oath, they will endeavor to keep it; and seems to have no misgivings about them. He to govern and administer, and they to debate and legislate, in conformity with this Petition and Advice, not otherwise; this is, in word and in essence, the thing they and he have mutually with all solemnity bargained to do. It may be rationally hoped that in all misunderstandings, should such arise, some good basis of agreement will and must unfold itself between parties so related to each other. The common dangers, as his Highness knows and will in due time make known, are again imminent; Royalist Plottings once more rife, Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasion once more preparing itself.

But now the Parliament reassembling, on this Wednesday, the 20th, there begins, in the "Outer Court," since called the Lobby, an immense "administering of the Oath," the whole Parliament taking it; Six Commissioners appearing "early in the morning," with due apparatus and solemnity, minutely

[1] Thurloe, vi. 648.

described in the Journals and Old Books;[1] and then laboring till all are sworn. That is the first great step. Which done, the Commons House constitutes itself; appoints "Mr. Smythe" Clerk, instead of Scobell, who has gone to the Lords, and with whom there is continual controversy thenceforth about "surrendering of Records" and the like. In a little while (hour not named) comes Black Rod; reports that his Highness is in the Lords House, waiting for this House. Whereupon, Shoulder Mace, — yes, let us take the Mace, — and march. His Highness, somewhat indisposed in health, leaving the main burden of the exposition to Nathaniel Fiennes of the Great Seal, who is to follow him, speaks to this effect; as the authentic Commons Journals yield it for us.

SPEECH XVI.

"My Lords, and Gentlemen [of] the House of Commons:

"I meet you here in this capacity by the Advice and Petition of this present Parliament. After so much expense of blood and treasure [we are now] to search and try what blessings God hath in store for these Nations. I cannot but with gladness of heart remember and acknowledge the labor and industry that is past [your past labor], which hath been spent upon a business worthy of the best men and the best Christians. [*May it prove fruitful!*]

"It is very well known unto you all what difficulties we have passed through, and what [issue] we are now arrived at. We hope we may say we have arrived if not [altogether] at what we aimed at, yet at that which is much beyond our expectations. The nature of this Cause, and the Quarrel, what that was at the first, you all very well know; I am persuaded most of you have been actors in it: It was the maintaining of the Liberty of these Nations; our Civil Liberties as men, our Spiritual Liberties as Christians. [*Have we arrived at that?*] I shall not much look back; but rather say one word concerning the state and condition we are all now in.

[1] *Commons Journals*, vii. 578; Whitlocke, p. 666; Burton, ii. 322.

"You know very well, the first Declaration,[1] after the beginning of this War, that spake to the life, was a sense held forth by the Parliament, That for some succession of time designs had been laid to innovate upon the Civil Rights of the Nations, [and] to innovate in matters of Religion. And those very persons who, a man would have thought, should have had the least hand in meddling with Civil things, did justify them all. [*Zealous sycophant Priests, Sibthorp, Manwaring, Montagu, of the Laud fraternity: forced-loans, monopolies, ship-moneys, all Civil Tyranny was right according to them!*] All the [Civil] transactions that were, — [they justified them] in their pulpits, presses, and otherwise! Which was verily thought [had they succeeded in it] would have been a very good shelter to them, to innovate upon us in matters of Religion also. And so to innovate as to eat out the core and power and heart and life of all Religion! By bringing on us a company of poisonous Popish Ceremonies [*Somewhat animated, your Highness!*], and imposing them upon those that were accounted 'the Puritans' of the Nation, and professors of religion among us, — driving them to seek their bread in an howling wilderness! As was instanced to our friends who were forced to fly for Holland, New England, almost any-whither, to find Liberty for their Consciences.

"Now if this thing hath been the state and sum of our Quarrel, and of those Ten Years of War wherein we were exercised; and if the good hand of God, for we are to attribute it to no other, hath brought this business thus home unto us as it is now settled in the Petition and Advice, — I think we have all cause to bless God, and the Nations have all cause to bless Him. [*If we were of thankful just heart, — yea!*]

"I well remember I did a little touch upon the Eighty-fifth Psalm when I spake unto you in the beginning of this Parliament.[2] Which expresseth well what *we* may say, as truly as

[1] Declaration, 2d August, 1642, went through the Lords House that day; it is in *Parliamentary History*, vi. 350. A thing of audacity reckoned almost impious at the time (see D'Ewes's MS. Journal, 23d July); corresponds in purport to what is said of it here.

[2] Antea, Speech VI., p. 117.

it was said of old by the Penman of that Psalm! The first verse is an acknowledgment to God that He 'had been favorable unto His land,' and 'brought back the captivity of His people; and [then] how that He had pardoned all their iniquities and covered all their sin, and taken away all His wrath;' — and indeed of these unspeakable mercies, blessings, and deliverances out of captivity, pardoning of national sins and national iniquities. Pardoning, as God pardoneth the man whom He justifieth! He breaks through, and overlooks iniquity; and pardoneth because He will pardon. And sometimes God pardoneth Nations also! — And if the enjoyment of our present Peace and other mercies may be witnesses for God [to *us*], — we feel and we see them every day.

"The greatest demonstration of His favor and love appears to us in this: That He hath given us *Peace;* — and the blessings of Peace, to wit, the enjoyment of our Liberties civil and spiritual! [*Were not our prayers, and struggles, and deadly wrestlings, all even for this;* — *and we in some measure have it!*] And I remember well, the Church [in that same Eighty-fifth Psalm] falls into prayer and into praises, great expectations of future mercies, and much thankfulness for the enjoyment of present mercies; and breaks into this expression: 'Surely salvation is nigh unto them that fear Him; that glory may dwell in our land.' In the beginning it is called His land; 'Thou hast been favorable to Thy land.' Truly I hope this is His land! In some sense it may be given out that it *is* God's land. And he that hath the weakest knowledge, and the worst memory, can easily tell that we are 'a Redeemed People,' — [from the time] when God was first pleased to look favorably upon us [to redeem us] out of the hands of Popery, in that never to be forgotten Reformation, that most significant and greatest [mercy] the Nation hath felt or tasted! I would but touch upon that, — but a touch: How God hath redeemed us, as we stand this day! Not from trouble and sorrow and anger only, but into a blessed and happy estate and condition, comprehensive of all Interests, of every member, of every individual; — [an imparting to *us*] of those mercies [there spoken of], as you very well see!

"And then in what sense it is 'our Land;' — through this grace and favor of God, That He hath vouchsafed unto us and bestowed upon us, with the Gospel, Peace, and rest out of Ten Years' War; and given us what we would desire! Nay, who could have forethought, when we were plunged into the midst of our troubles, That ever the people of God should have had liberty to worship God without fear of enemies? [*Strange: this "liberty" is to Oliver Cromwell a blessing almost too great for belief; to us it has become as common as the liberty to breathe atmospheric air, — a liberty not once worth thinking of. It is the way with all attainments and conquests in this world. Do I think of Cadmus, or the old unknown Orientals, while I write with* LETTERS? *The world is built upon the mere dust of Heroes: once earnest-wrestling, death-defying, prodigal of their blood; who now sleep well, forgotten by all their heirs. — "Without fear of enemies," he says*] Which is the very acknowledgment of the Promise of Christ that 'He would deliver His from the fear of enemies, that they might worship Him in holiness and in righteousness all the days of their life.'

"This is the portion that God hath given *us;* and I trust we shall forever heartily acknowledge it! — The Church goes on there [in that Psalm], and makes her boast yet farther; 'His salvation is nigh them that fear Him, that glory may dwell in our land.' *His* glory; not carnal, nor anything related thereto: this glory of a Free Possession of the Gospel; this is that which we may glory in! [*Beautiful, thou noble soul! — And very strange to see such things in the Journals of the English House of Commons. O Heavens, into what oblivion of the Highest have stupid, canting, cotton-spinning, partridge-shooting mortals fallen, since that January,* 1658!] And it is said farther, 'Mercy and Truth are met together; Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other.' And [note], it shall be such righteousness as comes down from Heaven: 'Truth shall grow out of the Earth, and Righteousness shall come down from Heaven.' Here is the Truth of all [truths]; here is the righteousness of God, under the notion of righteousness confirming *our* abilities, — answerable to the truth which He hath in the Gospel revealed to us! [*According to Calvin and Paul.*]

And the Psalm closeth with this: 'Righteousness shall go before Him, and shall set us in the way of His steps;' — that righteousness, that mercy, that love, and that kindness which we have seen, and been made partakers of from the Lord, *it* shall be our Guide, to teach us to know the right and the good way; which is, To tread in the steps of mercy, righteousness and goodness that our God hath walked before us in. —

"We [too] have a Peace this day! I believe in my very heart, you all think the things that I speak to you this day. I am sure you have cause.

"And yet we are not without the murmurings of many people, who turn all this grace and goodness into wormwood; who indeed are disappointed by the works of God. And those men are of several ranks and conditions; great ones, lesser ones, — of all sorts. Men that are of the Episcopal spirit, with all the branches, the root and the branches; — who gave themselves a fatal blow in this Place,[1] when they would needs make a 'Protestation that no Laws were good, which were made by this House and the House of Commons in *their* absence;' and so without injury to others cut themselves off! [Men of an Episcopal spirit:] indeed men that know not God; that know not how to account upon the works of God, how to measure them out; but will trouble Nations for an Interest which is but *mixed*, at the best, — made up of iron and clay, like the feet of Nebuchadnezzar's Image: whether they were more Civil or Spiritual was hard to say. But their continuance was like to be known beforehand [*Yes, your Highness!*]; iron and clay make no good mixtures, they are not durable at all! —

"You have now a godly Ministry; you have a knowing Ministry; such a one as, without vanity be it spoken, the world has not. Men knowing the things of God, and able to search into the things of God, — by that only which can fathom those things in some measure. The spirit of a beast knows not the things of a man; nor doth the spirit of man know the

[1] In this same House of Lords, on the 10th of December, 1641. Busy Williams the Lincoln Decoy-duck, with his Eleven too hasty Bishops, leading the way in that suicide. (Antea, vol. xvii. p. 118.)

things of God! 'The things of God are known *by the Spirit.*'[1] — Truly I will remember but one thing of those [the misguided persons now cast out from us]: Their greatest persecution hath been of the People of God; — men really of the spirit of God, as I think very experience hath now sufficiently demonstrated! —

"But what 's the reason, think you, that men slip in this age wherein we live? As I told you before, they understand not the works of God. They consider not the operation of His Laws. They consider not that God resisted and broke in pieces the Powers that were, that men might fear Him; — might have liberty to do and enjoy all that that we have been speaking of! Which certainly God has manifested to have been the end; and so hath He brought the things to pass! *Therefore* it is that men yet slip, and engage themselves against God. And for that very cause, saith David (*Psalm Twenty-eighth*), 'He shall break them down, and not build them up!'

"If, therefore, you would know upon what foundation you stand, own your foundation [to be] from God. He hath set you where you are: He hath set you in the enjoyment of your Civil and Spiritual Liberties.

"I deal clearly with you,[2] I have been under some infirmity [*His Highness still looks unwell*]; therefore dare not speak farther to you; — except to let you know thus much, That I have with truth and simplicity declared the state of our Cause, and our attainments in it by the industry and labor of this Parliament since they last met upon this foundation — You shall find I mean, Foundation of a Cause and Quarrel thus attained to, wherein we are thus estated.[3] I should be very glad to lay my bones with yours [*What a tone!*]; — and would have done it, with all heartiness and cheerfulness, in the meanest capacity I ever yet was in, to serve the Parliament.

"If God give you, as I trust He will, — ["*His blessing*"

[1] 1 Corinthians ii. 11. [2] Means "Give me leave to say."

[3] This Parliament's "foundation," the ground *this* Parliament took its stand upon, was a recognition that our Cause had been so and so, that our "attainment" and "estate" in it were so and so; hence their *Petition and Advice*, and other very salutary labors.

or "strength:" but the Sentence is gone.] — He *hath* given it you, for what have I been speaking of but what you have done? He hath given you strength to do what you have done! And if God should bless you in this work, and make this Meeting happy on this account, you shall all be called the Blessed of the Lord. [*Poor Oliver!*] — The generations to come will bless us. You shall be the 'repairers of breaches, and the restorers of paths to dwell in!'[1] and if there be any higher work which mortals can attain unto in the world, beyond this, I acknowledge my ignorance [of it].

"As I told you, I have some infirmities upon me. I have not liberty to speak more unto you; but I have desired an Honorable Person here by me — [*Glancing towards Nathaniel Fiennes, him with the Purse and Seal*] to discourse, a little more particularly, what may be more proper for this occasion and this meeting."[2]

Nathaniel Fiennes follows in a long high-flown, ingenious Discourse,[3] characterized by Dryasdust, in his Parliamentary History and other Works, as false, canting, and little less than insane; for which the Anti-dryasdust reader has by this time learned to forgive that fatal Doctor of Darkness. Fiennes's Speech is easily recognizable, across its Calvinistic dialect, as full of sense and strength; broad manful thought and clear insight, couched in a gorgeous figurative style, which a friendly judge might almost call poetic. It is the first time we thoroughly forgive the Honorable Nathaniel for surrendering Bristol to Prince Rupert long ago; and rejoice that Prynne and Independency Walker did not get him shot, by Court-Martial, on that occasion.

Nathaniel compares the present state of England to the rising of Cosmos out of Chaos as recorded in *Genesis:* Two "firmaments" are made, two separate Houses of Parliament; much is made, but much yet remains to be made. He is full

[1] Isaiah lviii. 12.

[2] *Commons Journals*, vii. 579: that is the Original, — reported by Widdrington next day. *Burton* (ii. 322), *Parliamentary History* (xxi. 170), are copies.

[3] Reported, *Commons Journals*, vii. 582–587, Monday, 25th Jan. 1657–8.

of figurative ingenuity: full of resolution, of tolerance, of discretion, and various other good qualities not very rife in the world. "What shall be done to our Sister that hath no breasts?" he asks, in the language of Solomon's Song. What shall we do with those good men, friends to our Cause, who yet reject us, and sit at home on their estates? We will soothe them, we will submit to them, we will in all ways invite them to us. Our little Sister, — "if she be a wall, we will build a palace of silver upon her; if she be a door, we will enclose her with boards of cedar:" — our little Sister shall not be estranged from us, if it please God! —

There is, in truth, need enough of unanimity at present. One of these days, there came a man riding jogtrot through Stratford-at-the-Bow, with "a green glazed cover over his hat," a "nightcap under it," and "his valise behind him;" a rustic-looking man; recognizable to *us*, amid the vanished populations who take no notice of him as he jogs along there, — for the Duke of Ormond, Charles Stuart's head man! He sat up, at Colchester, the night before, "playing shuffleboard with some farmers, and drinking hot ale." He is fresh from Flanders, and the Ex-King; has arrived here to organize the Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasion, and see what Royalist Insurrection, or other domestic mischief there may be hopes of. Lodges now, "with dyed hair," in a much disguised manner, "at the house of a Papist Chirurgeon in Drury Lane;" communicating with the ringleaders here.[1]

The Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasion is again on foot, and no fable. He has Four English-Irish Regiments; the low-minded Dutch, we understand, have hired him two-and-twenty ships, which hope to escape our frigates some dark night; and Don John has promised a Spanish Army of six thousand or ten thousand, if the domestic Royalists will bestir themselves. Like the waves of the sea, that cannot rest; that have to go on throwing up mire and dirt! Frantic-Anabaptists too are awakening; the general English Hydra is rallying itself again, as if to try it one other last time.

[1] Carte's *Ormond*, ii. 176–178.

Foreign Affairs also look altogether questionable to a Protestant man. Swede and Dane in open war; inextricable quarrels bewildering the King of Sweden, King of Denmark, Elector of Brandenburg, all manner of Foreign Protestants, whom Oliver never yet could reconcile; and the Dutch playing false; and the Spaniards, the Austrians, the Pope and Papists, too well united! — Need enough that this Parliament be unanimous.

The hopes of Oliver and Fiennes and all practicable Puritans may have naturally stood high at this meeting: — but if so, it was not many hours till they began fatally to sink. There exists also an *impracticable* set of Puritan men, — the old Excluded Members, introduced now, or now first admitted into this Parliament, — whom no beautifulest "two firmaments" seen overspanning Chaos, no Spanish Invasion threatening to bring Chaos back, no hopefulest and no fearfulest phenomenon of Nature or Constitutional Art, will ever divorce from their one Republican Idea. Intolerability of the Single Person: this, and this only, will Nature in her dumb changes, and Art in her spoken interpretations thereof, reveal to these men. It is their one Idea; which, in fact, they will carry with them to — the gallows at Charing Cross, when no Oliver any more is there to restrain it and them! Poor windy angry Haselrig, poor little peppery Thomas Scott — And yet these were not the poorest. Scott was only hanged: but what shall we say of a Luke Robinson, also very loud in this Parliament, who had to turn his coat that he might escape hanging? The history of this Parliament is not edifying to Constitutional men.

SPEECH XVII.

We said, the Two Houses, at least the First House, very ill fulfilled his Highness's expectations. Hardly had they got into their respective localities after his Highness's Opening Speech, when the New House, sending the Old a simple message about requesting his Highness to have a day of Fasting, there arose a Debate as to What answer should be given; as to What "name," first of all, this said New House was to

have, — otherwise what answer could you give? Debate carried on with great vigor; resumed, re-resumed day after day; — and never yet terminated; not destined to be terminated in this world! How eloquent were peppery Thomas Scott and others, lest we should call them a House of *Lords*, — not, alas, lest he the peppery Constitutional Debater, and others such, should lose their own heads, and intrust their Cause with all its Gospels to a new very curious Defender of the Faith! It is somewhat sad to see.

On the morning of Monday, January 25th, the Writer of the Diary called *Burton's*, — Nathaniel Bacon if that were he, — finds, on entering the House, Sir Arthur Haselrig on his feet there, saying, "Give me my Oath!" Sir Arthur, as we transiently saw, was summoned to the Peers House; but he has decided to sit *here*. It is an ominous symptom. After "Mr. Peters" has concluded his morning exercise,[1] the intemperate Sir Arthur again demands, "Give me my Oath!" — "I dare not," answers Francis Bacon, the official person; Brother of the Diarist. But at length they do give it him; and he sits: Sir Arthur is henceforth here. And, on the whole, ought we not to call this pretented Peers House the "Other House" merely? Sir Arthur, peppery Scott, Luke Robinson and Company, are clearly of that mind.

However, the Speaker has a Letter from his Highness, summoning us all to the Banqueting-House at Whitehall this afternoon at three; both Houses shall meet him there. There accordingly does his Highness, do both Houses and all the Official world make appearance. Gloomy Rushworth, Bacon, and one "Smythe," with Note-books in their hands, are there. His Highness, in the following large manful manner, looking before and after, looking abroad and at home, with true nobleness if we consider all things, — speaks: —

"My Lords and Gentlemen of the Two Houses of Parliament:

"(For *so* I must own you,) in whom together with myself is vested the Legislative Power of these Nations! — The impres-

[1] Burton, ii. 347.

sion of the weight of those affairs and interests for which we are met together is such that I could not with a good conscience satisfy myself, if I did not remonstrate to you somewhat of my apprehensions of the State of the Affairs of these Nations; together with the proposal of such remedy as may occur, to the dangers now imminent upon us.

"I conceive the Well-being, yea the Being of these Nations is now at stake. If God bless this Meeting, — our tranquillity and peace may be lengthened out to us; if *otherwise*, — I shall offer it to your judgments and considerations, by the time I have done, whether there be, as to *men*,[1] [so much as] a possibility of discharging that Trust which is incumbent upon us for the safety and preservation of these Nations! When I have told you what occurs to my thoughts, I shall leave it to such an operation on your hearts as it shall please God Almighty to work upon you. [*His Highness, I think, looks earnest enough to-day. Oppressed with many things, and not in good health either. In those deep mournful eyes, which are always full of noble silent sorrow, of affection and pity and valor, what a depth to-day of thoughts that cannot be spoken! Sorrow enough, depth enough, — and this deepest attainable depth, to rest upon what "it shall please God Almighty" to do!*]

"I look upon this to be the great duty of my Place; as being set on a watch-tower to see what may be for the good of these Nations, and what may be for the preventing of evil; that so, by the advice of so wise and great a Council as this, which hath in it the life and spirit of these Nations, such 'good' may be attained, and such 'evil,' whatever it is, may be obviated. [*Truly!*] We shall hardly set our shoulders to this work, unless it shall please God to work some conviction upon our hearts that *there is need* of our most serious and best counsels at such a time as this is! —

"I have not prepared any such matter and rule of speech to deliver myself unto you, as perhaps might have been fitter for me to have done, and more serviceable for you in understanding me; — but shall only speak plainly and honestly to you out of such conceptions as it hath pleased God to set upon me.

[1] humanly speaking.

"We have not been now four years and upwards in this Government, to be totally ignorant of what things may be of the greatest concernment to us. [*No mortal thinks so, your Highness!*] Your dangers — for that is the head of my speech — are either with respect to Affairs Abroad and their difficulties, or to Affairs at Home and their difficulties. You are come now, as I may say, into the end [*Which may but prove the new beginning!*] of as great difficulties and straits as, I think, ever Nation was engaged in. I had in my thoughts to have made this the method of my Speech: To have let you see the things which hazard your Being, and [those which hazard] your Well-being. But when I came seriously to consider better of it, I thought, as your affairs stand, all things would resolve themselves into very Being! You are not a Nation, you will not be a Nation, if God strengthen you not to meet these evils that are upon us!

"First, from Abroad: What are the Affairs, I beseech you, abroad? I thought the Profession of the Protestant Religion was a thing of 'Well-being;' and truly, in a good sense, so it is, and it is no more: though it be a very high thing, it is but a thing of 'Well-being.' [*A Nation can still* BE, *even without Protestantism.*] But take it with all the complications of it, with all the concomitants of it, with respect had to the Nations abroad, — I do believe, he that looks well about him, and considereth the estate of the Protestant Affairs all Christendom over; he must needs say and acknowledge that the grand Design now on foot, in comparison with which all other Designs are but low things, is, Whether the Christian world shall be all Popery? Or, whether God hath a love to, and we ought to have [a love to, and] a brotherly fellow-feeling of, the interests of all the Protestant Christians in the world? [*Yes, your Highness; the raging sea shut out by your labor and valor and death-peril, — with what indifference do we now safe at two centuries' distance, look back upon it, hardly audible so far off, — ungrateful as we are!*] He that strikes at but one species of a general[1] to make it nothing, strikes at all.

"Is it not so now, that the Protestant Cause and Interest

[1] Means "one limb of a body:" metaphysical metaphor.

abroad is struck at; and is, in opinion and apprehension, quite under foot, trodden down? Judge with me a little, I beseech you, Whether it be so or no. And then, I will pray you, consider how far *we* are concerned in that danger, as to [our very] Being!

"We have known very well, the Protestant Cause is accounted the honest and religious Interest of this Nation. It was not trodden under foot all at once, but by degrees, — that this Interest might be consumed as with a canker insensibly, as Jonah's gourd was, till it was quite withered. It is at another rate now! For certainly this, in the general [is the fact]: The Papacy, and those that are upholders of it, they have openly and avowedly trodden God's people under foot, on this very motion and account, that they were Protestants. The money you parted with in that noble Charity which was exercised in this Nation, and the just sense you had of those poor Piedmonts, was satisfaction enough to yourselves of this,[1] That if all the Protestants in Europe had had but that head, that head had been cut off, and so an end of the whole. But is this [of Piedmont] all? No. Look how the House of Austria, on both sides of Christendom [both in Austria Proper and Spain], are armed and prepared to destroy the whole Protestant Interest.

"Is not — to begin there — the King of Hungary, who expecteth with his partisans to make himself Emperor of Germany, and in the judgment of all men [with] not only a possibility but a certainty of the acquisition of it, — is not he, since he hath mastered the Duke of Brandenburg, one of the Electors [as good as sure of the Emperorship]?[2] No doubt but he will have three of the Episcopal Electors [on his side],

[1] proof enough that you believed.

[2] Emperor Ferdinand III., under whom the Peace of Westphalia was made, had died this year his second son, Leopold, on the death of the first son, had been made King of Hungary in 1655; he was, shortly after this, elected Emperor, Leopold I., and reigned till 1705. "Brandenburg" was Frederick William; a distinguished Prince; father of the First King of Prussia; Frederick the Great's great-grandfather; properly the Founder of the Prussian Monarchy.

and the Duke of Bavaria. [*There are but Eight Electors in all; Hanover not yet made.*] Whom will he then have to contest with him abroad, for taking the Empire of Germany out of his hands? Is not he the son of a Father whose principles, interest and personal conscience guided him to exile all the Protestants out of his own patrimonial country, — out of Bohemia, got with the sword; out of Moravia and Silesia? [*Ferdinand the Second, his Grandfather; yea, your Highness; — and brought the great Gustavus upon him in consequence. Not a good kindred, that!* — And] it is the daily complaint which comes over to us, — new reiterations of which we have but received within these two or three days, being conveyed by some godly Ministers of the City, That the Protestants are tossed out of Poland into the Empire; and out thence whither they can fly to get their bread; and are ready to perish for want of food.

"And what think you of the other side of Europe, Italy to wit, — if I may call it the other side of Europe, as I think I may, — [Italy,] Spain, and all those adjacent parts, with the Grisons, the Piedmonts before mentioned, the Switzers? They all, — what are they but a prey of the Spanish power and interest? And look to that that calls itself [*Neuter gender*] the Head of all this! A Pope fitted, — I hope indeed 'born' not '*in*' but out of 'due time,' to accomplish this bloody work; so that he may fill up his cup to the brim, and make himself ripe for judgment! [*Somewhat grim of look, your Highness!*] He doth as *he* hath always done. He influences all the Powers, all the Princes of Europe to this very thing [*Rooting out of the Protestants. — The sea which is now scarcely audible to us, two safe centuries off, how it roars and devouringly rages while this Valiant One is heroically bent to bank it in! — He prospers, he does it, flings his life into the gap, — that* WE *for all coming centuries may be safe and ungrateful!*]; — and no man like this present man.[1] So that, I beseech you, what is there in all the parts of Europe but a consent, a co-operating, at this very time and season [of all Popish Powers], to suppress everything that stands in their way? [*A grave epoch indeed.*]

[1] Alexander VII.; "an able Pope," Dryasdust informs me.

"But it may be said, 'This is a great way off, in the extremest parts of the world;[1] what is that to us?' — If it be nothing to you, let it be nothing to you! I have told you it is somewhat to you. It concerns all your religions, and all the good interests of England.

"I have, I thank God, considered, and I would beg of you to consider a little with me: What that resistance is that is likely to be made to this mighty current, which seems to be coming from all parts upon all Protestants? Who is there that holdeth up his head to oppose this danger? A poor Prince [*Charles X. King of Sweden: at present attacked by the King of Denmark; the Dutch also aiming at him*]; — indeed poor; but a man in his person as gallant, and truly I think I may say as good, as any these last ages have brought forth; a man that hath adventured his all against the Popish Interest in Poland, and made his acquisition still good [there] for the Protestant Religion. He is now reduced into a corner: and what addeth to the grief of all, — more grievous than all that hath been spoken of before (I wish it may not be too truly said!) — is, That men of our Religion forget this, and seek his ruin. [*Dutch and Danes: but do not some of us too forget? "I wish it may not be too truly said!"*]

"I beseech you consider a little; consider the consequences of all that! For what doth it all signify? Is it only a noise? Or hath it not withal an articulate sound in it? Men that are not true to the Religion we profess, — [profess] I am persuaded, with greater truth, uprightness and sincerity than it is [professed] by any collected body, so nearly gathered together as these Nations are, in all the world, — God will find them out! [*The low-minded Dutch: pettifogging for "Sound Dues," for "Possession of the Sound," and mere shopkeeper lucre!*] I beseech you consider how things do co-operate. [Consider,] If this may seem but a design against your Well-being? It is a design against your very Being; this artifice, and this complex design, against the Protestant Interest, — wherein so many Protestants are not so right as were to be wished! If they can shut us out of the Baltic Sea, and make themselves

[1] "parts of it" in orig

masters of that, where is your Trade? Where are your materials to preserve your Shipping? Where will you be able to challenge any right by sea, or justify yourselves against a foreign invasion in your own soil? Think upon it; this is in design! I believe, if you will go and ask the poor mariner in his red cap and coat [*"Coat," I hope, is not "red:" — but we are in haste*], as he passeth from ship to ship, you will hardly find in any ship but they will tell you this is designed against you. So obvious is it, by this and other things, that you are the object. And in my conscience, I know not for what else [you are so] but because of the purity of the profession amongst you; who have not yet made it your trade to prefer your profit before your godliness [*Whatever certain Dutch and Danes may do!*], but reckon godliness the *greater* gain!

"But should it happen that, as contrivances stand, you should not be able to vindicate yourselves against all whomsoever, — I name no one state upon this head [*Do not name the Dutch, with their pettifoggings for the Sound: no!*], but I think all acknowledge States *are* engaged in the combination, — judge you where you were! You have accounted yourselves happy in being environed with a great Ditch from all the world beside. Truly you will not be able to keep your Ditch, nor your Shipping, — unless you turn your Ships and Shipping into Troops of Horse and Companies of Foot; and fight to defend yourselves on *terra firma!* —

"And these things stated, *liberavi animam meam;* and if there be 'no danger' in [all] this, I am satisfied. I have told you; you will judge if no danger! If you shall think, We may discourse of all things at pleasure, — [*Debate for days and weeks, Whether it shall be "House of Lords" or "Other House;" put the question, Whether this question shall be put; and say Ay, say No; and thrash the air with idle jargon!*], — and that it is a time of sleep and ease and rest, without any due sense of these things, — I have this comfort to God-ward: I have told you of it. [*Yes, your Highness! — O intemperate vain Sir Arthur, peppery Thomas Scott, and ye other constitutional Patriots, is there no* SENSE *of truth in you, then; no dis-*

cernment of what really is what? Instead of belief and insight, have you nothing but whirlpools of old paper-clippings, and a gray waste of Parliamentary constitutional logic? Such HEADS, *too common in the world, will run a chance in these times to get themselves — stuck up on Temple Bar!*]

"Really were it not that France (give me leave to say it) is a balance against that Party at this time — ! Should there be a Peace made (which hath been, and is still labored and aimed at, 'a General Peace'), then will England be the 'general' object of all the fury and wrath of all the Enemies of God and our Religion in the world! I have nobody to accuse; — but do look on the other side of the water! You have neighbors there; some that you are in amity with; some that have professed malice enough against you. I think you are fully satisfied in that. I had rather you would trust your enemy than some friends, — that is, rather believe your enemy, and trust *him* that he means your ruin, than have confidence in some who perhaps may be in some alliance with you! [*We have watched the Dutch, and their dealings in the Baltic lately!*] — I perhaps could enforce all this with some particulars, nay I [certainly] could. For you know that your enemies be the same who have been accounted your enemies ever since Queen Elizabeth came to the crown. An avowed designed enemy [all along]; wanting nothing of counsel, wisdom and prudence, to root you out from the face of the Earth: and when public attempts [*Spanish Armadas and such like*] would not do, how have they, by the Jesuits and other their Emissaries, laid foundations to perplex and trouble our Government by taking away the lives of them whom they judged to be of any use for preserving our peace! [*Guy Faux and Jesuit Garnet were a pair of pretty men; to go no farther. Ravaillac in the Rue de la Ferronerie, and Stadtholder William's Jesuit; and the Night of St. Bartholomew: here and elsewhere they have not wanted "counsel," of a sort!*] And at this time I ask you, Whether you do not think they are designing as busily as ever any people were, to prosecute the same counsels and things to the uttermost?

"The business *then* was: The Dutch needed Queen Eliza-

beth of famous memory for their protection. They had it [had protection from her]. I hope they will never ill requite it! For if they should forget either the kindness that was then shown them (which was their real safety), or the desires this Nation hath had to be at peace with them, — truly I believe whoever exercises any ingratitude in this sort will hardly prosper in it. [*He cannot, your Highness: unless* God *and His* Truth *be a mere Hearsay of the market, he never can!*] But this may awaken you, howsoever. I hope you will be awakened, upon all these considerations! It is certain, they [*These Dutch*] have professed a principle which, thanks be to God, we never knew. They will sell arms to their enemies, and lend their ships to their enemies. They will do so. And truly that principle is not a matter of dispute at this time [we are not here to argue with them about it]: only let everything weigh with your spirits as it ought; — let it do so. And we must tell you, we do know that this [of their having such a principle] is *true.* I dare assure you of it; and I think if but your Exchange here [in London] were resorted to, it would let you know, as clearly as you can desire to know, That they have hired — sloops, I think they call them, or some other name, — they have hired sloops [let sloops on hire] to transport upon you four thousand Foot and a thousand Horse, upon the pretended interest of that young man that was the late King's Son. [*What a designation for "Charles by the grace of God!" The "was" may possibly have been "is" when spoken; but we cannot afford to change it.*] And this is, I think, a thing far from being reckonable as a suggestion to any ill end or purpose: — a thing to no other end than that it may awaken you to a just consideration of your danger, and to uniting for a just and natural defence.

"Indeed I never did, I hope I never shall, use any artifice with you to pray you to help us with money for defending ourselves: but if money be needful, I will tell you, 'Pray help us with money, that the Interest of the Nation may be defended abroad and at home.' I will use no arguments; and thereby will disappoint the artifice of bad men abroad who say, It is

for money. Whosoever shall think to put things out of frame upon such a suggestion — [*His fate may be guessed; but the Sentence is off*] — For you will find I will be very plain with you before I have done; and that with all love and affection and faithfulness to you and these Nations.

"If this be the condition of your affairs abroad, I pray a little consider what is the estate of your affairs at home. And if both these considerations [of home affairs and foreign] have but this effect, to *get* a consideration among you, a due and just consideration, — let God move your hearts for the answering[1] of anything that shall be due unto the Nation, as He shall please! And I hope I shall not be solicitous [*The "artifice" and "money" of the former paragraph still sounding somewhat in his Highness's ears*]; I shall look up to Him who hath been my God and my Guide hitherto.

"I say, I beseech you look to your own affairs at home, how they stand! I am persuaded you are all, I apprehend you are all, honest and worthy good men; and that there is not a man of you but would desire to be found a good patriot. I know you would! We are apt to boast sometimes that we are Englishmen: and truly it is no shame for us that we are Englishmen; — but it is a motive to us to do like Englishmen, and seek the real good of this Nation, and the interest of it. [*Truly!*] — But, I beseech you, what is our case at home? — I profess I do not well know where to begin on this head, or where to end, — I do not. But I must needs say, Let a man begin where he will, he shall hardly be out of that drift I am speaking to you [upon]. We are as full of calamities, and of divisions among us in respect of the spirits of men [as we could well be], — though, through a wonderful, admirable, and never to be sufficiently admired providence of God, [still] in peace! And the fighting we have had, and the success we have had — yea, we that are here, we are an astonishment to the world! And take us in that temper we are in, or rather in that distemper, it is the greatest miracle that ever befell the sons of men [that we are got again to peace] —

[1] performing on such demand.

["Beautiful great Soul," exclaims a modern Commentator here, "Beautiful great Soul; to whom the Temporal is all irradiated with the Eternal, and God is everywhere divinely visible in the affairs of men, and man himself has as it were become divine! O ye eternal Heavens, have those days and those souls passed away without return? — Patience: intrinsically they can never pass away: intrinsically they remain with us; and will yet, in nobler unexpected form, reappear among us, — if it please Heaven! There *have been* Divine Souls in England; England too, poor moiling toiling heavy-laden thick-eyed England has been illuminated, though it were but once, by the Heavenly Ones; — and *once*, in a sense, is always!"]

— that we are got again to peace. And whoever shall seek to break it, God Almighty root that man out of this Nation! And He will do it, let the pretences be what they may! [*Privilege of Parliament, or whatever else, my peppery friends!*]

"[Peace-breakers, do they consider what it *is* they are driving towards? They should do it!] He that considereth not the 'woman with child,' — the sucking children of this Nation that know not the right hand from the left, of whom, for aught I know, it may be said this City is as full as Nineveh was said to be; — he that considereth not these, and the fruit that is like to come of the bodies of those now living added to these; he that considereth not these, must have the heart of a Cain; who was marked, and made to be an enemy to all men, and all men enemies to him! For the wrath and justice of God will prosecute such a man to his grave, if not to Hell! [*Where is Sam Cooper, or some "prince of limners," to take us that look of his Highness? I would give my ten best High-Art Paintings for it, gilt frames and twaddle-criticisms into the bargain!*] — I say, look on this Nation; look on it! Consider what are the varieties of Interests in this Nation, — if they be worthy the name of Interests. If God did not hinder, it would all but make up one confusion. We should find there would be but one Cain in England, if God did not restrain! We should have another more bloody Civil War than ever we had in England. For, I beseech you, what is the general spirit of this

Nation? Is it not that each sect of people, — if I may call them sects, whether sects upon a Religious account or upon a Civil account — [*Sentence gone; meaning left clear enough*] — Is not this Nation miserable in that respect? What is that which possesseth every sect? What is it? That every sect may be uppermost! That every sort of men may get the power into their hands, and 'they would use it well;' — that every sect may get the power into their hands! [*A reflection to make one wonder. — Let them thank God they have got a man able to bit and bridle them a little; the unfortunate, peppery, loud-babbling individuals, with so much good in them too, while "bitted"!*]

"It were a happy thing if the Nation would be content with rule. [Content with rule,] if it were but in Civil things, and with those that would rule *worst;* — because misrule is better than no rule; and an ill Government, a bad Government, is better than none! — Neither is this all: but we have an appetite to variety; to be not only making wounds [but widening those already made]. As if you should see one making wounds in a man's side, and eager only to be groping and grovelling with his fingers in those wounds! This is what [such] men would be at; this is the spirit of those who would trample on men's liberties in Spiritual respects. They will be making wounds, and rending and tearing, and making them wider than they were. Is not this the case? Doth there want anything — I speak not of sects in an ill sense; but the Nation is hugely made up of them, — and what is the want that prevents these things from being done to the uttermost, but that men have more anger than strength? They have not power to attain their ends. [There wants nothing else.] And, I beseech you, judge what such a company of men, of these sects, are doing, while they are contesting one with another! They are contesting in the midst of a generation of men (a malignant Episcopal Party, I mean); contesting in the midst of these *all united.* What must be the issue of such a thing as this? [So stands it;] it is *so.* — And do but judge what proofs have been made of the spirits of these men. [*Republican spirits: we took a "Standard" lately, a Painted one, and a Printed, with wondrous*

apparatus behind it!] Summoning men to take up arms; and exhorting men, each sort of them, to fight for their notions; each sort thinking they are to try it out by the sword; and every sort thinking that *they* are truly under the banner of Christ, if they but come in, and bind themselves in such a project![1]

"Now do but judge what a hard condition this poor Nation is in. *This* is the state and condition we are in. Judge, I say, what a hard condition this poor Nation is in, and the Cause of God [is in], — amidst such a party of men as the Cavaliers are, and their participants! Not only with respect to what these — [*"Cavaliers and their Participants," both equally at first, but it becomes the latter chiefly, and at length exclusively, before the Sentence ends*] — are like to do of themselves: but some of these, yea some of these, they care not who carry the goal [*Frantic-Anabaptist Sexby, dead the other day, he was not very careful!*]: — some of these have invited the Spaniard himself to carry on the Cavalier Cause.

"And this is *true*. [This] and many other things that are not fit to be suggested unto you; because [so] we should betray the interest of our intelligence. [*Spy-Royalist Sir Richard Willis and the like ambiguous persons, if we show them in daylight, they vanish forever, — as Manning, when they shot him in Newbury, did.*] I say, this is your condition! What is your defence? What hindereth the irruption of all this upon you, to your utter destruction? Truly, [that] you have an army in these parts, — in Scotland, in England and Ireland. Take *them* away to-morrow, would not all these Interests run into one another? — I know you are rational prudent men. Have you any Frame or Model of things that would satisfy the minds of men, if *this* be not the Frame, [this] which you are now called together upon, and engaged in, — I mean, the Two Houses of Parliament and myself? What hinders this Nation from being an Aceldama [a field of blood], if this doth not? It is, without doubt [this]: give the glory to God; for without this, it would prove[2] as great a plague as all that hath

[1] "and oblige upon this acconnt" in orig.

[2] "it would prove" is an *im*personal verb; such as "it will rain," and the like.

been spoken of. It is this, without doubt that keeps this Nation in peace and quietness. — And what is the case of your Army [withal]? A poor unpaid Army; the soldiers going barefoot at this time, in this city, this weather! [*Twenty-fifth of January.*] And yet a peaceable people [these soldiers]; seeking to serve you with their lives; judging their pains and hazards and all well bestowed, in obeying their officers and serving you, to keep the Peace of these Nations! Yea, he must be a man with a heart as hard as the weather who hath not a due sense of this! [*A severe frost, though the Almanacs do not mention it.*] —

"So that, I say, it is most plain and evident, this is your outward and present defence. [*This frame of Government; the Army is a part of that.*] And yet, at this day, — do but you judge! The Cavalier Party, and the several humors of unreasonable men [of other sorts], in those several ways, having [continually] made battery at this defence ever since you got to enjoy peace — [*Sentence catches fire*] — What have they made their business but this, To spread libellous Books [*Their "Standard," "Killing no Murder," and other little fiddling things belonging to that sort of Periodical Literature*]; yea and pretend the 'Liberty of the Subject' — [*Sentence gone again*] — ? — which really wiser men than they may pretend! For let me say this to you at once: I never look to see the People of England come into a just Liberty, if another [Civil] War overtake us. I think, [I] at least, that the thing likely to bring us into our 'Liberty' is a consistency and agreement at this Meeting! — Therefore all I can say to you is this: It will be your wisdom, I do think truly, and your justice, to keep that concernment close to you; to uphold this Settlement [now fallen upon]. Which I have no cause but to think you are agreed to; and that you like it. For I assure you I am very greatly mistaken else [for my own part]; having taken this which is now the Settlement among us as my chief inducement to bear the burden I bear, and to serve the Commonwealth in the place I am in!

"And therefore if you judge that all this be not argument enough to persuade you to be sensible of your danger — ?

[A danger] which [all manner of considerations], besides good-nature and ingenuity [themselves], would move a stone to be sensible of! — Give us leave to consider a little, What will become of us, if our spirits should go *otherwise* [and break this Settlement]? If our spirits be dissatisfied, what will become of things? Here is an Army five or six months behind in pay; yea, an Army in Scotland near as much [behind]; an Army in Ireland much more. And if these things be considered, — I cannot doubt but they will be considered; — I say, judge what the state of Ireland is if free-quarter come upon the Irish People! [*Free-quarter must come, if there be no pay provided, and that soon!*] You have a company of Scots in the North of Ireland [forty or fifty thousand of them settled there]; who, I hope, are honest men. In the Province of Galway almost all the Irish, transplanted to the West.[1] You have the Interest of England newly begun to be planted. The people there [in these English settlements] are full of necessities and complaints. They bear to the uttermost. And should the soldiers run upon free-quarter there, — upon your English Planters, as they must, — the English Planters must quit the country through mere beggary: and that which hath been the success of so much blood and treasure, to get that Country into your hands, what can become of it, but that the English must needs run away for pure beggary, and the Irish must possess the country [again] for a receptacle to the Spanish Interest? —

"And hath Scotland been long settled? [*Middleton's Highland Insurrection, with its Mosstroopery and misery, is not dead three years yet.*[2]] Have not they a like sense of poverty? I speak plainly. In good earnest, I do think the Scots Nation have been under as great a suffering, in point of livelihood and subsistence outwardly, as any People I have yet named to you. I do think truly they are a very ruined Nation. [*Torn to pieces with now near Twenty Years of continual War, and foreign and intestine worrying with themselves and with all the*

[1] "All the Irish;" all the Malignant Irish, the ringleaders of the Popish Rebellion: Galway is here called "Galloway."

[2] Feb. 1654–5 (Whitlocke, p. 599).

world.] — And yet in a way (I have spoken with some Gentlemen come from thence) hopeful enough; — it hath pleased God to give that plentiful encouragement to the meaner sort in Scotland. I must say, if it please God to encourage the meaner sort — [*The consequences may be forseen, but are not stated here.*] — The meaner sort [in Scotland] live as well, and are likely to come into as thriving a condition under your Government, as when they were under their own great Lords, who made them work for their living no better than the Peasants of France. I am loath to speak anything which may reflect upon that Nation: but the middle sort of people do grow up there into such a substance as makes their lives comfortable, if not better than they were before. [*Scotland is prospering; has fair-play and ready money; — prospering though sulky.*]

"If now, after all this, we shall not be sensible of all those designs that are in the midst of us: of the *united* Cavaliers; of the designs which are animated every day from Flanders and Spain; while we have to look upon ourselves as a *divided* people — [*Sentence off*] — A man cannot certainly tell where to find consistency anywhere in England! Certainly there is no consistency in anything, that may be worthy of the name of a body of consistency, but in this Company who are met here! How can any man lay his hand on his heart, and [permit himself to] talk of things [*Roots of Constitutional Government, "Other House," "House of Lords" and such like*], neither to be made out by the light of Scripture nor of Reason; and draw one another off from considering of *these* things [which are very palpable things]! I dare leave them with you, and commit them to your bosom. They have a weight, — a greater weight than any I have yet suggested to you, from abroad or at home! If such be our case abroad and at home, That our Being and Well-being, — our Well-being is not worth the naming comparatively, — I say, if such be our case, of our Being at home and abroad, That through want to bear up our Honor at Sea, and through want to maintain what is our Defence at Home [we stand exposed to such dangers]; and if through our mistake we shall be led off from the consideration of these

things; and talk of circumstantial things, and quarrel about circumstances; and shall not with heart and soul intend and carry on these things — ! I confess I can look for nothing [other], I can say no other than what a foolish Book[1] expresseth, of one that having consulted everything, could hold to nothing; neither Fifth-Monarchy, Presbytery, nor Independency, nothing; but at length concludes, He is for nothing but an 'orderly confusion'! And for men that have wonderfully lost their consciences and their wits, — I speak of men going about who cannot tell *what* they would have, yet are willing to kindle coals to disturb others — ! [*An "orderly confusion," and general fire-consummation: what else is possible?*]

"And now having said this, I have discharged my duty to God and to you, in making this demonstration, — and I profess, not as a rhetorician! My business was to prove the verity of the Designs from Abroad; and the still unsatisfied spirits of the Cavaliers at Home, — who from the beginning of our Peace to this day have not been wanting to do what they could to kindle a fire at home in the midst of us. And I say, if this be so, the truth, — I pray God affect your hearts with a due sense of it! [*Yea!*] And give you one heart and mind to carry on this work for which we are met together! If these things be so, — should you meet to-morrow, and accord in all things tending to your preservation and your rights and liberties, really it will be feared there is too much time elapsed [already] for your delivering yourselves from those dangers that hang upon you! —

"We have had now Six Years of Peace, and have had an interruption of Ten Years *War*. We have seen and heard and felt the evils of War; and now God hath given us a new taste of the benefits of Peace. Have you not had such a Peace in England, Ireland and Scotland, that there is not a man to lift up his finger to put you into distemper? Is not this a mighty blessing from the Lord of Heaven? [*Hah!*] Shall

[1] Now rotting probably, or rotten, among the other Pamphletary rubbish, in the crypts of Public Dryasdust Collections, — all but this one phrase of it, here kept alive.

we now be prodigal of time? Should any man, shall *we*, listen to delusions, to break and interrupt this Peace? There is not any man that hath been true to this Cause, as I believe you have been all, who can look for anything but the greatest rending and persecution that ever was in this world! [*Peppery Scott's hot head will go up on Temple Bar, and Haselrig will do well to die soon.*[1]] — I wonder how it can enter into the heart of man to undervalue these things; to slight Peace and the Gospel, the greatest mercy of God. We have Peace and the Gospel! [*What a tone!*] Let us have one heart and soul; one mind to maintain the honest and just rights of this Nation; not to *pretend* to them, to the destruction of our Peace, to the destruction of the Nation! [*As yet there is one Hero-heart among you, ye blustering contentious rabble; one Soul blazing as a light-beacon in the midst of Chaos, forbidding Chaos yet to be supreme. In a little while that too will be extinct; and then!*] Really, pretend what we will, if you run into *another* flood of blood and War, the sinews of this Nation being wasted by the last, it must sink and perish utterly. I beseech you, and charge you in the name and presence of God, and as before Him, be sensible of these things and lay them to heart! You have a Day of Fasting coming on. I beseech God touch your hearts and open your ears to this truth; and that you may be as deaf adders to stop your ears to all Dissension! And may look upon them [who would sow dissension], whoever they may be, as Paul saith to the Church of Corinth,[2] as I remember: '*Mark* such as cause divisions and offences,' and would disturb you from that foundation of Peace you are upon, under any pretence whatsoever! —

"I shall conclude with this. I was free, the last time of our meeting, to tell you I would discourse upon a Psalm; and I did it.[3] I am not ashamed of it at any time [*Why should you, your Highness? A word that does speak to us from the eternal*

[1] He died in the *Annus Mirabilis* of 1660 itself, say the *Baronetages*. Worn to death, it is like, by the frightful vicissitudes and distracting excitement of those sad months.

[2] Not "Corinth" properly, but Rome (Romans xvi. 17).

[3] The Eighty-fifth; antea, pp. 239 et seqq.

heart of things, "word of God" as you well call it, is highly worth discoursing upon!] — especially when I meet with men of such consideration as you. There you have one verse which I forgot. 'I will hear what God the Lord will speak: for He will speak peace unto His people and to His saints; but let them not turn again to *folly*.' Dissension, division, destruction, in a poor Nation under a Civil War, — having all the effects of a Civil War upon it! Indeed if we return again to 'folly,' let every man consider, If it be *not* like turning to destruction? If God shall unite your hearts and bless you, and give you the blessing of union and love one to another; and tread down everything that riseth up in your hearts and tendeth to deceive your own souls with pretences of this thing or that, as we have been saying, — [*The Sentence began as a positive "if God shall;" but gradually turning on its axis, it has now got quite round into the negative side*], — and not prefer the keeping of Peace, that we may see the fruit of righteousness in them that love peace and embrace peace, — it will be said of this poor Nation, *Actum est de Anglia* [It is all over with England]!

"But I trust God will never leave it to such a spirit. And while I live, and am able, I shall be ready —

[Courage, my brave one! Thou hast but some Seven Months more of it, and then the ugly coil is all over; and thy part in it manfully done; manfully and fruitfully, to all Eternity! Peppery Scott's hot head can mount to Temple Bar, whither it is bound; and England, with immense expenditure of liquor and tar-barrels, can call in its Nell-Gwynn Defender of the Faith, — and make out a very notable Two Hundred Years under *his* guidance; and, finding itself now nearly *got* to the Devil, may perhaps pause, and recoil, and remember: who knows? Nay who cares? may Oliver say. *He* is honorably quit of it, he for one; and the Supreme Powers will guide it farther according to their pleasure.]

— I shall be ready to stand and fall with you, in this seemingly promising Union [1] which God had wrought among you,

[1] The new Frame of Government.

which I hope neither the pride nor envy of men shall be able to make void. I have taken my Oath [*In Westminster Hall, Twenty-sixth of June last*] to govern 'according to the Laws' that are now made; and I trust I shall fully answer it. And know, I sought not this place. [*Who would have "sought" it, that could have as nobly avoided it? Very scurvy creatures only. The "place" is no great things, I think;—with either Heaven or else Hell so close upon the rear of it, a man might do without the "place"! Know all men, Oliver Cromwell did not seek this place, but was sought to it, and led and driven to it, by the Necessities, the Divine Providences, the Eternal Laws.*] I speak it before God, Angels, and Men: I DID NOT. You sought me for it, you brought me to it; and I took my Oath to be faithful to the Interest of these Nations, to be faithful to the Government. All those things were implied, in my eye, in the Oath 'to be faithful to this Government' upon which we have now met. And I trust, by the grace of God, as I have taken my Oath to serve this Commonwealth on such an account, I shall,—I must!—see it done, according to the Articles of Government. That every just Interest may be preserved; that a Godly Ministry may be upheld, and not affronted by seducing and seduced spirits; that all men may be preserved in their just rights, whether civil or spiritual. Upon this account did I take oath, and swear to this Government!—[*And mean to continue administering it withal.*]—And so having declared my heart and mind to you in this, I have nothing more to say, but to pray, God Almighty bless you."[1]

His Highness, a few days after, on occasion of some Reply to a Message of his "concerning the state of the Public Moneys,"—was formally requested by the Commons to furnish them with a Copy of this Speech:[2] he answered that he did not remember four lines of it in a piece, and that he could not furnish a Copy. Some Copy would nevertheless have been got up, had the Parliament continued sitting. Rushworth, Smythe, and

[1] Burton, ii. 351–371.

[2] Thursday, 28th Jan. 1657–8 (*Parliamentary History*, xxi. 196; Burton, ii. 379).

"I" (the Writer of *Burton's Diary*), we, so soon as the Speech was done, went to York House; Fairfax's Town-house, where Historical John, brooding over endless Paper-masses, and doing occasional Secretary work, still lodges: here at York House we sat together till late, "comparing Notes of his Highness's Speech;" could not finish the business that night, our Notes being a little cramp. It was grown quite dark before his Highness had done; so that we could hardly see our pencils go, at the time.[1]

The Copy given here is from the *Pell Papers*, and in part from an earlier Original; first printed by Burton's Editor; and now reproduced, with slight alterations of the pointing &c., such as were necessary here and there to bring out the sense, but not such as could change anything that had the least title to remain unchanged.

SPEECH XVIII.

His Highness's last noble appeal, the words as of a strong great Captain addressed in the hour of imminent shipwreck, produced no adequate effect. The dreary Debate, supported chiefly by intemperate Haselrig, peppery Scott, and future-renegade Robinson, went on, trailing its slow length day after day; daily widening itself, too, into new dreariness, new questionability: a kind of pain to read even at this distance, and with view of the intemperate hot heads actually *stuck* on Temple Bar! For the man in "green oil-skin hat with night-cap under it," the Duke of Ormond namely, who lodges at the Papist Chirurgeon's in Drury Lane, is very busy all this while. And Fifth-Monarchy and other Petitions are getting concocted in the City, to a great length indeed; — and there are stirrings in the Army itself; — and, in brief, the English Hydra, cherished by the Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasion, will shortly hiss sky-high again, if this continue!

As yet, however, there stands one strong Man between us and that issue. The strong Man gone, that issue, we may

[1] Burton, ii. 351.

guess, will be inevitable; but he is not yet gone. For ten days more the dreary Debate has lasted. Various good Bills and Notices of Bills have been introduced; attempts on the part of well-affected Members to do some useful legislation here;[1] attempts which could not be accomplished. What could be accomplished was, to open the fountains of constitutional logic, and debate this question day after day. One or two intemperate persons, not excluded at the threshold, are of great moment in a Popular Assembly. The mind of which, if it have any mind, is one of the vaguest entities; capable, in a very singular degree, of being made to ferment, to freeze, to take fire, to develop itself in this shape or in that! The history of our Second Session, and indeed of these Oliverian Parliaments generally, is not exhilarating to the Constitutional mind! —

But now on the tenth day of the Debate, with its noise growing ever noisier, on the 4th of February, 1657–8, "about eleven in the morning," — while peppery Scott is just about to attempt yelping out some new second speech, and there are cries of "Spoken! spoken!" which Sir Arthur struggles to argue down, — arrives the Black Rod. — "The Black Rod stays!" cry some, while Sir Arthur is arguing for Scott. — "What care I for the Black Rod?" snarls he: "The Gentleman [peppery Scott] ought to be heard." — Black Rod, however, is heard first; signifies that "His Highness is in the Lords House, and desires to speak with you." Under way therefore! "Shall we take our Mace?" By all means, if you consider it likely to be useful for you![2]

They take their Mace; range themselves in due mass, in the "Other House," Lords House, or whatever they call it; and his Highness, with a countenance of unusual earnestness, sorrow, resolution and severity, says: —

"My Lords, and Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

"I had very comfortable expectations that God would make the meeting of this Parliament a blessing; and, the Lord be

[1] *Parliamentary History*, xxi. 203, 204.

[2] Burton, ii. 462 et seqq.; — see also Tanner MSS. li. 1, for a more minute account.

my witness, *I* desired the carrying on the Affairs of the Nation to these ends! The blessing which I mean, and which we ever climbed at, was mercy, truth, righteousness and peace, — which I desired might be improved.

"That which brought me into the capacity I now stand in was the Petition and Advice given me by you; who, in reference to the ancient Constitution [*"Which had Two Houses and a King," — though we do not in words mention that!*], did draw me to accept the place of Protector. [*"I was a kind of Protector already, I always understood; but let that pass. Certainly you invited me to become the Protector I now am, with Two Houses and other appendages, and there lies the gist of the matter at present."*] There is not a man living can say I sought it; no, not a man nor woman treading upon English ground. But contemplating the sad condition of these Nations, relieved from an intestine War into a six or seven years' Peace, I did think the Nation happy therein! [*"I did think even my first Protectorate was a successful kind of thing!"*] But to be petitioned thereunto, and advised by you to undertake such a Government, a burden too heavy for any creature; and this to be done by the House that then had the Legislative capacity: — certainly I did look that the same men who made the Frame should make it good unto me! I can say in the presence of God, in comparison with whom we are but like poor creeping ants upon the earth, — I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside, to have kept a flock of sheep — [*Yes, your Highness; it had been infinitely quieter, healthier, freer. But it is gone forever: no woodsides now, and peaceful nibbling sheep, and great still thoughts, and glimpses of God "in the cool of the evening walking among the trees:" nothing but toil and trouble, double, double, till one's discharge arrive, and the Eternal Portals open! Nay even there by your woodside, you had not been happy; not you, — with thoughts going down to the Death-kingdoms, and Heaven so near you on this hand, and Hell so near you on that. Nay who would grudge a little temporary Trouble, when he can do a large spell of eternal Work? Work that is true, and will last through all Eternity! Com-*

plain not, your Highness! — His Highness does not complain. "To have kept a flock of sheep," he says] — rather than undertaken such a Government as this. But undertaking it by the Advice and Petition of you, I did look that you who had offered it unto me should make it good.

"I did tell you, at a Conference[1] concerning it, that I would not undertake it, unless there might be some other Persons to interpose between me and the House of Commons, who then had the power, and prevent tumultuary and popular spirits: and it was granted I should name another House. I named it of men who shall meet you wheresoever you go, and shake hands with you; and tell you it is not Titles, nor Lords, nor Parties that they value, but a Christian and an English Interest! Men of your own rank and quality, who will not only be a balance unto you, but a new force added to you,[2] while you love England and Religion.

"Having proceeded upon these terms; — and finding such a spirit as is too much predominant, everything being too high or too low; where virtue, honesty, piety and justice are omitted: — I thought I had been doing that which was my duty, and thought it would have satisfied you! But if everything must be too high or too low, you are not to be satisfied. [*There is an innocency and childlike goodness in these poor sentences, which speaks to us in spite of rhetoric.*]

"Again, I would not have accepted of the Government, unless I knew there would be a just accord between the Governor and Governed; unless they would take an Oath to make good what the Parliament's Petition and Advice advised me unto! Upon that I took an Oath [*On the Twenty-sixth of June last*], and they [*On the Twentieth of January last, at their long Table in the Anteroom*] took another Oath upon their part answerable to mine: — and did not every one know upon what condition he swore? God knows, *I* took it upon the conditions expressed in the [Act of] Government! And I did think we had been upon a foundation, and upon a bottom; and there-

[1] One of the Kingship Conferences of which there is no Report.

[2] "but to themselves," however helplessly, must mean this; and a good reporter would have substituted this.

upon I thought myself bound to take it, and to be 'advised by the Two Houses of Parliament.' And we standing unsettled till we arrived at that, the consequences would necessarily have been confusion, if that had not been settled. Yet there were not constituted 'Hereditary Lords,' nor 'Hereditary Kings;' [no,] the Power consisteth in the Two Houses and myself. — I do not say, that was the meaning of your Oath to *you*. That were to go against my own principles, to enter upon another man's conscience. God will judge between you and me! If there had been in you any intention of Settlement, you would have settled upon this basis, and have offered your judgment and opinion [as to minor improvements].

"God is my witness; I speak it; it is evident to all the world and people living, That a new business hath been seeking in the Army against this actual Settlement made by your consent. I do not speak to these Gentlemen ["*Pointing to his right hand,*" *says the Report*], or Lords, or whatsoever you will call them; I speak not this to them, but to *you*. — You advised me to come into this place, to be in a capacity [1] by your Advice. Yet instead of owning a thing, some must have I know not what; — and you have not only disjointed yourselves but the whole Nation, which is in likelihood of running into more confusion in these fifteen or sixteen days that you have sat, than it hath been from the rising of the last Session to this day. Through the intention of devising a Commonwealth again! That some people might be the men that might rule all! [*Intemperate Haselrig, peppery Scott, and such like: very inadequate they to "rule;" inadequate to keep their own heads on their shoulders, if they were not* RULED, *they!*] And they are endeavoring to engage the Army to carry that thing. — And hath that man been 'true to this Nation,' whosoever he be, especially that hath taken an Oath, thus to prevaricate? These designs have been made among the Army, to break and divide us. I speak this in the presence of some of the Army: That these things have not been according to God, nor according to truth, pretend what you will! [*No, your Highness; they have not.*] These things tend to nothing else but the play-

[1] "of authority" is delicately understood, but not expressed.

ing of the King of Scots' game (if I may so call him); and I think myself bound before God to do what I can to prevent it. [*"I, for my share:" Yea!*]

"That which I told you in the Banqueting-House [ten days ago] was true, That there are preparations of force to invade us. God is my witness, it hath been confirmed to me since, not a day ago, That the King of Scots hath an Army at the water's side, ready to be shipped for England. I have it from those who have been eye-witnesses of it. And while it is doing, there are endeavors from some who are not far from this place, to stir up the people of this Town into a tumulting — [*City Petitions are mounting very high, — as perhaps Sir Arthur and others know!*] — what if I said, Into a rebellion! And I hope I shall make it appear to be no better, if God assist me. [*Noble scorn and indignation is gradually getting the better of every other feeling in his Highness and us.*]

"It hath been not only your endeavor to pervert the Army while you have been sitting, and to draw them to state the question about a 'Commonwealth;' but some of you have been listing of persons, by commission of Charles Stuart, to join with any Insurrection that may be made. [*What a cold qualm in some conscious heart that listens to this! Let him tremble, every joint of him; — or not visibly tremble; but cower home to his place, and repent; and remember in whose hand his beggarly existence in this world lies!*] And what is like to come upon this, the Enemy being ready to invade us, but even present blood and confusion? — [*The next and final Sentence is partly on fire*] — And if this be so, I do assign [it] to this cause: Your not assenting to what you did invite me to by your Petition and Advice, as that which might prove the Settlement of the Nation. And if this be the end of your sitting, and this be your carriage — [*Sentence now all beautifully blazing*], I think it high time that an end be put to your sitting. And I DO DISSOLVE THIS PARLIAMENT! And let God be judge between you and me!"[1]

Figure the looks of Haselrig, Scott and Company! "The Mace was clapt under a cloak; the Speaker withdrew, and

[1] Burton, ii. 465–470.

exit Parliamentum," the Talking-Apparatus vanishes.[1] "God be judge between you and me!" — "Amen!" answered they,[2] thought they, indignantly; and sank into eternal silence.

It was high time; for in truth the Hydra, on every side, is stirring its thousand heads. "Believe me," says Samuel Hartlib, Milton's friend, writing to an Official acquaintance next week, "believe me, it was of such necessity, that if their Session had continued but two or three days longer, all had been in blood both in City and Country, upon Charles Stuart's account."[3]

His Highness, before this Monday's sun sets, has begun to lodge the Anarchic Ringleaders, Royalist, Fifth-Monarchist, in the Tower; his Highness is bent once more with all his faculty, the Talking-Apparatus being gone, to front this Hydra, and trample it down once again.[4] On Saturday he summons his Officers, his Acting-Apparatus, to Whitehall round him; explains to them "in a Speech two hours long" what kind of Hydra it is; asks, Shall it conquer us, involve us in blood and confusion? They answer from their hearts, No, it shall not! "We will stand and fall with your Highness, we will live and die with you!"[5] — It is the last duel this Oliver has with any Hydra fomented into life by a Talking-Apparatus; and he again conquers it, invincibly compresses it, as he has heretofore done.

One day, in the early days of March next, his Highness said to Lord Broghil: An old friend of yours is in Town, the Duke of Ormond, now lodged in Drury Lane, at the Papist Surgeon's there: you had better tell him to be gone![6] — Whereat his Lordship stared; found it a fact, however; and his Grace of Ormond did go with exemplary speed, and got again to Bruges and the Sacred Majesty, with report That Cromwell had many

[1] Burton, ii. 464.

[2] Tradition in various modern Books (*Parliamentary History*, xxi. 203; Note to Burton, ii. 470); not supported, that I can find, by any contemporary witness.

[3] Hartlib in London (11th Feb. 1657–8) to Moreland at Geneva; printed in *Parliamentary History*, xxi. 205.

[4] Appendix, No. 31.

[5] Hartlib's Letter, ubi suprà.

[6] Godwin, iv. 508; Budgel's *Lives of the Boyles*, p. 49; &c.

enemies, but that the rise of the Royalists was moonshine. And on the 12th of the month his Highness had the Mayor and Common Council with him in a body at Whitehall; and "in a Speech at large" explained to them that his Grace of Ormond was gone only "on Tuesday last;" that there were Spanish Invasions, Royalist Insurrections and Frantic-Anabaptist Insurrections rapidly ripening; — that it would well beseem the City of London to have its Militia in good order. To which the Mayor and Common Council, "being very sensible thereof," made zealous response [1] by speech and by act. In a word, the Talking-Apparatus being gone, and an Oliver Protector now at the head of the Acting-Apparatus, no Insurrection, in the eyes of reasonable persons, had any chance. The leading Royalists shrank close into their privacies again, — considerable numbers of them had to shrink into durance in the Tower. Among which latter class, his Highness, justly incensed, and "considering," as Thurloe says, "that it was not fit there should be a Plot of this kind every winter," had determined that a High Court of Justice should take cognizance of some. High Court of Justice is accordingly nominated [2] as the Act of Parliament prescribes: among the parties marked for trial by it are Sir Henry Slingsby, long since prisoner for Penruddock's business, and the Rev. Dr. Hewit, a man of much forwardness in Royalism. Sir Henry, prisoner in Hull and acquainted with the Chief Officers there, has been treating with them for betrayal of the place to his Majesty; has even, to that end, given one of them a Majesty's commission; for whose Spanish Invasion such a Haven and Fortress would have been extremely convenient. Rev. Dr. Hewit, preaching by sufferance, according to the old ritual, "in St. Gregory's Church near Paul's," to a select disaffected audience, has farther seen good to distinguish himself very much by secular zeal in this business of the Royalist Insurrection and Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasion; — which has now come to nothing, and left poor Dr. Hewit in a most questionable position. Of

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 171).

[2] 27th April, 1658. Act of Parliament, with List of the Names, is in Scobell, ii. 372–375: see also *Commons Journals*, vii. 427 (Sept. 1656).

these two, and of others, a High Court of Justice shall take cognizance.

The Insurrection having no chance in the eyes of reasonable Royalists, and they in consequence refusing to lead it, the large body of *un*reasonable Royalists now in London City or gathering thither decide, with indignation, That they will try it on their own score, and lead it themselves. Hands to work, then, ye unreasonable Royalists; pipe, All hands! Saturday, the 15th of May, that is the night appointed: To rise that Saturday night; beat drums for "Royalist Apprentices," "fire houses at the Tower," slay this man, slay that, and bring matters to a good issue. Alas, on the very edge of the appointed hour, as usual, we are all seized; the ringleaders of us are all seized, "at the Mermaid in Cheapside," — for Thurloe and his Highness have long known what we were upon! Barkstead Governor of the Tower "marches into the City with five drakes," at the rattle of which every Royalist Apprentice, and party implicated, shakes in his shoes: — and this also has gone to vapor, leaving only for result certain new individuals of the Civic class to give account of it to the High Court of Justice.

Tuesday, 25th May, 1658, the High Court of Justice sat; a formidable Sanhedrim of above a hundred and thirty heads, consisting of "all the Judges," chief Law Officials, and others named in the Writ according to Act of Parliament; — sat "in Westminster Hall, at Nine in the morning, for the Trial of Sir Henry Slingsby Knight, John Hewit Doctor of Divinity," and three others whom we may forget.[1] Sat day after day till all were judged. Poor Sir Henry, on the first day, was condemned; he pleaded what he could, poor gentleman, a very constant Royalist all along; but the Hull business was too palpable; he was condemned to die. Rev. Dr. Hewit, whose proceedings also had become very palpable, refused to plead at all; refused even "to take off his hat," says Carrion Heath, "till the officer was coming to do it for him:" "had a Paper of Demurrers prepared by the learned Mr. Prynne," who is now again doing business this way; — "conducted himself not very wisely," says Bulstrode. He likewise received sentence of death. The

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 172).

others, by narrow missing, escaped; by good luck, or the Protector's mercy, suffered nothing.

As to Slingsby and Hewit the Protector was inexorable. Hewit has already taken a very high line: let him persevere in it! Slingsby was the Lord Fauconberg's Uncle, married to his Aunt Bellasis; but that could not stead him, — perhaps that was but a new monition to be strict with him. The Commonwealth of England and its Peace are not nothing! These Royalist Plots every winter, deliveries of garrisons to Charles Stuart, and reckless "usherings of us into blood," shall end! Hewit and Slingsby suffered on Tower Hill, on Monday, 8th June; amid the manifold rumor and emotion of men. Of the City Insurrectionists six were condemned; three of whom were executed, three pardoned. And so the High Court of Justice dissolved itself; and at this and not at more expense of blood, the huge Insurrectionary movement ended, and lay silent within its caves again.

Whether in any future year it would have tried another rising against such a Lord Protector, one does not know, — one guesses rather in the negative. The Royalist Cause, after so many failures, after such a sort of enterprises "on the word of a Christian King," had naturally sunk very low. Some twelvemonth hence, with a Commonwealth not now under Cromwell, but only under the impulse of Cromwell, a Christian King hastening down to the Treaty of the Pyrenees, where France and Spain were making Peace, found one of the coldest receptions. Cardinal Mazarin "sent his coaches and guards a day's journey to meet Lockhart the Commonwealth Ambassador;" but refused to meet the Christian King at all; would not even meet Ormond except as if by accident, "on the public road," to say that there was no hope. The Spanish Minister, Don Luis de Haro, was civiller in manner; but as to Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasions or the like, he also decisively shook his head.[1] The Royalist Cause was as good as desperate in England; a melancholy Reminiscence, fast fading away into the realm of shadows. Not till Puritanism sank of its own accord, could Royalism rise again. But Puritanism, the King

[1] Kennet, iii. 214; Clarendon, iii. 914.

of it once away, fell loose very naturally in every fibre, — fell into *Kinglessness*, what we call Anarchy; crumbled down, ever faster, for Sixteen Months, in mad suicide, and universal clashing and collision; proved, by trial after trial, that there lay not in it either Government or so much as Self-government any more; that a Government of England by *it* was henceforth an impossibility. Amid the general wreck of things, all Government threatening now to be impossible, the Reminiscence of Royalty rose again, "Let us take refuge in the Past, the Future is not possible!" — and Major-General Monk crossed the Tweed at Coldstream, with results which are well known.

Results which we will not quarrel with, very mournful as they have been! If it please Heaven, these Two Hundred Years of universal Cant in Speech, with so much of Cotton-spinning, Coal-boring, Commercing, and other valuable Sincerity of Work, going on the while, shall not be quite lost to us! Our Cant will vanish, our whole baleful cunningly compacted Universe of Cant, as does a heavy Nightmare Dream. We shall awaken; and find ourselves in a world greatly *widened*. — Why Puritanism could not continue? My friend, Puritanism was *not* the Complete Theory of this immense Universe; no, only a part thereof! To me it seems, in my hours of hope, as if the Destinies meant something grander with England than even Oliver Protector did! We will not quarrel with the Destinies; we will work as we can towards fulfilment of them.

But in these same June days of the year 1658, while Hewit and Slingsby lay down their heads on Tower Hill, and the English Hydra finds that its Master is still here, there arrive the news of Dunkirk alluded to above: Dunkirk gloriously taken, Spaniards gloriously beaten; victories and successes abroad; which are a new illumination to the Lord Protector in the eyes of England. Splendid Nephews of the Cardinal, Manzinis, Dues de Crequi, come across the Channel to congratulate "the most invincible of Sovereigns;" young Louis Fourteenth himself would have come, had not the attack of small-pox prevented.[1] With whom the elegant Lord Fancon-

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 172–173; 15th–21st June, 1658).

berg and others busy themselves: their pageantry and gilt coaches, much gazed at by the idler multitudes, need not detain us here.

The Lord Protector, his Parliament having been dismissed with such brevity, is somewhat embarrassed in his finances. But otherwise his affairs stand well; visibly in an improved condition. Once more he has saved Puritan England; once more approved himself invincible abroad and at home. He looks with confidence towards summoning a new Parliament, of juster disposition towards Puritan England and him.[1] With a Parliament, or if extremity of need arrive, without a Parliament and in spite of Parliaments, the Puritan Gospel Cause, sanctioned by a Higher than Parliaments, shall not sink while life remains in this Man. Not till Oliver Cromwell's head lie low, shall English Puritanism bend its head to any created thing. Erect, with its foot on the neck of Hydra Babylon, with its open Bible and drawn Sword, shall Puritanism stand, and with pious all-defiance victoriously front the world. That was Oliver Cromwell's appointed function in this piece of Sublunary Space, in this section of swift-flowing Time; that noble, perilous, painful function: and he has manfully done it, — and is now near ending it, and getting honorably relieved from it.

LETTER CCXXV.

The poor Protestants of Piedmont, it appears, are again in a state of grievance, in a state of peril. The Lord Protector, in the thickest press of domestic anarchies, finds time to think of these poor people and their case. Here is a Letter to Ambassador Lockhart, who is now at Dunkirk Siege, in the French King and Cardinal's neighborhood: a generous pious Letter; dictated to Thurloe, partly perhaps of Thurloe's composition, but altogether of Oliver's mind and sense; — fit enough, since it so chances, to conclude our Series here.

[1] Thurloe, vii. 84, 99, 128, &c. (April, May, 1658).

Among the Lockhart Letters in *Thurloe*, which are full of Dunkirk in these weeks, I can find no trace of this new Piedmont business: but in Milton's Latin State-Letters, among the *Literæ Olivcrii Protectoris*, there are Three, to the French King, to the Swiss Cantons, to the Cardinal, which all treat of it. The first of which, were it only as a sample of the Milton-Oliver Diplomacies, we will here copy, and translate that all may read it. An emphatic State-Letter; which Oliver Cromwell meant, and John Milton thought and wrote into words; not unworthy to be read. It goes by the same Express as the Letter to Lockhart himself; and is very specially referred to there: —

"*Serenissimo potentissimoque Principi, Ludovico Galliarum Regi.*

"SERENISSIME POTENTISSIMEQUE REX, AMICE AC FŒDERATE AUGUSTISSIME:

"Meminisse potest Majestas Vestra, quo tempore inter nos de renovando Fœdere agebatur (quod optimis auspiciis initum multa utriusque Populi commoda, multa Hostium communium exinde mala testantur), accidisse miseram illam Convallensium Occisionem; quorum causam undique desertam atque afflictam Vestræ misericordiæ atque tutelæ, summo cum ardore animi ac miseratione, commendavimus. Nec defuisse per se arbitramur Majestatem Vestram officio tam pio, immo verò tam humano, pro eâ quâ apud Ducem Sabaudiæ valere debuit vel auctoritate vel gratiâ: Nos certè aliique multi Principes ac Civitates, legationibus, literis, precibus interpositis, non defuimus.

"Post cruentissimam utriusque sexûs omnis ætatis Trucidationem, Pax tandem data est; vel potiùs inductæ Pacis nomine hostilitas quædam tectior. Conditiones Pacis vestro in oppido Pinarolii sunt latæ: duræ quidem illæ, sed quibus miseri atque inopes, dira omnia atque immania perpessi, facile acquiescerent, modò iis, duræ et iniquæ ut sint, staretur. Non statur; sed enim earum quoque singularum falsâ interpretatione variisque diverticulis, fides eluditur ac violatur. Antiquis sedibus multi dejiciuntur, Religio Patria multis interdicitur; Tributa nova exiguntur; Arx nova cervicibus imponitur, unde milites crebrò

erumpentes obvios quosque vel diripiunt vel trucidant. Ad hæc nuper novæ copiæ clanculum contra eos parantur; quique inter eos Romanam Religionem colunt, migrare ad tempus jubentur: ut omnia nunc rursùs videantur ad illorum internecionem miserorum spectare, quos illa prior laniena reliquos fecit.

"Quod ergò per dextram tuam, Rex Christianissime, quæ Fœdus nobiscum et amicitiam percussit, obsecro atque obtestor, per illud Christianissimi tituli decus sanctissimum, fieri ne siveris: nec tantam sæviendi licentiam, non dico Principi cuiquam (neque enim in ullum Principem, multò minus in ætatem illius Principis teneram, aut in muliebrem Matris animum, tanta sævitia cadere potest), sed sacerrimis illis Sicariis, ne permiseris. Qui cum Christi Servatoris nostri servos atque imitatores sese profiteantur, qui venit in hunc mundum ut peccatores servaret, Ejus mitissimi Nomine atque Institutis ad innocentium crudelissimas cædes abutuntur. Eripe qui potes, quique in tanto fastigio dignus es posse, tot supplices tuos homicidarum ex manibus, qui cruore nuper ebrii sanguinem rursùs sitiunt, suæque invidiam crudelitatis in Principes derivare consultissimum sibi ducunt. Tu verò nec Titulos tuos aut Regni fines istâ invidiâ, nec Evangelium Christi pacatissimum istâ crudelitate fædari, te regnante patiaris. Memineris hos ipsos Avi tui Henrici Protestantibus amicissimi Dedititios fuisse; cùm Diguierius per ea Loca, quà etiam commodissimus in Italiam transitus est, Sabaudum trans Alpes cedentem victor est insecutus. Deditionis illius Instrumentum in Actis Regni vestri Publicis etiamnum extat: in quo exceptum atque cautum inter alia est, ne cui posteà Convallenses traderentur, nisi iisdem conditionibus quibus eos Avus tuus invictissimus in fidem recepit. Hanc fidem nunc implorant, avitam abs te Nepote supplices requirunt. Tui esse quàm cujus nunc sunt, vel permutatione aliquâ si fieri possit, malint atque optârint: id si non licet, patrocinio saltem, miseratione atque perfugio.

"Sunt et rationes regni quæ hortari possint ut Convallenses ad te confugientes ne rejicias: sed nolim te, Rex tantus cum sis, aliis rationibus ad defensionem calamitosorum quàm fide à

Majoribus datâ, pietate, regiâque animi benignitate ac magnitudine permoveri. Ita pulcherrimi facti laus atque gloria illibata atque integra tua erit, et ipse Patrem Misericordiæ ejusque Filium Christum Regem, cujus Nomen atque Doctrinam ab immanitate nefariâ vindicaveris, eò magis faventem tibi et propitium per omnem vitam experieris.

"Deus Opt. Max. ad gloriam suam, tot innocentissimorum hominum Christianorum tutandam salutem, Vestrumque verum decus, Majestati Vestræ hanc mentem injiciat.

[Majestatis Vestræ Studiosissimus

Oliverius Protector Reip. Angliæ,] &c.

"*Westmonasterio, Maii* [26° *die*], *anno* 1658."[1]

Of which here is a Version the most literal we can make:—

"*To the most serene and potent Prince, Louis, King of France.*

"Most serene and potent King, most close Friend and Ally:

"Your Majesty may recollect that during the negotiation between us for the renewing of our League[2] (which many advantages to both Nations, and much damage to their common Enemies, resulting therefrom, now testify to have been very wisely done), — there fell out that miserable Slaughter of the People of the Valleys; whose cause, on all sides deserted and trodden down, we, with the utmost earnestness and pity, recommended to your mercy and protection. Nor do we think Your Majesty, for your own part, has been wanting in an office so pious and indeed so human, in so far as either by authority or favor you might have influence with the Duke of Savoy: we certainly, and many other Princes and States, by embassies, by letters, by entreaties directed thither, have not been wanting.

"After that most sanguinary Massacre, which spared no age nor either sex, there was at last a Peace given; or rather, under the specious name of Peace, a certain more disguised hostility. The terms of the Peace were settled in your Town

[1] *The Prose Works of John Milton* (London, 1833), p. 815.

[2] June, 1655: antea, vol. xviii. p. 491.

of Pignerol: hard terms; but such as those poor People, indigent and wretched, after suffering all manner of cruelties and atrocities, might gladly acquiesce in; if only, hard and unjust as the bargain is, it were adhered to. It is not adhered to: those terms are broken; the purport of every one of them is, by false interpretation and various subterfuges, eluded and violated. Many of these People *are* ejected from their Old Habitations; their Native Religion is prohibited to many: new Taxes are exacted; a new Fortress has been built over them, out of which soldiers frequently sallying plunder or kill whomsoever they meet. Moreover, new Forces have of late been privily got ready against them; and such as follow the Romish Religion are directed to withdraw from among them within a limited time: so that everything seems now again to point towards the extermination of all among those unhappy People, whom the former Massacre had left.

"Which now, O Most Christian King, I beseech and obtest thee, by thy right-hand which pledged a League and Friendship with us, by the sacred honor of that Title of Most Christian, — permit not to be done: nor let such license of savagery, I do not say to any Prince (for indeed no cruelty like this could come into the mind of any Prince, much less into the tender years of that young Prince, or into the woman's heart of his Mother), but to those most accursed Assassins, be given. Who while they profess themselves the servants and imitators of Christ our Saviour, who came into this world that He might save sinners, abuse His most merciful Name and Commandments to the cruelest slaughterings. Snatch, thou who art able, and who in such an elevation art worthy to be able, those poor Suppliants of thine from the hands of Murderers, who, lately drunk with blood, are again athirst for it, and think convenient to turn the discredit of their own cruelty upon their Prince's score. Suffer not either thy Titles and the Environs of thy Kingdom to be soiled with that discredit, or the peaceable Gospel of Christ by that cruelty, in thy Reign. Remember that these very People became subjects of thy Ancestor, Henry, most friendly to Protestants; when Lesdiguières victoriously pursued him of Savoy across the Alps, through

those same Valleys,[1] where indeed the most commodious pass to Italy is. The Instrument of that their Paction and Surrender is yet extant in the Public Acts of your Kingdom: in which this among other things is specified and provided against, That these People of the Valleys should not thereafter be delivered over to any one except on the same conditions under which thy invincible Ancestor had received them into fealty. This promised protection they now implore; promise of thy Ancestor they now, from thee the Grandson, suppliantly demand. To be thine rather than his whose they now are, if by any means of exchange it could be done, they would wish and prefer: if that may not be, thine at least by succor, by commiseration and deliverance.

"There are likewise reasons of state which might give inducement not to reject these People of the Valleys flying for shelter to thee: but I would not have thee, so great a King as thou art, be moved to the defence of the unfortunate by other reasons than the promise of thy Ancestors, and thy own piety and royal benignity and greatness of mind. So shall the praise and fame of this most worthy action be unmixed and clear; and thyself shalt find the Father of Mercy, and His Son Christ the King, whose Name and Doctrine thou shalt have vindicated, the more favorable to thee, and propitious through the course of life.

"May the Almighty, for His own glory, for the safety of so many most innocent Christian men, and for your true honor, dispose Your Majesty to this determination.

"Your Majesty's most friendly

"OLIVER PROTECTOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND.

"WESTMINSTER, 26th May, 1658."

[*To Sir William Lockhart, our Ambassador at the French Court, These.*]

"[WHITEHALL,] 26th May, 1658.

"SIR, — The continual troubles and vexations of the poor People of Piedmont professing the Reformed Religion, —

[1] In 1592. Hénault, *Abrégé Chronologique* (Paris, 1774), ii. 597.

and that after so many serious instances of yours in the Court of France in their behalf, and after such hearty recommendations of their most deplorable condition to his Majesty in our name, who also has been pleased upon all such occasions to profess very deep resentments of their miseries, and to give us no small hopes of interposing his power and interest with the Duke of Savoy for the accommodating of those affairs, and for the restoring those poor distressed creatures to their ancient privileges and habitations, — are matter of so much grief to us, and lie so near our heart, that, notwithstanding we are abundantly satisfied with those many signal marks you have always hitherto given of your truly Christian zeal and tenderness on their regard, yet the present conjuncture of their affairs, and the misery that is daily added to their affliction begetting in us fresh arguments of pity towards them, not only as men, but as the poor distressed Members of Christ, — do really move us at present to recommend their sad condition to your special care. Desiring you to redouble your instances with the King, in such pathetic and affectionate expressions as may be in some measure suitable to the greatness of their present sufferings and grievances. Which, the truth is, are almost inexpressible. For so restless and implacable is the malice and fury of their Popish Adversaries, that, — as though they esteemed it but a light matter to have formerly shed the innocent blood of so many hundreds of souls, to have burned their houses, to have razed their churches, to have plundered their goods, and to have driven out the Inhabitants beyond the River Pelice, out of those their ancient Possessions which they had quietly enjoyed for so many ages and generations together, — they are now resolved to fill their cup of affliction up to the brim, and to heat the furnace yet seven times hotter than before. Amongst other things: —

"*First*, — They forcibly prohibit all manner of Public Exercises[1] at San Giovanni, which, notwithstanding, the Inhabitants have enjoyed time out of mind: and in case they yield not ready obedience to such most unrighteous orders, they are immediately summoned before their Courts of Justice,

[1] Means "Public Worship."

and there proceeded against in a most severe and rigorous manner, and some threatened to be wholly destroyed and exterminated.

"2. And forasmuch as, in the said Valleys, there are not found among the Natives men fitly qualified and of abilities for Ministerial Functions to supply so much as one half of their Churches, and upon this account they are necessitated to entertain some out of France and Geneva, which are the Duke of Savoy's friends and allies, — their Popish Enemies take hold of this advantage; and make use of this stratagem, namely, to banish and drive out the shepherds of the flocks, that so the wolves may the better come in and devour the sheep.

"3. To this we add, their strict prohibition of all Physicians and Chirurgeons of the Reformed Religion to inhabit in the Valleys. And thus they attempt not only to starve their souls for want of spiritual food and nourishment, but to destroy their bodies likewise for want of those outward conveniences and helps which God hath allowed to all mankind.

"4. And as a supplement to the former grievances, those of the Reformed Religion are prohibited all manner of Commerce and Trade with their Popish neighbors; that so they may not be able to subsist and maintain their families: and if they offend herein in the least, they are immediately apprehended as rebels.

"5. Moreover, to give the world a clear testimony what their main design in all these oppressions is, they have issued out Orders whereby to force the poor Protestants To sell their Lands and Houses to their Popish neighbors: whereas the Papists are prohibited upon pain of excommunication to sell any immovable to the Protestants.

"6. Besides, the Court of Savoy have rebuilt the Fort of La Torre; contrary to the formal and express promise made by them to the Ambassadors of the Evangelical Cantons. Where they have also placed Commanders, who commit the Lord knows how many excesses and outrages in all the neighboring parts; without being ever called to question, or compelled to make restitution for the same. If by chance any

murder be committed in the Valleys (as is too-too often practised) whereof the authors are not discovered, the poor Protestants are immediately accused as guilty thereof, to render them odious to their neighbors.

"7. There are sent lately into the said Valleys several Troops of Horse and Companies of Foot; which hath caused the poor People, out of fear of a massacre, with great expense and difficulty to send their wives and little ones, with all that were feeble and sick amongst them, into the Valley of Perosa, under the King of France his Dominions.

"These are, in short, the grievances, and this is the present state and condition of those poor People even at this very day. Whereof you are to use your utmost endeavors to make his Majesty thoroughly sensible; and to persuade him to give speedy and effectual orders [to] his Ambassador who resides in the Duke's Court, To act vigorously in their behalf. Our Letter,[1] which you shall present his Majesty for this end and purpose, contains several reasons in it which we hope will move his heart to the performance of this charitable and merciful work. And we desire you to second and animate the same with your most earnest solicitations; representing unto him how much his own interest and honor is concerned in the making good that Accord of Henry the Fourth, his royal predecessor, with the Ambassadors of those very People, in the year 1592, by the Constable of Lesdiguières; which Accord is registered in the Parliament of Dauphiné; and whereof you have an authentic Copy in your own hands. Whereby the Kings of France oblige themselves and their Successors To maintain and preserve their ancient privileges and concessions. Besides that the gaining to himself the hearts of that People, by so gracious and remarkable a protection and deliverance, might be of no little use another day, in relation to Pignerol and the other adjacent places under his Dominions.

"One of the most effectual remedies, which we conceive the fittest to be applied at present is, That the King of France would be pleased to make an Exchange with the Duke of Savoy for those Valleys; resigning over to him some other

[1] Milton's, given above.

part of his Dominions in lieu thereof, — as, in the reign of Henry the Fourth, the Marquisate of Saluces was exchanged with the Duke for La Bresse.[1] Which certainly could not but be of great advantage to his Majesty, as well for the safety of Pignerol, as for the opening of a Passage for his Forces into Italy, — which [Passage], if under the dominion, and in the hands of so powerful a Prince, joined with the natural strength of these places by reason of their situation, must needs be rendered impregnable.

"By what we have already said, you see our intentions; and therefore we leave all other particulars to your special care and conduct; and rest,

[Your friend,]

"OLIVER P."[2]

Lockhart, both General and Ambassador in these months, is, as we hinted, infinitely busy with his share in the Siege of Dunkirk, now just in its agony; and before this Letter can well arrive, has done his famous feat of Fighting, which brings Turenne and him their victory, among the sandhills there.[3] Much to the joy of Cardinal and King; who will not readily refuse him in any reasonable point at present. There came no new Massacre upon the poor People of the Valleys; their grievances were again "settled," scared away for a season, by negotiation.

DEATH OF THE PROTECTOR.

THERE remain no more *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell* for us; the above is the last of them of either kind. As a Speaker to Men, he takes his leave of the world, in these final words addressed to his Second Parliament, on the 4th of February, 1657–8: "God be judge between you and me!" — So was it appointed by the Destinies and the Oblivions; these were his last public words.

[1] In 1601 (Hénault, ii. 612).

[2] Ayscough MSS., no 4107, f. 89.

[3] Thursday, 3d June, 1658 (Thurloe, vii. 155, 156).

Other Speeches, in that crisis of Oliver's affairs, we have already heard of; "Speech of two hours" to his Officers in Whitehall; Speech to the Lord Mayor and Common Council, in the same place, on the same subject: but they have not been reported, or the report of them has not come down to us. There were domestic Letters also, as we still find, written in those same tumultuous weeks; Letters to the Earl of Warwick, on occasion of the death of his Grandson, the Protector's Son-in-law. For poor young Mr. Rich, whom we saw wedded in November last, is dead.[1] He died on the twelfth day after that Dissolution of the Parliament; while Oliver and the Commonwealth are wrestling against boundless Anarchies, Oliver's own Household has its visitations and dark days. Poor little Frances Cromwell, in the fourth month of her marriage, still only about seventeen, she finds herself suddenly a widow; and Hampton Court has become a house of mourning. Young Rich was much lamented. Oliver condoled with the Grandfather "in seasonable and sympathizing Letters;" for which the brave old Earl rallies himself to make some gratefulest Reply;[2] — "Cannot enough confess my obligation, much less discharge it, for your seasonable and sympathizing Letters; which, besides the value they derive from so worthy a hand, express such faithful affections, and administer such Christian advices as renders them beyond measure dear to me." Blessings, and noble eulogies, the outpouring of a brave old heart, conclude this Letter of Warwick's. He himself died shortly after;[3] a new grief to the Protector. — The Protector was delivering the Commonwealth from Hydras and fighting a world-wide battle, while he wrote those Letters on the death of young Rich. If by chance they still lie hidden in the archives of some kinsman of the Warwicks, they may yet be disimprisoned and made audible. Most probably they too are lost. And so we have now nothing more; — and Oliver has nothing more. His Speakings, and also his Actings, all his manifold Strug-

[1] 16th Feb. 1657–8 (Newspapers in *Cromwelliana*, p. 170).

[2] Earl of Warwick to the Lord Protector, date 11th March, 1657–8; printed in *Godwin*, iv. 528.

[3] 19th April, 1658 (Thurloe, vii. 85).

glings, more or less victorious, to utter the great God's-Message that was in him, — have here what we call ended. This Summer of 1658, likewise victorious after struggle, is his last in our World of Time. Thenceforth he enters the Eternities; and rests upon his arms *there*.

Oliver's look was yet strong; and young for his years,[1] which were fifty-nine last April. The "threescore and ten years," the Psalmist's limit, which probably was often in Oliver's thoughts and in those of others there, might have been anticipated for him: Ten Years more of Life; — which, we may compute, would have given another History to all the Centuries of England. But it was not to be so, it was to be otherwise. Oliver's health, as we might observe, was but uncertain in late times; often "indisposed" the spring before last. His course of life had not been favorable to health! "A burden too heavy for man!" as he himself, with a sigh, would sometimes say. Incessant toil; inconceivable labor, of head and heart and hand; toil, peril, and sorrow manifold, continued for near twenty years now, had done their part: those robust life-energies, it afterwards appeared,[2] had been gradually eaten out. Like a Tower strong to the eye, but with its foundations undermined; which has not long to stand; the fall of which, on any shock, may be sudden. —

The Manzinis and Ducs de Crequi, with their splendors, and congratulations about Dunkirk, interesting to the street-populations and general public, had not yet withdrawn, when at Hampton Court there had begun a private scene, of much deeper and quite opposite interest there. The Lady Claypole, Oliver's favorite Daughter, a favorite of all the world, had fallen sick we know not when; lay sick now, — to death, as it proved. Her disease was of internal female nature; the painfulest and most harassing to mind and sense, it is understood, that falls to the lot of a human creature. Hampton Court we can fancy once more, in those July days, a house of sorrow; pale Death knocking there, as at the door of the meanest hut. "She had great sufferings, great exercises of spirit." Yes: —

[1] Heath. [2] Doctor Bates, on examination *post mortem*.

and in the depths of the old Centuries, we see a pale anxious Mother, anxious Husband, anxious weeping Sisters, a poor young Frances weeping anew in her weeds. "For the last fourteen days" his Highness has been by her bedside at Hampton Court, unable to attend to any public business whatever.[1] Be still, my Child; trust thou yet in God: in the waves of the Dark River, there too is He a God of help! — On the 6th day of August she lay dead; at rest forever. My young, my beautiful, my brave! She is taken from me; I am left bereaved of her. The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the Name of the Lord! —

"His Highness," says Harvey,[2] "being at Hampton Court, sickened a little before the Lady Elizabeth died. Her decease was on Friday, 6th August, 1658; she having lain long under great extremity of bodily pain, which, with frequent and violent convulsion-fits, brought her to her end. But as to his Highness, it was observed that his sense of her outward misery, in the pains she endured, took deep impression upon him; who indeed was ever a most indulgent and tender Father; — his affections" too "being regulated and bounded by such Christian wisdom and prudence, as did eminently shine in filling up not only that relation of a Father, but also all other relations; wherein he was a most rare and singular example. And no doubt but the sympathy of his spirit with his sorely afflicted and dying Daughter" did break him down at this time; "considering also," — innumerable other considerations of sufferings and toils, "which made me often wonder he was able to hold up so long; except" indeed "that he was borne up by a Supernatural Power at a more than ordinary rate. As a mercy to the truly Christian World, and to us of these Nations, had we been worthy of him!" —

[1] Thurloe, vii. 295 (27th July, 1658).

[2] A Collection of several Passages concerning his late Highness Oliver Cromwell, in the Time of his Sickness; wherein is related many of his Expressions upon his Death-bed, together with his Prayer within two or three Days before his Death. Written by one that was then Groom of his Bedchamber. (King's Pamphlets, sm. 4to, no. 792, art. 22: London, 9th June, 1659.)

The same authority, who unhappily is not chronological, adds elsewhere this little picture, which we must take with us: "At Hampton Court, a few days after the death of the Lady Elizabeth, which touched him nearly, — being then himself under bodily distempers, forerunners of that Sickness which was to death, and in his bed-chamber, — he called for his Bible, and desired an honorable and godly person there, with others, present, To read unto him that passage in *Philippians* Fourth: '*Not that I speak in respect of want; for I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound. Everywhere, and by all things, I am instructed; both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things, through Christ which strengtheneth me.*'[1] Which read, — said he, to use his own words as near as I can remember them: 'This Scripture did once save my life; when my eldest Son [poor Robert[2]] died; which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did.' And then repeating the words of the text himself, and reading the tenth and eleventh verses, of Paul's contentation, and submission to the will of God in all conditions, — said he: 'It's true, Paul, *you* have learned this, and attained to this measure of grace: but what shall *I* do? Ah poor creature, it is a hard lesson for me to take out! I find it so!' But reading on to the thirteenth verse, where Paul saith, '*I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me,*' — then faith began to work, and his heart to find support and comfort, and he said thus to himself, 'He that was Paul's Christ is my Christ too!' And so drew waters out of the well of Salvation."

In the same dark days, occurred George Fox's third and last interview with Oliver. Their first interview we have seen. The second, which had fallen out some two years ago, did not prosper quite so well. George, riding into Town "one evening," with some "Edward Pyot" or other broad-brimmed man, espied the Protector "at Hyde Park Corner among his Guards,"

[1] Philippians iv. 11, 12, 13.

[2] A blank in the Pamphlet here: not "Oliver" as hitherto supposed (see vol. xvii. p. 183), but "Robert" (ibid. p. 48): see vol. xvii. pp. 124, 183.

and made up to his carriage-window, in spite of opposition; and was altogether cordially welcomed there. But on the following day, at Whitehall, the Protector "spake lightly;" he sat down loosely "on a table," and "spake light things to me," in fact, rather quizzed me; finding my enormous sacred Self-confidence none of the least of my attainments![1] Such had been our second interview; here now is the third and last. — George dates nothing; and his facts everywhere lie round him like the leather-parings of his old shop: but we judge it may have been about the time when the Manzinis and Ducs de Crequi were parading in their gilt coaches, That George and two Friends "going out of Town," on a summer day, "two of Hacker's men" had met them, — taken them, brought them to the Mews. "Prisoners there a while:" — but the Lord's power was over Hacker's men; they had to let us go. Whereupon: —

"The same day, taking boat I went down [*up*] to Kingston, and from thence to Hampton Court, to speak with the Protector about the Sufferings of Friends. I met him riding into Hampton Court Park; and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his Life-guard, I saw and felt a waft [*whiff*] of death go forth against him." — Or in favor of him, George? His life, if thou knew it, has not been a merry thing for this man, now or heretofore! I fancy he has been looking, this long while, to give it up, whenever the Commander-in-Chief required. To quit his laborious sentry-post; honorably lay up his arms, and be gone to his rest: — all Eternity to rest in, O George! Was thy own life merry, for example, in the hollow of the tree; clad permanently in leather? And does kingly purple, and governing refractory worlds instead of stitching coarse shoes, make it merrier? The waft of death is not against *him*, I think, — perhaps against thee, and me, and others, O George, when the Nell-Gwynn Defender and Two Centuries of all-victorious Cant have come in upon us! My unfortunate George — "a waft of death go forth against him; and when I came to him, he looked like a dead man. After I had laid the Sufferings of Friends before him, and had

[1] *Fox's Journal*, i. 381, 382.

warned him according as I was moved to speak to him, he bade me come to his house. So I returned to Kingston; and, the next day, went up to Hampton Court to speak farther with him. But when I came, Harvey, who was one that waited on him, told me the Doctors were not willing that I should speak with him. So I passed away, and never saw him more."[1]

Friday, the 20th of August, 1658, this was probably the day on which George Fox saw Oliver riding into Hampton Park with his Guards, for the last time. That Friday, as we find, his Highness seemed much better: but on the morrow a sad change had taken place; feverish symptoms, for which the Doctors rigorously prescribed quiet. Saturday to Tuesday the symptoms continued ever worsening: a kind of tertian ague, "bastard tertian" as the old Doctors name it; for which it was ordered that his Highness should return to Whitehall, as to a more favorable air in that complaint. On Tuesday accordingly he quitted Hampton Court; — never to see it more.

"His time was come," says Harvey; "and neither prayers nor tears could prevail with God to lengthen out his life and continue him longer to us. Prayers abundantly and incessantly poured out on his behalf, both publicly and privately, as was observed, in a more than ordinary way. Besides many a secret sigh, — secret and unheard by men, yet like the cry of Moses, more loud, and strongly laying hold on God, than many spoken supplications. All which — the hearts of God's People being thus mightily stirred up — did seem to beget confidence in some, and hopes in all; yea some thoughts in himself, that God would restore him."

"Prayers public and private:" they are worth imagining to ourselves. Meetings of Preachers, Chaplains, and Godly Persons; "Owen, Goodwin, Sterry, with a company of others, in an adjoining room;" in Whitehall, and elsewhere over religious London and England, fervent outpourings of many a loyal heart. For there were hearts to whom the nobleness of this man was known; and his worth to the Puritan Cause

[1] *Fox's Journal*, pp. 485, 486.

was evident. Prayers, — strange enough to us; in a dialect fallen obsolete, forgotten now. Authentic wrestlings of ancient Human Souls, — who were alive then, with their affections, awe-struck pieties; with their Human Wishes, risen to be *transcendent*, hoping to prevail with the Inexorable. All swallowed now in the depths of dark Time; which is full of such, since the beginning! — Truly it is a great scene of World-History, this in old Whitehall: Oliver Cromwell drawing nigh to his end. The exit of Oliver Cromwell and of English Puritanism; a great Light, one of our few authentic Solar Luminaries, going down now amid the clouds of Death. Like the setting of a great victorious Summer Sun; its course now finished. "*So stirbt ein Held*," says Schiller, "So dies a Hero! Sight worthy to be worshipped!" — He died, this Hero Oliver, in Resignation to God; as the Brave have all done. "We could not be more desirous he should abide," says the pious Harvey, "than he was content and willing to be gone." The struggle lasted, amid hope and fear, for ten days. — Some small miscellaneous traits, and confused gleanings of last-words; and then our poor History ends.

Oliver, we find, spoke much of "the Covenants;" which indeed are the grand axis of all, in that Puritan Universe of his. Two Covenants; one of Works, with fearful Judgment for our shortcomings therein; one of Grace and unspeakable mercy; — gracious Engagements, "Covenants," which the Eternal God has vouchsafed to make with His feeble creature Man. Two; and by Christ's Death they have become One: there for Oliver is the divine solution of this our Mystery of Life.[1] "They were Two," he was heard ejaculating: "Two, but put into One before the Foundation of the World!" And again: "It is holy and true, it is holy and true, it is holy and true! — Who made it holy and true? The Mediator of the Covenant!" And again: "The Covenant is but One. Faith in the Covenant is my only support. And if I believe not, He abides faithful!" When his Children and Wife stood weeping

[1] Much intricate intense reasoning to this effect, on this subject, in Owen's Works, among others.

round him, he said: "Love not this world. I say unto you, it is not good that you should love this world!" No. "Children, live like Christians: — I leave you the Covenant to feed upon!" Yea, my brave one; even so! The Covenant, and eternal Soul of Covenants, remains sure to all the faithful: deeper than the Foundations of this World; earlier than they, and more lasting than they! —

Look also at the following; dark hues and bright; immortal light-beams struggling amid the black vapors of Death. Look; and conceive a great sacred scene, the sacredest this world sees; — and think of it, do not speak of it, in these mean days which have no sacred word. "Is there none that says, Who will deliver me from the peril?" moaned he once. Many hearts are praying, O wearied one! "Man can do nothing," rejoins he; "God can do what He will." — Another time, again thinking of the Covenant, "Is there none that will come and praise God," whose mercies endure forever! —

Here also are ejaculations caught up at intervals, undated, in those final days: "Lord, Thou knowest, if I do desire to live, it is to show forth Thy praise and declare Thy works!" — Once he was heard saying, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God!"[1] "This was spoken three times," says Harvey; "his repetitions usually being very weighty, and with great vehemency of spirit." Thrice over he said this; looking into the Eternal Kingdoms: "A fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God!" — But again: "All the promises of God are in *Him:* yes, and in Him Amen; to the glory of God by us, — by *us* in Jesus Christ." — "The Lord hath filled me with as much assurance of His pardon, and His love, as my soul can hold." — "I think I am the poorest wretch that lives: but I love God; or rather, am beloved of God." — "I am a conqueror, and more than a conqueror, through Christ that strengtheneth me!"[2]

So pass, in the sick-room, in the sick-bed, these last heavy uncertain days. "The Godly Persons had great assurances of a return to their Prayers:" transcendent Human Wishes find

[1] Hebrews x. 31.

[2] From Harvey; scattered over his Pamphlet.

in their own echo a kind of answer! They gave his Highness also some assurance that his life would be lengthened. Hope was strong in many to the very end.

On Monday, August 30th, there roared and howled all day a mighty storm of wind. Ludlow, coming up to town from Essex, could not start in the morning for wind; tried it in the afternoon; still could not get along, in his coach, for head-wind; had to stop at Epping.[1] On the morrow, Fleetwood came to him in the Protector's name, to ask, What he wanted here? — Nothing of public concernment, only to see my Mother-in-law! answered the solid man. For indeed he did not know that Oliver was dying; that the glorious hour of Disenthralment, and immortal "Liberty" to plunge over precipices with one's self and one's Cause was so nigh! — It came; and he took the precipices, like a strong-boned resolute blind gin-horse rejoicing in the breakage of its halter, in a very gallant constitutional manner. Adieu, my solid friend; if I go to Vevay, I will read thy Monument there, perhaps not without emotion, after all! —

It was on this stormy Monday, while rocking winds, heard in the sick-room and everywhere, were piping aloud, that Thurloe and an Official person entered to inquire, Who, in case of the worst, was to be his Highness's Successor? The Successor is named in a sealed Paper already drawn up, above a year ago, at Hampton Court; now lying in such and such a place. The paper was sent for, searched for; it could never be found. Richard's is the name understood to have been written in that Paper: not a good name; but in fact one does not know. In ten years' time, had ten years more been granted, Richard might have become a fitter man; might have been cancelled, if palpably unfit. Or perhaps it was Fleetwood's name, — and the Paper, by certain parties, was stolen? None knows. On the Thursday night following, "and not till then," his Highness is understood to have formally named "Richard;" — or perhaps it might only be some heavy-laden "Yes, yes!" spoken, out of the thick death-slumbers, in answer to Thurloe's *question* "Richard?" The thing is a little

[1] Ludlow, ii. 610–612.

uncertain.[1] It was, once more, a matter of much moment; — giving color probably to all the subsequent Centuries of England, this answer! —

On or near the night of the same stormy Monday, "two or three days before he died," we are to place that Prayer his Highness was heard uttering; which, as taken down by his attendants, exists in many old Note-books. In the tumult of the winds, the dying Oliver was heard uttering this

PRAYER.

"Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in Covenant with Thee through grace. And I may, I will, come to Thee, for Thy People. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good, and Thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death; Lord, however Thou do dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the Name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on Thy instruments, to depend more upon Thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy People too. And pardon the folly of this short Prayer: — Even for Jesus Christ's sake. And give us a good night, if it be Thy pleasure. Amen."

"Some variation there is," says Harvey, "of this Prayer, as to the account divers give of it; and something is here omitted. But so much is certain, that these were his requests. Wherein his heart was so carried out for God and His People, — yea indeed some who had added no little sorrow to him," the Anabaptist Republicans, and others, — "that at this time he seems to forget his own Family and nearest relations." Which indeed is to be remarked.

[1] Authorities in Godwin, iv. 572,573. But see also *Thurloe*, vii. 375; Fauconberg's second Letter there.

Thursday night the Writer of our old Pamphlet was himself in attendance on his Highness; and has preserved a trait or two; with which let us hasten to conclude. To-morrow is September Third, always kept as a Thanksgiving day, since the Victories of Dunbar and Worcester. The wearied one "that very night before the Lord took him to his everlasting rest," was heard thus, with oppressed voice, speaking: —

"'Truly God is good; indeed He is; He will not —' Then his speech failed him, but as I apprehended, it was, 'He will not leave me.' This saying, 'God is good,' he frequently used all along; and would speak it with much cheerfulness, and fervor of spirit, in the midst of his pains. — Again he said: 'I would be willing to live to be farther serviceable to God and His People: but my work is done. Yet God will be with His People.'

"He was very restless most part of the night, speaking often to himself. And there being something to drink offered him, he was desired To take the same, and endeavor to sleep. — Unto which he answered: 'It is not my design to drink or sleep; but my design is, to make what haste I can to be gone.' —

"Afterwards, towards morning, he used divers holy expressions, implying much inward consolation and peace; among the rest he spake some exceeding self-debasing words, *annihilating* and judging himself. And truly it was observed, that a public spirit to God's Cause did breathe in him, — as in his lifetime, so now to his very last."

When the morrow's sun rose, Oliver was speechless; between three and four in the afternoon, he lay dead. Friday, 3d September, 1658. "The consternation and astonishment of all people," writes Fauconberg,[1] "are inexpressible; their hearts seem as if sunk within them. My poor Wife, — I know not what on earth to do with her. When seemingly quieted, she bursts out again into a passion that tears her very heart in pieces." — Husht, poor weeping Mary! Here is a Life-battle right nobly done. Seest thou not,

[1] To Henry Cromwell, 7th September, 1658 (*Thurloe*, vii. 375).

"The storm is changed into a calm,
At His command and will;
So that the waves which raged before
Now quiet are and still!

"Then are *they* glad, — because at rest
And quiet now they be:
So to the haven He them brings
Which they desired to see."

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord;" blessed are the valiant that have lived in the Lord. "Amen, saith the Spirit," — Amen. "They do rest from their labors, and their works follow them."

"Their works follow them." As, I think, this Oliver Cromwell's works have done and are still doing! We have had our "Revolutions of Eighty-eight," officially called "glorious;" and other Revolutions not yet called glorious; and somewhat has been gained for poor Mankind. Men's ears are not now slit off by rash Officiality; Officiality will, for long henceforth, be more cautious about men's ears. The tyrannous Star-chambers, branding-irons, chimerical Kings and Surplices at All-hallowtide, they are gone, or with immense velocity going. Oliver's works do follow him! — The works of a man, bury them under what guano-mountains and obscene owl-droppings you will, do not perish, cannot perish. What of Heroism, what of Eternal Light was in a Man and his Life, is with very great exactness added to the Eternities; remains forever a new divine portion of the Sum of Things; and no owl's voice, this way or that, in the least avails in the matter. — But we have to end here.

Oliver is gone; and with him England's Puritanism, laboriously built together by this man, and made a thing far-shining, miraculous to its own Century, and memorable to all the Centuries, soon goes. Puritanism, without its King, is *kingless*, anarchic; falls into dislocation, self-collision; staggers, plunges into ever deeper anarchy; King, Defender of the Puritan Faith there can now none be found; — and nothing is left but to recall the old disowned Defender with the rem-

nants of his Four Surplices, and Two Centuries of *Hypocrisis* (or Play-acting *not* so called), and put up with all that, the best we may. The Genius of England no longer soars Sunward, world-defiant, like an Eagle through the storms, "mewing her mighty youth," as John Milton saw her do: the Genius of England, much liker a greedy Ostrich intent on provender and a whole skin mainly, stands with its *other* extremity Sunward; with its Ostrich head stuck into the readiest bush, of old Church-tippets, King-cloaks, or what other "sheltering Fallacy" there may be, and *so* awaits the issue. The issue has been slow; but it is now seen to have been inevitable. No Ostrich, intent on gross terrene provender, and sticking its head into Fallacies, but will be awakened one day, — in a terrible *à-posteriori* manner, if not otherwise! — Awake before it come to that; gods and men bid us awake! The Voices of our Fathers, with thousand-fold stern monition to one and all, bid us awake.

APPENDIX.

No. 1.

Letter to Downhall.

[Vol. xvii. p. 54.]

The stolen Letter of the Ashmole Museum has been found printed, and even reprinted. It is of the last degree of insignificance: a mere Note of Invitation to Downhall to stand "Godfather unto my Child." Man-child now ten days old,[1] who, as we may see, is christened "on Thursday next" by the name of Richard, — and had strange ups and downs as a Man when it came to that!

"*To my approved good Friend Mr. Henry Downhall, at his Chambers in St. John's College, Cambridge: These.*

"Huntingdon, 14th October, 1626.

"Loving Sir, — Make me so much your servant as to be[2] Godfather unto my Child. I would myself have come over to have made a formal invitation; but my occasions would not permit me: and therefore hold me in that excused. The Day of your trouble is Thursday next. Let me entreat your company on Wednesday.

"By this time it appears, I am more apt to encroach upon you for new favors than to show my thankfulness for the love I have already found. But I know your patience and your goodness cannot be exhausted by

"Your friend and servant,

"Oliver Cromwell."[3]

Of this Downhall, sometimes written Down*hault*, and even Down*ett* and Down*tell*; who grounds his claim, such as it is, to human remem-

[1] Vol. xvii. p. 69.

[2] "by being" in orig.

[3] Hearne's *Liber Niger Scaccarii* (London, 1771), i. 261 n.

brance on the above small Note from Oliver, — a helpful hand has, with unsubduable research, discovered various particulars, which might amount almost to an outline of a history of Downhall, were such needed. He was of Northamptonshire, come of gentlefolks in that County. Admitted Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, 12th April, 1614; — had known Oliver, and apparently been helpful and instructive to him, two years after that. More interesting still, he this same Downhall was Vicar of St. Ives when Oliver came thither in 1635; still Vicar when Oliver left it, though with far other tendencies than Oliver's now; and had, alas, to be "ejected with his Curate, in 1642," as an Anti-Puritan Malignant:[1] — Oliver's course and his having altogether parted now! Nay farther, the same Downhall, surviving the Restoration, became "Archdeacon of Huntingdon" in 1667: fifty-one years ago he had lodged there as Oliver Cromwell's Guest and Gossip; and now he comes as Archdeacon, — with a very strange set of *Annals* written in his old head, poor Downhall! He died "at Cottingham in Northamptonshire, his native region, in the winter-time of 1669;" — and so, with his Ashmole Letter, ends.[2]

No. 2.

At Ely.

[Vol. xvii. p. 92.]

There is at Ely a Charitable Foundation now above four centuries old; which in Oliver's time was named the *Ely Feoffees' Fund*, and is now known as *Parsons's Charity;* the old Records of which, though somewhat mutilated during those years, offer one or two faint but indubitable vestiges of Oliver, not to be neglected on the present occasion.

This *Charity* of ancient worthy Thomas *Parsons*, it appears, had, shortly before Oliver's arrival in Ely, been somewhat remodelled by a new Royal Charter: To be henceforth more specially devoted to the Poor of Ely; to be governed by Twelve Feoffees; namely, by Three

[1] Vol. xvii. p. 86.

[2] Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge*, iii. 187; and MS. communicated by Mr. Cooper, resting on the following formidable mass of documentary Authorities:

Cole MSS. (which is a Transcript of Baker's *History of St. John's College*), 166, 358; Rymer's *Fœdera*, xix. 261; Le Neve's *Fasti Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, p. 160; Kennet's *Register and Chronicle*, pp. 207, 251; Walker's *Sufferings*, ii. 129, 130; Wood's *Athenæ* (2d edition, passage wanting in both the 1st and 3d), ii. 1179.

Dignitaries of the Cathedral, and by Nine Townsmen of the better sort, who are permanent, and fill up their own vacancies,[1] — of which latter class, Oliver Cromwell Esquire, most likely elected in his Uncle's stead, was straightway made one. The old Books, as we say, are specially defective in those years; "have lost 40 or 50 leaves at the end of Book I., and 12 leaves at the beginning of Book II.," — leaves cut out for the sake of Oliver's autograph, or as probably for other reasons. Detached Papers, however, still indicate that Oliver was one of the Feoffees, and a moderately diligent one, almost from his first residence there. Here, under date some six or seven months after his arrival, is a small Entry in certain loose Papers, labelled "*The Accompts of Mr. John Hand and Mr. Wm. Crauford, Collectors of the Revenewes belonging to the Towne of Ely*" (that is, to Parsons's Charity in Ely); and under this special head, "*The Disbursements of Mr. John Hand, from the — of August, 1636, unto the — of* — 1641 : —

"Given to divers Poore People at y^e^ Work-house, in the presence of Mr. Archdeacon of Ely,[2] Mr. Oliver Cromwell, Mr. John Goodricke and others, 10th February, 1636, as appeareth . .	£16 14 0."

And under this other head, "*The Disbursements of Mr. Crauford,*" which unluckily are not dated, and run vaguely from 1636 to 1641 :

"Item to Jones, by Mr. Cromwell's consent . . . £1 0 0."

Twice or thrice elsewhere the name of Cromwell is mentioned, but not as indicating activity on his part, indicating merely Feoffeeship and passivity;[3] — except in the following instance, where there is still extant a small Letter of his. "Mr. Hand," as we have seen, is one of the "Collectors," himself likewise a Feoffee or Governor, the Governors (it would appear) taking that office in turn.

[*To Mr. Hand, at Ely : These.*]

"[Ely,] 13th September, 1638.

"Mr. Hand, — I doubt not but I shall be as good as my word for your Money. I desire you to deliver Forty Shillings of the Town Money

[1] *Report of the Commissioners concerning Charities* (London, 1837): distinct account of it there, § Cambridgeshire, pp. 218-220.

[2] One "Wigmore;" the Dean was "William Fuller;" the Bishop "Matthew Wren," very famous for his Popish Candles and other fripperies, who lay long in the Tower afterwards. These were the three Clerical Feoffees in Oliver's time.

[3] Excerpts of Documents obligingly communicated by the Dean of Ely, — now *penes* Mr. Cooper of Cambridge.

to this Bearer, to pay for the physic for Benson's cure. If the Gentlemen will not allow it at the time of account, keep this Note, and I will pay it out of my own purse. So I rest,

"Your loving friend,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

Poor "Benson" is an old invalid. Among Mr. Hand's Disbursements for the year 1636 is this: —

"For phisicke and surgery for old Benson . £2 7 4."

And among Crauford's, of we know not what year: —

"To Benson at divers times . . . . £0 15 0."

Let him have forty shillings more, poor old man; and if the Gentlemen won't allow it, Oliver Cromwell will pay it out of his own purse.

No. 3.

CAMBRIDGE: CORPORATION (1641); WHELOCKE (1643).

[Vol. xvii. pp. 115; — 130, 138.]

TWO vestiges of Oliver at Cambridge, in his parliamentary and in his military capacity, there still are.

1. The first, which relates to a once very public Affair, is his Letter (his and Lowry's) to the Cambridge Authorities, in May, 1641; Letter accompanying the celebrated "Protestation and Preamble" just sent forth by the House of Commons, with earnest invitation to all constituencies to adopt the same.

"*A Preamble, with the Protestation made by the whole House of Commons the 3d of May*, 1641, *and assented unto by the Lords of the Upper House the 4th of May.*

"We, the Knights, Citizens and Burgesses of the Commons House, in Parliament, finding, to the grief of our hearts, That the designs of

[1] *Memoirs of the Protector*, by Oliver Cromwell, a Descendant &c. (London, 1822), i. 351; where also (p. 350) is found, in a very indistinct state, the above-given Entry from *Hand's Accompts*, misdated "1641," instead of 10th February, 1636-7. The Letter to Hand "has not been among the Feoffees' Papers for several years;" and is now (1846) none knows where.

the Priests and Jesuits, and other Adherents to the See of Rome, have been of late more boldly and frequently put in practice than formerly, to the undermining, and danger of ruin, of the True Reformed Religion in his Majesty's Dominions established: And finding also that there hath been, and having cause to suspect there still are even during the sitting in Parliament, endeavors to subvert the Fundamental Laws of England and Ireland, and to introduce the exercise of an Arbitrary and Tyrannical Government, by most pernicious and wicked counsels, plots and conspiracies: And that the long intermission, and unhappier breach, of Parliaments hath occasioned many illegal Taxations, whereupon the Subjects have been prosecuted and grieved: And that divers Innovations and Superstitions have been brought into the Church; multitudes driven out of his Majesty's dominions; jealousies raised and fomented between the King and People; a Popish Army levied in Ireland,[1] and Two Armies brought into the bowels of this Kingdom, to the hazard of his Majesty's royal Person, the consumption of the revenue of the Crown, and the treasure of this Realm: And lastly, finding great causes of jealousy that endeavors[2] have been and are used to bring the English Army into misunderstanding of this Parliament, thereby to incline that Army by force to bring to pass those wicked counsels, —

"Have therefore thought good to join ourselves in a declaration of our united affections and resolutions; and to make this ensuing

"PROTESTATION.

"I, A. B., do in the Presence of Almighty God promise, vow and protest, To maintain and defend as far as lawfully I may, with my life, power and estate, the True Reformed Protestant Religion, expressed in the Doctrine of the Church of England, against all Popery and Popish Innovations, and according to the duty of my allegiance to his Majesty's royal Person, Honor and Estate: as also the Power and Privilege of Parliament, the Lawful Rights and Liberties of the Subjects; and every Person that maketh this Protestation in whatsoever he shall do in the lawful pursuance of the same. And to my power, as far as lawfully I may, I will oppose, and by good ways and means endeavor to bring to condign punishment all such as shall, by force, practice, counsel, plots, conspiracies or otherwise, do anything to the contrary in this present Protestation contained.

[1] By Strafford lately, against the Scots and their enterprises.

[2] This is the important point, nearly shaded out of sight: "finding the great causes of jealousy, endeavors have" &c. is the tremulous, indistinct and even ungrammatical phrase in the original.

"And farther I shall, in all just and honorable ways, endeavor to preserve the union and peace betwixt the Three Kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland; and neither for hope, fear nor other respect, shall relinquish this Promise, Vow and Protestation."[1]

This is on Monday, 3d May, 1641, while the Apprentices are bellowing in Palace-yard: Cromwell is one of those that take the Protestation this same Monday, present in the House while the redacting of it goes on. Long lists of Members take it, — not John Lowry, who I conclude must have been absent. On Wednesday, 5th May, there is this Order: —

"*Ordered*, That the Protestation made by the Members of this House, with the Preamble, shall be together printed;" Clerk to attest the copies; all Members to send them down to the respective Sheriffs, Justices, to the respective Cities, Boroughs, and "intimate with what willingness the Members made this Protestation; and that as they justify the taking of it in themselves, so they cannot but approve it in them that shall likewise take it."

Strict *Order*, at the same time, That all Members "now in Town and not sick shall appear here To-morrow at Eight of Clock," and take this Protestation: non-appearance to be "accounted a contempt of this House," and expose one to be expelled, or worse; — in spite of which John Lowry still does not sign, not till Friday morning, after even "Philip Warwick" and "Endymion Porter" have signed: whence I infer he was out of Town or unwell.[2] — This Letter, which seems to be of Cromwell's writing, still stands on the Corporation Books of Cambridge; read in Common Council there on the 11th May; at which time, said Letter being read, the Town Authorities did one and all zealously accept the same, and signed the Protestation on the spot. The Letter is not dated; but as Lowry signed on Friday, and the Corporation meeting is on Tuesday, the 11th, we may safely guess the Letter to have arrived on Monday, and to have been written on Saturday.

"*To the Right Worshipful the Mayor and Aldermen of Cambridge, with the rest of that Body: Present these.*

"[London, 8th] May, 1641.

"Gentlemen, — We heartily salute you; and herewith, according to the directions of the House of Commons in this present Parliament assembled, send unto you a Protestation; — the contents whereof will

[1] *Commons Journals*, ii. 132 (3d May, 1641).

[2] *Ibid.* ii. 133, 5, 6, 7. Rushworth, iv. 241 et seqq.

best appear in the thing itself. The Preamble therewith printed doth declare the weighty reasons inducing them, in their own persons, to begin [making it].

"We shall only let you know that, with alacrity and willingness, the Members of that Body entered thereinto. It was in them a right honorable and necessary act; not unworthy your imitation. You shall hereby as the Body Represented avow the practice of the Representative. The conformity is in itself praiseworthy; and will be by them approved. The result may, through the Almighty's blessing, become stability and security to the whole Kingdom. Combination carries strength with it. It's dreadful to adversaries; especially when it's in order to the duty we owe to God, to the loyalty we owe to our King and Sovereign, and to the affection due to our Country and Liberties, — the main ends of this Protestation now herewith sent you.

"We say no more: but commit you to the protection of Him who is able to save you; desiring your prayers for the good success of our present affairs and endeavors, — which indeed are not ours, but the Lord's and yours. Whom we desire to serve in integrity: and bidding you heartily Farewell, rest,

"Your loving friends to be commanded,

"Oliver Cromwell.
John Lowry."[1]

2. The second is a small antiquarian relic (date, Spring, 1643); dim and of little worth in its detached form, but capable of lighting itself up, and the reader's fancy along with it, when set in the right combination.

"Mr. Abraham Whelocke," whose name and works are still well enough known, was, later in that century, "the celebrated Professor of Arabic at Oxford;" and is now, we perceive, in this Spring, 1643, a Student at Cambridge; of meditative peripatetic habits; often walking into the country with a little Arabic Volume in his pocket: — apt to be fluttered at the Town Gates by these new military arrangements. In this difficulty he calls on Colonel Cromwell; and — But his little Volume itself is still extant, and tells its own story and his. A thin duodecimo, in white hog-skin binding now grown very brown; size handy for the smallest coat-pocket: — and on the fly-leaf, in Oliver's hand, stands written (signed successively by three other Committee-men whom Whelocke would soon search out for the feat): —

[1] Cambridge Corporation Day-Book: in Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge*, iii. 311. Printed also, with errors, in O. Cromwell's *Memoirs of the Protector*, i. 406.

"4th April, 1643.

"Suffer the Bearer hereof, Mr. Abraham Whelocke, to pass your guards so often as he shall have occasion, into and out of Cambridge, towards Little Shelford or any other place; and this shall be your warrant.

"Tho. Cooke. Oliver Cromwell.[1]
Edw. Clenche. James Thompson."

No. 4.

Eastern Association: Threatened Rising of Papists in Norfolk.

[Vol. xvii. p. 126.]

Two Committee-Letters, both of Oliver's writing; illustrations of his diligent procedure in the birth-time of the Eastern Association.

"*To our noble Friends, Sir John Hobart, Sir Thomas Richardson, Sir John Potts, Sir John Palgrave, [Sir] John Spelman, Knights and Baronets, and the rest of the Deputy-Lieutenants for the County of Norfolk: Present these.*

[Cambridge, 26th January, 1642.]

"Gentlemen, — The Parliament and the Lord General have taken into their care the peace and protection of these Eastern parts of the Kingdom; and to that end have sent down hither some part of their Forces, — as likewise a Commission, with certain Instructions to us and others directed; all which do highly concern the peace and safety of your County. Therefore we entreat that some of you would give us a meeting at Mildenhall[2] in Suffolk, on Tuesday, the 31st of this instant January. And in the mean time that you would make all possible

[1] Whelocke's Arabic Volume (a version into Arabic of one of Bellarmin's Books, by some Armenian Patriarch, for benefit of the Heathen, Rome, 1627, — with slight marks of Whelocke on the other fly-leaves): Volume now in the possession of Dr. Lee, Hartwell, Buckinghamshire, who has kindly given me sight of it. — Next year, under this Pass of Oliver's, lower half of the same fly-leaf, there is a Renewal of it, or Copy in almost precisely the same terms, written and signed by the Earl of Manchester (in ink now grown very pale, while Oliver's has changed to strong red-brown), of date "27th February, 1643"–4, when his Lordship again for a time (see vol. xvii. p. 177) had become chief Authority in Cambridge. (*Note of* 1857.)

[2] "Millnall" he writes.

speed to have in a readiness, against any notice shall be given, a considerable force of Horse and Foot to join with us, to keep any Enemy's force from breaking in upon your yet peaceable Country. For we have certain intelligence that some of Prince Rupert's forces are come as far as Wellingborough in Northamptonshire, and that the Papists in Norfolk are solicited to rise presently upon you.

"Thus presenting all our neighborly and loving respects, we rest,

"Your respective friends to serve you,

	Miles Sandys.
"Terrell Jocelyn.	Franc. Russell.
Willm. Marche.	Oliver Cromwell.
Edw. Clenche.	Thomas Symons.
James Thompson.	Robert Clerke."[1]

"*To our worthy Friends, Sir John Hobart, Sir Thomas Richardson, Sir John Potts, Sir John Palgrave, Sir John Spelman, Knights and Baronets. Present these:*

"Cambridge, 27th January, 1642.

"Gentlemen, — The grounds of your Jealousies are real. They concur with our intelligences from Windsor; the sum whereof we give unto you: —

"From a prisoner taken by Sir Samuel Luke (one Mr. Gandy, a Captain of Dragooners) this confession was drawn, That the Papists by direction from Oxford should rise in Norfolk. Whereupon it was desired from thence That Sir Henry Benningfield and Mr. Gandy, their persons should be seized, and that we should do our endeavor to make stay of the Person and Letter which contained this encouragement to them, — he being described by his horse and clothes. But we believe [he] was past us before we had notice, for our Scouts could not light on him.

"As for the other consideration of his Majesty's forces being invited into these parts, we have confirmation thereof from all hands; — and there is this reason to doubt it will be so, Because his Majesty is weary of Oxford; there being little in those parts left to sustain his Army, — and surely the fulness of these parts and fitness of them for Horse are too-too good arguments to invite him hither. Thus we agree in the grounds of our doubt and fear.

"The next thought is of Remedy. And in this we account it our happiness to consult with you of common safety, to be had either by the

[1] Original in Tanner MSS. lxiv. 116.

Association you speak of, or by [1] any other consideration by communication of assistance, according to necessity. Wherein I hope you shall find all readiness and cheerfulness in us, to assist you to break any strength that shall be gathered; or to prevent it, if desired, — having timely notice given from you thereof. The way will be best settled, if you give us a meeting, according to our desire by a Letter particularly prepared [2] before we received yours, and now sent unto you for that purpose together with these.

"This is all we can say for the present; but that we are,

"Your friends and servants,

MILES SANDYS.

"THOM. MARTYN. FRANC. RUSSELL. TERRELL JOCELYN.
OLIVER CROMWELL. THOS. SYMONS.
WILLM. MARCHE. ROBERT CLERKE.
EDW. CLENCHE. JAMES THOMPSON.

"[P.S.] We sent to Sir William Spring to offer him our assistance for the apprehension of Sir H. Benningfield, &c. We have not yet received any answer. — We knew not how to address ourselves to you. It's our desire to assist you in that or any other public service." [3]

No. 5.

GAINSBOROUGH FIGHT.

[Vol. xvii. p. 153.]

HERE are other details concerning Gainsborough Fight; Two Letters upon it that have successively turned up.

1. The first is a Letter two days earlier in date; evidently not written by Cromwell, though signed by him and two chief Lincolnshire Committee-men, as he passes through their City on his way to Huntingdon. Sir Edward Ayscough, or "Ayscoghe" as he here signs himself, — probably a kinsman of Sir George the Sailor's, possibly the father of the "Captain Ayscoghe" mentioned here, — he and John Broxholme, Esq., both of the Lincolnshire Committee,[4] are clearly the writers of the present Letter.

[1] Comes to the end of the sheet, and turns to the margin.

[2] Preceding Letter, seemingly, or rather Copy of it.

[3] Original, in Cromwell's own hand throughout, in Tanner MSS. lxiv. 129.

[4] Husband, ii. 171.

"*For the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament: These.*

"LINCOLN, 29th July, 1643 (Six o'clock at night).

"NOBLE SIR, — We, having solicited a conjunction of Forces towards the raising of the Siege of Gainsborough, did appoint a general rendezvous at North Scarle to be upon Thursday, the 27th of July. To the which place, Sir John Meldrum with about Three Hundred Horse and Dragoons, and Colonel Cromwell with about Six or Seven Troops of Horse and about One Hundred Dragoons, came. With these they marched towards Gainsborough; and meeting with a good party of the Enemy about a mile from the Town, beat them back, — but not with any commendations to our Dragoons. We advanced still towards the Enemy, all along under the Cony-Warren, which is upon a high Hill above Gainsborough. The Lincoln Troops had the van, two Northampton, and three small Troops of Nottingham the battle, and Colonel Cromwell the rear; the Enemy in the mean time with his body keeping the top of the Hill.

"Some of the Lincoln Troops began to advance up the Hill; which were opposed by a force of the Enemy; but our men repelled them, until all our whole body was got up the Hill. The Enemy kept his ground; which he chose for his best advantage, with a body of Horse of about Three Regiments of Horse, and a reserve behind them consisting of General Cavendish his Regiment, which was a very full regiment. We presently put our Horse in order; which we could hardly do by reason of the cony-holes and the difficult ascent up the Hill; the Enemy being within musket-shot of us, and advancing towards us before we could get ourselves into any good order. But with those Troops we could get up, we charged the greater body of the Enemy; came up to the sword's point; and disputed it so a little with them, that our men pressing heavily upon them, they could not bear it, but all their Body ran away, some on the one side of their Reserve, others on the other. Divers of our Troops pursuing had the chase about six miles.

"General Cavendish with his Regiment standing firm all the while, and facing some of our Troops that did not follow the chase, — Colonel Cromwell, with his Major Whalley and one or two Troops more, were following the chase, and were in the rear of that Regiment. When they saw the body stand unbroken, [they] endeavored, with much ado, to get into a body those three or four Troops which were divided. Which when they had done, — perceiving the Enemy to charge two or three of the Lincoln scattered Troops, and to make them retire by

reason of their being many more than they in number; and the rest being elsewhere engaged and following the chase, — Colonel Cromwell with his three Troops followed them in the rear; brake this Regiment; and forced their General, with divers of their men, into a quagmire in the bottom of the Hill. Where one of Colonel Cromwell his men cut General Cavendish on the head; by reason whereof he fell off his horse; and the Colonel's[1] Captain-Lieutenant thrust him into the side, whereof within two hours he died; — the rest chasing his Regiment quite out of the field, having execution of them, so that the field was left wholly unto us, not a man appearing. Upon this, divers of our men went into the Town, carrying in to my Lord Willoughby some of the Ammunition we brought for him; — believing that our work was at an end; saving to take care how to bring farther provisions into the Town, to enable it to stand a siege in case my Lord Newcastle should draw up with his Army to attempt it.

"Whilst we were considering of these things, word was brought us That there was a small remainder of the Enemy's force not yet meddled with, about a mile beyond Gainsborough, with some Foot, and two pieces of Ordnance. We having no Foot, desired to have some out of the Town; which my Lord Willoughby granted, and sent us about Six Hundred Foot: with these we advanced towards the Enemy. When we came thither to the top of the hill, we beat divers Troops of the Enemy's Horse back: but at the bottom we saw a Regiment of Foot; after that another (my Lord Newcastle's own Regiment, consisting of nineteen colors) appearing also, and many Horse; — which indeed was his Army. Seeing these there so unexpectedly, we advised what to do.

"Colonel Cromwell was sent to command the Foot to retire, and to draw off the Horse. By the time he came to them, the Enemy was marching up the hill. The Foot did retire disorderly into the Town, which was not much above a quarter of a mile from them; upon whom the Enemy's Horse did some small execution. The Horse also did retire in some disorder, about half a mile, — until they came to the end of a field where a passage was; where, by the endeavor of Colonel Cromwell, [of] Major Whalley and Captain Ayscoghe, a body was drawn up. With these we faced the Enemy; stayed their pursuit; and opposed them with about four Troops of Colonel Cromwell's and four Lincoln Troops; the Enemy's body in the mean time increasing very much from the Army. But such was the goodness of God,

[1] Original has "his;" and for "General Cavendish" in the foregoing line "him."

giving courage and valor to our men and officers, that whilst Major Whalley and Captain Ayscoghe, sometimes the one with four Troops faced the Enemy, sometimes the other, to the exceeding glory of God be it spoken, and the great honor of those two Gentlemen, they with this handful forced the Enemy so, and dared them to their teeth in at the least eight or nine several removes, — the Enemy following at their heels; and they, though their horses were exceedingly tired, retreating in order, near carbine-shot of the Enemy, who thus followed them, firing upon them; Colonel Cromwell gathering up the main body and facing them behind those two lesser bodies, — that, in despite of the Enemy, we brought off our Horse in this order, without the loss of two men.

"Thus have you a true relation of this notable service: wherein God is to have all the glory. And care must be taken speedily to relieve this noble Lord from his and the State's Enemies, by a speedy force sent unto us, — and that without any delay; or else he will be lost, and that important Town, and all those parts; and way made for this Army instantly to advance into the South. Thus resting upon your care in speeding present Succors hither, we humbly take our leaves, and remain,

"Your humble servants,

"Edw. Ayscoghe.
Jo. Broxolme.
Oliver Cromwell."[1]

2. The Second Letter, the Original of which still exists, is of much greater interest; being from Cromwell's own hand, and evidently thrown off in a quite familiar and even hasty fashion. Written, as would appear, on the march from Lincoln to Huntingdon; no mention precisely where; but probably at the Army's quarters on the evening of their first day's march homewards. In the original the *surname* of the "Sir John" to whom the Letter addresses itself has been, probably by some royalist descendant (of mixed emotions), so industriously crossed out with many strokes of the pen, that not only is it entirely illegible, but the polite possessor of the Autograph cannot undertake to guess for me how many letters may have been in the word. On other grounds I pretty confidently undertake, nevertheless, to read *Wray:* Sir John Wray of Glentworth, Member for Lincolnshire, and on the Committee of that County; at present, I suppose, attending his duty in London.

[1] Tanner MSS. lxii. 194; and, with little or no variation, Baker MSS xxviii. 434.

Glentworth House is almost within sight and sound of these transactions; the well-affected Knight of the Shire, for many reasons, may fitly hear a word of them, while we rest from our march. Sir John's Mother, I find by the Dryasdust records[1] was a Montague of Boughton; so that "your noble Kinsman" near the end of this Letter will mean my Lord of Manchester, "Sergeant-Major of the Association," a man well qualified to give information.

"*To my noble Friend Sir John* [*Wraye*], *Knight and Baronet: Present these.*

"[Eastern Association,] 30th July, 1643.

"Sir,—The particular respects I have received at your hands do much oblige me, but the great affection you bear to the public much more: for that cause I am bold to acquaint you with some late Passages wherein it hath pleased God to favor us;—which, I am assured, will be welcome to you.

"After Burleigh House was taken, we went towards Gainsborough to a general rendezvous, where met us Lincolnshire Troops; so that we were Nineteen or Twenty Troops, when we were together, of Horse and Foot, and about Three or Four Troops of Dragooners. We marched with this Force to Gainsborough. Upon Friday morning, being the 28th of July, we met with a forlorn-hope of the Enemy, and with our men brake it in. We marched on to[2] the Town's end. The Enemy being upon the top of a very steep Hill over our heads, some of our men attempted to march up that Hill; the Enemy opposed; our men drove them up, and forced their passage. By the time[3] we came up, we saw the Enemy well set in two bodies: the foremost a large fair body, the other a reserve consisting of six or seven brave Troops. Before we could get our force into order, the great body of the Enemy advanced; they were within musket-shot of us when we came to the pitch of the Hill: we advanced likewise towards them; and both charged, each upon the other: Thus advancing, we came to pistol and sword's point, both in that close order that it was disputed very strongly who should break the other. But our men pressing a little heavily upon them, they began to give back; which our men perceiving, instantly forced them,—brake that whole body; some of them flying on this side, some on the other side, of the reserve. Our men, pursuing them in great disorder, had the execution about four, or some

[1] Burke's *Extinct Baronetage*, § Wray.

[2] Means "towards."

[3] "that time" in orig.

say six miles. With much ado, this done, and all their force being gone, not one man standing, but all beaten out of the field,— we drew up our body together, and kept the field, — the half of our men being well worn in the chase of the Enemy.

"Upon this we endeavored the Business we came for; which was the relief of the Town with Ammunition. We sent in some Powder, which was the great want of that Town. Which done, word was brought us that the Enemy had about Six Troops of Horse, and Three Hundred Foot, a little on the other side of the Town. Upon this we drew some musketeers out of the Town, and with our body of horse marched towards them. We saw two Troops towards the Mill; which my men drove down into a little village at the bottom of the Hill: when *we* [*we* emphatic] came with our horse to the top of that Hill, we saw in the bottom a whole regiment of Foot, after that another and another, — and, as some counted, about Fifty Colors of Foot. Which indeed was my Lord Newcastle's Army; — with which he now besieges Gainsborough.

"My Lord Willoughby commanded me to bring off the Foot and Horse: which I endeavored; but the Foot (the Enemy pressing on with the Army) retreated in some disorder into the Town, being of that Garrison. Our Horse also, being wearied, and unexpectedly pressed by this new force, so great, — gave off, not being able to brave the charge. But, with some difficulty, we got our Horse into a body, and with them faced the Enemy; and retreated in such order that though the Enemy followed hard, they were not able to disorder us, but we got them off safe, to Lincoln, from this fresh force, and lost not one man. The honor of this retreat, equal to any of late times, is due to Major Whalley and Captain Ayscough, next under God.

"This Relation I offer you for the honor of God (to whom be all the praise); as also to let you know you have some servants faithful to you, to incite to action. I beseech you let this good success quicken your countrymen to this engagement! It 's great evidence of God's favor. Let not your business be starved. I know, if all be of your mind, we shall have an honorable return. It 's your own business: — a reasonable strength now raised speedily may do that which much more will not do after some time. Undoubtedly, if they succeed here, you will see them in the bowels of your Association! [As] for the time, you will hear it from your noble Kinsman and Colonel Palgrave: if we be not able in ten days to relieve Gainsborough, a noble Lord will be lost, many good Foot, and a considerable Pass over Trent in

these parts. — The Lord prosper your endeavors and ours. I beseech you present my humble service to the high Honorable Lady. Sir, I am

"Your faithful servant,

"Oliver Cromwell.

"P.S. — I stayed [from the chase after our first encounter] two of my own Troops, and my Major stayed his; in all three. There were in front of the Enemy's reserve three or four of the Lincoln Troops yet unbroken: the Enemy charged those Troops; utterly broke and chased them; so that none of the Troops on our part stood, but my three. Whilst the Enemy was following our flying Troops, I charged him on the rear with my three Troops; drove him down the Hill, brake him all to pieces; forced Lieutenant-General Cavendish into a Bog, who fought in this reserve: one Officer cut him on the head; and, as he lay, my Captain-Lieutenant Berry thrust him into the short ribs, of which he died, about two hours after, in Gainsborough." [1]

By this Postscript is at last settled the question, Who killed Charles Cavendish? It was "my Captain-Lieutenant Berry;" he and no other, if any one still wish to know. Richard Baxter's friend once; and otherwise a known man.

No. 6.

Letter two Days prior to that Cambridge one.

[Vol. xvii. p. 177.]

[*To Sir Samuel Luke, — Member for Bedford, leading Committee-man, &c., — These.*]

"[No date of Place] 8 March, 1643.

"Noble Sir, — I beseech you cause Three Hundred Foot, under a Captain, to march to Buckingham upon Monday morning, there to quarter with Four Hundred Foot of Northampton, which Mr. Crew sends thither upon Monday next. There will be the Major-General [Crawford] to command them. I am going for a Thousand Foot more at least to be sent from Cambridge and out of the Associations. If

[1] Original in the possession of Dawson Turner, Esq., Great Yarmouth; printed in *Papers of Norfolk Archæological Society* (Norwich, Jan. 1848), pp. 45-50.

any man be come to you from Cambridge, I beseech you send him to me to Bedford with all speed; let him stay for me at the Swan. Sir, I am

"Your humble servant,

"Oliver Cromwell.

"Present my humble service to Colonel Aylife, and tell him he promised me his coat of mail." [1]

No. 7.

Two Letters: Action at Islip-Bridge and Bletchington. Ditto at Bampton-in-the-Bush.

[Vol. xvii. pp. 197, 199.]

1. Written the night before that in the Text, on the same subject.

[*For the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Army: These.*]

"[Bletchington,] 24th April, 1645.

"Right Honorable, — I met at my rendezvous at Watlington, on Wednesday last; where I stayed somewhat long for the coming up of the Body of Horse, which your Honor was pleased to give me the command of. After the coming whereof, I marched with all expedition to Wheatley-Bridge; having sent before to Major-General Browne, for what intelligence he could afford me of the state of affairs in Oxford (I being not so well acquainted in those parts), — of the condition, and number, of the Enemy in Oxford. Who himself informed me by letters, That Prince Maurice his forces were not in Oxford, as I supposed; and that, — as he was informed by four very honest and faithful Gentlemen that came out of Oxford to him a little before the receipt of my letter, — there were Twelve pieces of Ordnance with their carriages and wagons, ready for their march; and in another place Five more pieces with their carriages, ready to advance with their Convoy.

"After I received this satisfaction from Major-General Browne, I advanced this morning, — being Thursday, the twenty-fourth of April, — near to Oxford. There I lay before the Enemy; who perceiving it at Oxford, and being in readiness to advance, sent out a party of Horse

[1] Ellis, *Original Letters illustrative of English History* (London, 1846), iv. 225.

against me: part of the Queen's Regiment, part of the Earl of Northampton's Regiment, and part of the Lord Wilmot's Regiment; — who made an infall upon me.

"Whereupon I drew forth your Honor's Regiment, — lately mine own, — against the Enemy (who had drawn themselves into several Squadrons, to be ready for action); — and commanded your Honor's own Troop therein, to charge a Squadron of the Enemy. Who performed it so gallantly that, after a short firing, they entered the whole Squadron, and put them to a confusion. And the rest of my Horse presently entering after them, they made a total rout of the Enemy; and had the chase of them three or four miles; — and killed two hundred; took as many prisoners, and about four hundred Horses. [Also] the Queen's colors, richly embroidered, with the Crown in the midst, and eighteen flower-de-luces wrought all about in gold, with a golden cross on the top. Many escaped to Oxford, and divers were drowned.

"Part of them likewise betook themselves to a strong House in Bletchington; where Colonel Windebank kept a Garrison, with near two hundred horse and foot therein. Which, after surrounding it, I summoned: — but they seemed very dilatory in their answer. At last, they sent out Articles to me of Surrender, — which I have sent your Honor enclosed: [1] — and after a large treaty thereupon, the Surrender was agreed upon between us. They left behind them between two and three hundred muskets, seventy horses; besides other arms and ammunition. — I humbly rest,

"Your honor's humble servant,

"Oliver Cromwell." [2]

2. A few months since, in 1868, there has incidentally turned up, among the *Manuscripts of the House of Lords*, and been reawakened into daylight and publicity, from its dark sleep of 223 years, the "contemporaneous Copy" of a Letter by Oliver himself; which curiously adjusts itself to its old combination here, completely elucidating for us those small Bletchington-Bampton transactions; and is of itself otherwise worth reading. It is of date the day *before* that Farringdon Affair.

[1] Given in Rushworth, vi. 24.

[2] King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 203, § 7.

"To the Right Honorable the Committee of Both Kingdoms, at Derby House.

"[Farringdon,] April 28th, 1645.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,— Since my last it has pleased God to bless me with more success in your service. In pursuance of your commands I marched from Bletchington to Middleton Stonies, and from thence towards Witney, as privately as I could, believing that to be a good place for interposing between the King and the West, whether he intended Goring and Grenville, or the two Princes.

"In my march I was informed of a body of foot which were marching towards Farringdon; which indeed were a commanded party of three hundred, which came a day before from Farringdon, under Colonel Richard Vaughan, to strengthen Woodstock against me, and were now returning.

"I understood they were not above three hours' march before me. I sent after them. My forlorn overtook them as they had gotten into enclosures not far from Bampton Bush, and skirmished with them. They killed some of my horses, mine killed and got some of them; but they recovered the town [*Bampton*, i.e.] before my body came up, and my forlorn not being strong enough was not able to do more than they did. The Enemy presently barricaded up the town, got a pretty strong house: my body coming up about eleven in the night, I sent them a summons. They slighted it. I put myself in a posture that they should not escape me, hoping to deal with them in the morning. My men charged them up to their barricades in the night; but truly they were of so good resolution that we could not force them from it; and indeed they killed some of my horses, and I was forced to wait until the morning: besides they had got a pass over a brook. In the night they strengthened themselves as well as they could in the storehouse. In the morning I sent a drum to them; but their answer was, they would not quit except they might march out upon honorable terms. The terms I offered were to submit all to mercy. They refused with anger. I insisted upon them, and prepared to storm. I sent them word to desire them to deliver out the gentleman and his family; which they did; for they must expect extremity, if they put me to a storm. After some time spent, all was yielded to mercy. Arms I took, muskets near 200, besides other arms, about two barrels of powder, soldiers and officers near 200. Ninescore besides officers, the rest being scattered and killed before. The chief prisoners were Colonel Sir Richard Vaughan, Lieutenant-Colonel Littleton, and Major Lee, two or three Captains, and other Officers.

"As I was upon my march, I heard of some horse of the Enemy which crossed me towards Evesham. I sent Colonel Fiennes after them; whom God so blessed that he took about thirty prisoners, 100 horse, and three horse colors. Truly his diligence was great; and this I must testify, that I find no man more ready to all services than himself. I would not say so, if I did not find it: if his men were at all considered, I should hope you might expect very real service from them. I speak this the rather because I find him a gentleman of that fidelity to you, and so conscientious, that he would all his troop were as religious and civil as any, and makes it a great part of his care to get them so.

"In this march my men also got one of the Queen's troopers, and of them and others about 100 horses. This morning Colonel John Fiennes sent me in the gentleman that waits upon the Lord Digby in his chamber, who was going to General Goring about exchange of a prisoner. He tells me the King's forces were drawn out the last night to come to relieve Sir Richard Vaughan, and Legge commanded them; they were about 700 horse and 500 foot; but I believe they are gone back. He saith many of the horse were volunteer gentlemen; for I believe I have left him few others here.

"I looked upon his letters, and found them directed to Marlborough. He tells me Goring is about the Devizes. I asked him what farther orders he had to him. He tells me he was only to bid him follow former orders. I pressed him to know what they were; and all that I could get was, that it was to hasten with all he had up to the King to Oxford. He saith he has about 3000 horse and 1000 foot; that he is discontented that Prince Rupert commanded away his foot.

"I am now quartered up to Farringdon. I shall have an eye towards him. I have that which was my regiment, and a part of Colonel Sydney's five troops [that] were re-created, and a part of Colonel Vermuyden's, and five troops of Colonel Fiennes's; three whereof and Sir John [Browne's][1] and Captain Hammond's I sent with the first prisoners to Aylesbury. It's great pity we want dragoons. I believe most of their petty garrisons might have been taken in, and other services done; for the Enemy is in high fear. God does terrify them. It's good to take the season; and surely God delights that you have endeavored to reform your armies; and I beg it may be done more and more. Bad men and discontented say it's faction. I wish to be of the faction that desires to avoid the oppression of the poor people of this miserable Nation, upon whom who can look without a bleeding heart? Truly it grieves my soul, our men should still be upon free quarters, as they

[1] Orig. illegible.

are. I beseech you help it what and as soon as you can. My Lords, pardon me this boldness; it is because I find in these things wherein I serve you, that He does all. I profess His very hand has led me. I preconsulted none of these things.

"My Lords and Gentlemen, I wait your farther pleasure, subscribing myself,

"OLIVER CROMWELL." [1]

No. 8.

BATTLE OF NASEBY. BURIAL OF COLONEL PICKERING. TWO LETTERS CONCERNING ELY.

[Vol. xvii. pp. 91, 205, 225.]

(*a.*) THE following very rough Notes of a studious Tourist will perhaps be acceptable to some readers. Notes dashed down evidently in the most rough-and-ready manner, but with a vigilant eye both on the Old Books and on the actual Ground of Naseby; taken, as appears, in the year 1842.

"*Battle of Naseby*, 14th June, 1645: *From Sprigge* (London, 1647); *Rushworth*, vi. (London, 1701); *Old Pamphlets; and the Ground.*

"*Fairfax's Stages towards Naseby* (Sprigge, p. 30 et seqq.). Wednesday, 11th June, a rainy day: Marched 'from Stony Stratford to Wootton,' — three miles south of Northampton. Bad quarters there; 'but the Mayor came,' &c. — Thursday, 12th June: From Wootton to (not 'Guilsborough four miles west of Northampton,' as Sprigge writes, but evidently) Kislingbury and the Farmsteads round. The King 'lies encamped on Burrough Hill' (five miles off); has been 'hunting,' this day: 'his horses all at grass.' The night again wet; Fairfax, riding

[1] *Notes and Queries*, 8 Aug. 1868; — printed there, as I learn on inquiry, "from a contemporaneous Copy" found among the House of Lords MSS. in the course of some official examination going on there; corrected and investigated into clearness for me by the kindness of John Forster, Esq., most obliging of Friends, whose final remark on it is: "As to Farringdon [Letter xxvii. of Text], though Cromwell had now crossed the river, and was quartered up to the place, he was not in adequate force for reducing it. 'It's great pity we want dragoons,' is his remark in this Letter; and, according to Rushworth's statement, he had already sent to Abingdon for four or five companies of infantry. Burgess knew very well, there is little doubt, the real state of affairs." (*Note of* 1869.)

about, all night, on the spy is stopped by one of his own sentries, &c.: 'at Flower' (near Weedon), sees the King's Forces all astir on the Burrough Hill, about four in the morning; 'firing their huts;' rapidly making off, — Northward, as it proved. At six, a Council of War. Cromwell, greatly to our joy, has just come in from the Associated Counties, — 'received with shouts.' Major Harrison, with horse, is sent towards Daventry to explore; Ireton, also with horse, to the Northward, after the King's main body. 'We,' Fairfax's main body, now set forward 'towards Harborough,' flanking the King; and that night, — Friday, 13th June, — arrive (not at 'Gilling,' as Sprigge has it, — is there any such place? — but) at Guilsborough.[1] Which is the last of the *Stages*.

"The King's van is now, this Friday night, at Harborough; his rear is quartered in Naseby, — where Ireton beats them up (probably about half-past nine), 'taking prisoners,' &c.: and so the fugitives rouse the King out of his bed 'at Lubenham;'[2] — who thereupon drives off to Prince Rupert at Harborough; arrives about midnight; calls a Council ('resting himself in a chair in a low room,' till Rupert and the rest get on their clothes); and there, after debate,[3] determines on turning back to beat the Roundheads for this affront. — Ireton lies at Naseby, therefore; 'we' (Fairfax and the Army), at Guilsborough, all this night.

"*Battle of Naseby.* Saturday, 14th June, 1645. Starting at three in the morning, we arrive about five at Naseby. King 'reported to be at Harborough,' uncertain whitherward next; behold, 'great bodies of his troops are *seen* coming over the Hill from Harborough towards us;' — he has turned, and is for fighting us, then! We put our Army in order, — 'large fallow field northwest of Naseby,' 'the brow of the Hill running east and west' 'for something like a mile:' King has sunk out of sight in a hollow; but comes up again nearer us,[4] and now evidently drawn out for battle. We fall back, 'about a hundred paces, from the brow of the Hill,' to hide ourselves and our plans: he rushes on the faster, thinking we run ('much of his ordnance left behind'): the Battle joins on the very brow of the Hill. Their word, *Queen Mary;* ours, *God is our Strength.*

"About three hundred Musketeers of ours on the Left Wing, are advanced a little, as a forlorn, down the *steep* of the Hill; they retire firing, as Rupert charges up: Ireton and Skippon command in this quarter;

[1] Rushworth, vi. 46 (Despatch from the Parliament Commissioners).
[2] See *Iter Carolinum* too.
[3] See Clarendon, &c.
[4] "At Sibbertoft" (Rushworth).

'Lantford Hedges,' a kind of thicket which runs right down the Hill, is lined with Colonel Okey and his dragoons, — all on *foot* at present, and firing lustily on Rupert as he gallops past. — Cromwell is on the extreme Right (easternmost part of the Hill): he, especially Whalley under him, dashes down *before* the Enemy's charge upwards (which is led by Langdale) can take effect; scatters said charge to the winds; not without hard cutting: a good deal impeded 'by furze-bushes' and 'a cony-warren.' *These* Royalist Horse, Langdale's, fled all behind their own Foot, 'a quarter of a mile from the Battle-ground,' — *i.e.* near to the present Farm of Dust Hill, or between that and Clipstow; — and never fought again. So that Cromwell had only to keep *them* in check; and aid his own Main battle to the left of him: which he diligently did.

"Our Right Wing, then, has beaten Langdale. But Rupert, on the other side of the field, beats back our Left: — over 'Rutput Hill,' 'Fenny Hill' (*Fanny* Hill, as the Old Books call it): towards Naseby Hamlet; on to our Baggage train (which stands on the *northwest side* of the Hamlet, *eastward* of said 'Rutput' and 'Fenny,' but northward of 'Leane Leafe Hill,' very sober 'Hills,' I perceive!). Our extreme Left was 'hindered by pits and ditches' in charging; at any rate, it lost the charge; fled: and Rupert now took to attacking the Baggage and its Guard, — in vain, and with very wasteful delay. For our Main battle too was in a critical state; and might have been overset, at this moment. Our Main battle, — our Horse on the Left of it giving way; and the King's Foot 'coming up into sight,' over the brow of the Hill, 'with one terrible volley,' and then with swords and musket-butts, — 'mostly all fled.' Mostly all: except the Officers, who 'snatched the colors,' 'fell into the Reserves with them,' &c. And then, said Reserves now rushing on, and the others rallying to them; and Cromwell being victorious and diligent on the Right, and Rupert idle among the Baggage on the Left, — the whole business was ere long *retrieved;* and the King's Foot and other Force were all driven pell-mell down the Hill: towards Dust Hill (or *eastward* of the present Farm-house, I think). There the King still stood, — joined at last by Rupert, and struggling to rally his Horse for another brush; but the Foot would not halt, the Foot were all off: and the Horse too, seeing Cromwell with all *our* Horse and victorious Foot now again ready for a second charge, would not stand it; but broke; and dissipated, towards Harborough, Leicester, and Infinite Space.

"The Fight began at ten o'clock;[1] lasted three hours:[2] there were some five thousand Prisoners; how many Slain I cannot tell."

[1] Clarendon. [2] Cromwell's Letter.

(*b.*) Colonel Pickering, a distinguished Officer, whose last notable exploit was at the storm of Basing House, has caught the epidemic, "new disease" as they call it, some ancient *influenza* very prevalent and fatal during those wet winter-operations; and after a few days' illness, "at Autree" (St. Mary *Ottery*) where the head-quarter was, is dead. Sir Gilbert, his brother, is a leading man in Parliament, with much service yet before him; — Cousin Dryden, one day to be Poet Dryden, is in Northamptonshire, a lad of fourteen at present. Sprigge (p. 156) has a pious copy of "sorrowful verse over dear Colonel Pickering's hearse;" and here is a Note concerning his funeral.

"*To Colonel Cicely, at Pendennis Castle: These.*

"TIVERTON, 10th December, 1645.

"SIR, — It's the desire of Sir Gilbert Pickering that his deceased Brother, Colonel Pickering, should be interred in your Garrison; and to the end his Funeral may be solemnized with as much honor as his memory calls for, you are desired to give all possible assistance therein. The particulars will be offered to you by his Major, Major Jubbs,[1] with whom I desire you to concur herein.

"And believe it, Sir, you will not only lay a huge obligation upon myself and all the Officers of this Army, but I dare assure you the General himself will take it for an especial favor, and will not let it go without a full acknowledgment. — But what need I prompt him to so honorable an action whose own ingenuity will be argument sufficient herein? Whereof rests assured

"Your humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

(*c.*) A Couple of very small Letters, which have now (May, March, 1846) accidentally turned up, too late for insertion in the Text, may find their corner here.

1. The First, which is fully dated (just eight days before the Battle of Naseby), but has lost its specific Address, may without much doubt be referred to Ely and the "Fortifications" going on there.[3]

[1] "Gubbs" he writes.

[2] Polwhele's *Traditions and Recollections* (London, 1826), i. 22: with a Note on Cicely, and reference to "the Original among the Family Papers of the Rev. G. Moore, of Grampound."

[3] *Commons Journals*, iv. 161, 165; *Cromwelliana*, p. 16.

[*To Captain Underwood, at Ely: These.*]

"HUNTINGDON, 6th June, 1645.

"CAPTAIN UNDERWOOD, — I desire the guards may be very well strengthened and looked unto. Let a new breastwork be made about the gravel,[1] and a new work half-musket-shot behind the old work; all storm-ground [1] stuff. Tell Colonel Fothergill to take care of keeping strong guards. — Not having more, I rest,

"Yours,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

2. "Sir Dudley North," Baronet, of Catlidge Hall near Newmarket, is Member for Cambridgeshire; sits too, there is small doubt, in the Ely Committee at London; — is wanted now for a small County business.

The "30th of March," as we know, is but the fifth day of the then New Year: Oliver, — I find after some staggering, for his date will not suit with other things, — takes the cipher of the Old Year, as one is apt to do, and for 1647 still writes "1646." As this Entry, abridged from the Commons Journals,[3] will irrefragably prove, to readers of his Letter: "John Hobart Esq. dismissed from being Sheriff of Cambridge and Huntingdon Shires, and *Tristram Dyamond Esq. appointed in his place*, 1st January, 1646," which, for us, and for Cromwell too on the 30th of March following, means 1647.

"*For the Honorable Sir Dudley North: These.*

"[LONDON,] 30th March, 1646 [*error for* 1647].

"SIR, — It being desired to have the Commission of the Peace renewed in the Isle of Ely, — with some addition, as you may perceive; none left out; only Mr. Diamond, now High Sheriff of the County, and my Brother Desborow, added, there being great want of one in that part of the Isle where I live, — I desire you to join with me in a Certificate; and rest,

"Your humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[4]

[1] Word uncertain to the Copyist.

[2] Original now (May, 1846) in the Baptist College, Bristol.

[3] v. 36 (1st Jan. 1646-7).

[4] Original in the possession of the Rev. W. S. Spring Casborne, of Pakenham, Suffolk; a descendant of the North Family.

No. 9.

Langport Battle (10th July, 1645). Summons to Winchester.

[Vol. xvii. p. 223.]

Here is Oliver's own account of the Battle of Langport, mentioned in our Text: —

[*To* —— ——.]

[Langport, — July, 1645.]

"Dear Sir, — I have now a double advantage upon you, through the goodness of God, who still appears for us. And as for us, we have seen good things in this last mercy, — it is not inferior to any we have had; — as followeth.

"We were advanced to Long-Sutton, near a very strong place of the Enemy's, called Langport; far from our Garrisons, without much ammunition, in a place extremely wanting in provisions, — the Malignant Clubmen interposing, who are ready to take all advantages against our parties, and would undoubtedly take them against our Army, if they had opportunity. — Goring stood upon the advantage of strong passes, staying until the rest of his recruits came up to his Army, with a resolution not to engage until Grenville and Prince Charles his men were come up to him. We could not well have necessitated him to an Engagement, nor have stayed one day longer without retreating to our ammunition and to conveniency of victual.

"In the morning, word was brought us, That the Enemy drew out. He did so, with a resolution to send most of his cannon and baggage to Bridgewater, — which he effected, — but with a resolution not to fight, but, trusting to his ground, thinking he could make away at pleasure.

"The pass was strait between him and us; he brought two cannons to secure his, and laid his Musketeers strongly in the hedges. We beat off his cannon, fell down upon his Musketeers, beat them off from their strength, and, where our Horse could scarcely pass two abreast, I commanded Major Bethel to charge them with two Troops of about one hundred and twenty Horse. Which he performed with the greatest gallantry imaginable; — beat back two bodies of the Enemy's Horse, being Goring's own Brigade; brake them at sword's-point. The Enemy charged him with near 400 fresh Horse; set them all going, — until, oppressed with multitudes, he brake through them, with the loss not of

above three or four men. Major Desborow seconded him, with some other of those Troops, which were about three. Bethel faced about; and they both routed, at sword's-point, a great body of the Enemy's Horse. Which gave such an unexpected terror to the Enemy's Army, that it set them all a-running. Our Foot, in the mean time, coming on bravely, and beating the Enemy from their strength, we presently had the chase to Langport and Bridgewater. We took and killed about 2000, — brake all his Foot. We have taken very many Horses, and considerable Prisoners. What are slain we know not. We have the Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance; Colonel Preston, Colonel Hevening-ham, Colonel Slingsby, we know of, besides very many other Officers of quality. All Major-General Massey's party was with him [Massey], seven or eight miles from us, — and about twelve hundred of our Foot, and three Regiments of our Horse. So that we had but Seven Regiments with us.

"Thus you see what the Lord hath wrought for us. Can any creature ascribe anything to itself? Now can we give the glory to God, and desire all may do so, for it is all due unto Him! — Thus you have Long-Sutton mercy added to Naseby mercy. And to see this, is it not to see the face of God! You have heard of Naseby: it was a happy victory. As in this, so in that, God was pleased to use His servants; and if men will be malicious, and swell with envy, we know Who hath said, If they will not see, yet they shall see, and be ashamed for their envy at His People. — I can say this of Naseby, That when I saw the Enemy draw up and march in gallant order towards us, and we a company of poor ignorant men, to seek how to order our battle, — the General having commanded me to order all the Horse, — I could not, riding alone about my business, but smile out to God in praises, in assurance of victory, because God would, by things that are not, bring to naught things that are. Of which I had great assurance; and God did it. Oh that men would therefore praise the Lord, and declare the wonders that He doth for the children of men!

"I cannot write more particulars now. I am going to the rendezvous of all our Horse, three miles from Bridgewater; we march that way. — It is a seasonable mercy. I cannot better tell you than write, That God will go on! — We have taken two guns, three carriages of ammunition. In the chase, the Enemy quitted Langport; when they ran out of one end of the Town, we entered the other. They fired that at which we should chase; which hindered our pursuit: but we overtook many of them. I believe we got near fifteen hundred Horse.

"Sir, I beg your prayers. Believe, and you shall be established. I rest,

"Your servant,

[Oliver Cromwell.]"[1]

A couple of months after this battle, Oliver is before Winchester, and makes this Summons: —

"*To the Mayor of the City of Winchester.*

"[Before Winchester,] 28th September, 1645, 5 o'clock at night.

"Sir, — I come not to this City but with a full resolution to save it, and the Inhabitants thereof, from ruin.

"I have commanded the soldiers, upon pain of death, That no wrong be done: — which I shall strictly observe; only I expect you give me Entrance into the City, without necessitating me to force my way; which if I do, then it will not be in my power to save you or it. I expect your Answer within half an hour; and rest,

"Your humble servant,

"Oliver Cromwell."[2]

No. 10.

Army Troubles in 1647.

[Vol. xvii. p. 262.]

The Vote "that Field-Marshal Skippon, Lieutenant-General Cromwell, Commissary-General Ireton and Colonel Fleetwood," all Members of this House, "shall proceed to their charges in the Army," and endeavor to quiet all distempers there, — was passed on the 30th of April: day of the Three Troopers and Army-Letter, and directly on the back of that occurrence.[3] They went accordingly, perhaps on the morrow, and proceeded to business; but as nothing specific came of them, or could come, till the 8th of May, that day is taken as the date of the Deputation. — Here are Three Letters from them; one prior and one posterior; which, copied from the Tanner MSS., have got into print, but cannot throw much light on the affair.

[1] Pamphlet in Lincoln College, Oxford; no. 10, "Battles and Sieges," — title of it, "The Copy of Lieutenant-General Cromwell's Letter to a worthy Member of the House of Commons; published by Authority, London, 1645."

[2] *History and Antiquities of Winchester* (London, 1773), ii. 127.

[3] *Commons Journals*, v. 158: see antea, vol. xvii. p. 260.

1. [*To the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Commons House: These.*]

"[Saffron Walden,] 3d May, 1647.

"Sir, — We have sent out orders to summon the Officers of the several Regiments to appear before us on Thursday next; to the end we may understand from them the true condition and temper of the Soldiers in relation to the discontents lately represented; and the better to prepare and enable them, — by speaking with them, and acquainting them with your Votes,[1] — to allay any Discontents that may be among the Soldiers.

"We judged this way most likely to be effectual to your service; though it asks some time, by reason of the distance of the quarters. When we shall have anything worthy of your knowledge, we shall represent it; — and in the mean time study to approve ourselves,

"Your most humble servants,

"Ph. Skippon.
Oliver Cromwell.
H. Ireton." [2]

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2. [*To the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Commons House: These.*]

"Saffron Walden, 8th May, 1647

"Sir, — According to our orders sent out to the Officers of the Army, many of them appeared at the time appointed. The greatest failing was of Horse Officers; who, by reason of the great distance of their quarters from this place (being some of them above threescore miles off), could not be here: yet there were, accidentally, some of every Regiment except Colonel Whalley's present at our Meeting; — which was upon Friday morning,[3] about ten of the clock.

"After some discourse offered unto them, About the occasion of the Meeting, together with the deep sense the Parliament had of some Discontents which were in the Army, and of our great trouble also that it should be so, — we told them, We were sent down to communicate the

[1] Votes passed that same 30th of April: That the Soldiers shall have Indemnity; that they shall have Pay, — and in short, Justice (*Commons Journals*, v. 158). "Thursday next" is the 6th of May.

[2] "A Letter from Major-General [elsewhere called Field-Marshal] Skippon, Lieutenant-General Cromwell and Commissary-General Ireton, was this day read" (*Commons Journals*, 4th May, 1647).

[3] Friday, yesterday; not "Thursday," as at first proposed.

House of Commons' Votes unto them; whereby their [the Parliament's] care of giving the Army satisfaction might appear: desiring them [furthermore] To use their utmost diligence with all good conscience and effect, by improving their interests in the Soldiers, *for* their satisfaction; and that they would communicate to their Soldiers the Votes, together with such informations as they received then from us, to the end their distemper might be allayed. — After this had been said, and a Copy of the Votes delivered to the Chief Officer of every respective Regiment, to be communicated as aforesaid, we desired them To give us a speedy account of the success of their endeavors; and if in anything they needed our advice or assistance for furthering the work, we should be ready here at Saffron Walden to give it them, upon notice from them.

"We cannot give you a full and punctual account of the particular distempers, with the grounds of them: because the Officers were desirous to be spared therein by us, until they might make a farther inquiry amongst the Soldiers, and see what effect your Votes and their endeavors might have with them. We desire as speedy an account of this business as might well be; but, upon the desire of the Officers, thought it necessary for the service to give them until Saturday next [1] to bring us an account of their business, by reason the Regiments were so far distant.

"As anything falls out worthy of your knowledge, we shall represent it; and in the mean time study to approve ourselves,

"Your most humble servants,

"PH. SKIPPON.
OLIVER CROMWELL.
H. IRETON.
CHARLES FLEETWOOD."[2]

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3. [*To the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Commons House: These.*]

"WALDEN, 17th May, 1647.

"SIR, — We having made some progress in the Business you commanded us upon, we are bold to give you this account. Which, although it come not with that expedition you may expect and your other affairs require, yet we hope you will be pleased to excuse us with the weight of the Affair: in comparison whereof nothing that ever yet we under-

[1] This day week; the 15th.

[2] 'Letter from the General Officers," "from Walden, of 8th Maii, 1647, was this day read" (*Commons Journals*, Tuesday, 11th May, 1647). The Letter seems to be of Cromwell's writing.

took was, at least to our apprehension, equal; and wherein, whatever the issue prove, our greatest comfort is, That our consciences bear us witness we have, according to our abilities, endeavored faithfully to serve you and the Kingdom.

"The Officers repaired to us at Saffron Walden upon Saturday last, according to appointment, to give us a return of [1] what they had in charge from us at our last Meeting; which was, To read your Votes to the Soldiers under their respective commands for their satisfaction, and to improve their interest faithfully and honestly with them to that end; and [then] to give us a perfect account of the effect of their endeavors, and a true representation of the temper of the Army.

"At this Meeting we received what they had to offer to us. Which they delivered to us in writing, by the hands of some chosen by the rest of the Officers then present, and in the name of the rest of the Officers and of the Soldiers under their commands. Which was not done till Sunday in the evening. At which time, and likewise before upon Saturday, we acquainted them all with a Letter from the Earl of Manchester, expressing that an Act of Indemnity, large and full, had passed the House of Commons; [2] and that two weeks' pay more was voted to those that were disbanded, as also to them that undertook the service of Ireland. And, thinking fit to dismiss the Officers to their several commands, — all but some that were to stay here about farther business, — we gave them in charge To communicate these last Votes to their Soldiers, and to improve their utmost diligence and interest for their best satisfaction.

"We must acknowledge, we found the Army under a deep sense of some sufferings, and the common Soldiers much unsettled; whereof, that which we have to represent to you will give you a more perfect view. Which, because it consists of many papers, and needs some more method in the representation of them to you than can be done by letter, and forasmuch as we were sent down by you to our several charges *to do our best to keep the Soldiers in order*, — we are not well satisfied, any of us, to leave the place nor duty you sent us to, until we have the signification of your pleasure to us. To which we shall most readily conform; and rest,

"Your most humble servants,

"PH. SKIPPON.
OLIVER CROMWELL.
H. IRETON.
CHARLES FLEETWOOD." [3]

[1] Means "response to." [2] *Commons Journals*, v. 174 (14th May, 1647).
[3] Tanner MSS. (in Cary, i. 205-216).

No. 11.

Welsh Disturbances in 1648.

[Vol. xvii. p. 315.]

1. Some charge of Welsh misbehavior, perhaps treachery, in the late May revolt; charge which, if founded, ought to be made good against "Edwards"! Colonel Hughes has been Governor of Chepstow, from the time when it was first taken, in autumn, 1645;[1] and, we may infer, has returned to his post since Ewers (25th May, 1648) retook the Castle. Of Edwards, and his misdeeds, and his accusers, no other clear trace has occurred to me. But in Moyne's Court, Monmouthshire, the seat of this Colonel Thomas Hughes, the following old Note had turned up, and was printed in 1791.

[*To Colonel Hughes, Chepstow Castle.*]

"[Before Pembroke,] 26th June, 1648.

"Colonel Hughes, — It 's of absolute necessity that Collington and Ashe do attend the Council of War, to make good what they say of Edwards. Let it be your especial care to get them into Monmouthshire thereunto. What Mr. Herbert and Mrs. Cradock hath (*sic*) promised to them in point of indemnity, I will endeavor to have it performed; and I desire you to certify as much to them for their encouragement. I pray do this speedily after receipt hereof, and I shall remain

"Your servant,

"Oliver Cromwell."[2]

2. A short Letter to the Committee of Carmarthen. The ancient "Iron-furnaces" at Carmarthen, the "Committee" sitting there, the "Paper" or Proclamation from the Leaguer: these, and the other points of this Letter, will be intelligible to the reader.

"*For my noble Friends the Committee of Carmarthen: These.*

"The Leaguer before Pembroke, 9th June, 1648.

"Gentlemen, — I have sent this Bearer to you to desire we may have your furtherance and assistance in procuring some necessaries to be cast in the Iron-furnaces in your county of Carmarthen, which will the better enable us to reduce the Town and Castle of Pembroke.

[1] *Commons Journals*, iv. 321 and v. 115.

[2] The *Topographer*, edited by Sir E. Brydges (London, March, 1791), iv. 125-129

"The principal things are: Shells for our Mortar-piece; the depth of them we desire may be of fourteen inches and three-quarters of an inch. That which I desire at your hands is, To cause the service to be performed, and that with all possible expedition; that so, if it be the will of God, the service being done, these poor wasted countries may be freed from the burden of the Army.

"In the next place, we desire some D cannon-shot, and some culverin-shot, may with all possible speed be cast for us, and hasted to us also.

"We give you thanks for your care in helping us with bread and [*word lost*]. You do herein a very special service to the State; and I do most earnestly desire you to continue herein, according to our desire in the late Letters. I desire that copies of this Paper[1] may be published throughout your county, and the effects thereof observed; for the ease of the county, and to avoid the wronging of the country men.

"Not doubting the continuance of your care to give assistance to the Public in the services we have in hand, I rest,

"Your affectionate servant,

"O. CROMWELL."[2]

3. Letter found, some years ago, among the lumber of "St. Jillian's [Julian's] old castle of the Lords Herbert in Monmouthshire:" Address gone, and not conjecturable with any certainty; Letter evidently genuine, — and still hanging curiously as postscript to Letter LX. (vol. xvii. p. 314) of date the day before.

[*For the Honorable Richard Herbert, at St. Jillian's: These.*]

"LEAGUER BEFORE PEMBROKE, 18th June, 1648.

"SIR, — I would have you to be informed that I have good report of your secret practices against the public advantage; by means whereof that arch-traitor Sir Nicholas Kemeys, with his Horse, did surprise the Castle of Chepstow: but we have notable discovery, from the papers taken by Colonel Ewer[3] on recovering the Castle, That Sir Trevor Williams of Llangibby was the Malignant who set on foot the plot.

"Now I give you this plain warning by Captain Nicholas and Cap-

[1] Some *Proclamation* seemingly, — of the conceivable sort.

[2] Brayley's *Graphic and Historical Illustrator* (London, 1834), p. 355. "Original in the hands of Richard Williams, Esq., Stapleton Hall, Hornsey."

[3] "Hewer" he spells.

tain Burges, That if you harbor or conceal either of the parties or abet their misdoings, I will cause your treasonable nest to be burnt about your ears.

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

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4. In the Town Archives of Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire, are the following three Papers; footmarks, still visible, of Oliver's transit through those parts. Twelfth July, date of the first Paper, is the morrow after Pembroke surrendered.

(*a.*) "*To the Mayor and Aldermen of Haverfordwest.*

"WE being authorized by Parliament to view and consider what Garrisons and Places of Strength are fit to be demolished; and we finding that the Castle of Haverford is not tenable for the services of the State, and yet that it may be possessed by ill-affected persons, to the prejudice of the peace of these parts: These are to authorize you to summon in the Hundred of Roose and the inhabitants of the Town and County of Haverfordwest; and that they forthwith demolish the several walls and towers of the said Castle, so as that the said Castle may not be possessed by the Enemy, to the endangering of the peace of these parts.

"Given under our hands this 12th of July, 1648.

"ROGER LORT. JOHN LORT.
SAMSON LORT. THOMAS BARLOWE.

"We expect an account of your proceedings, with effect, in this business, by Saturday, being the 15th of July instant."

To which Oliver appends: —

"IF a speedy course be not taken to fulfil the commands of this Warrant, I shall be necessitated to consider of settling a Garrison.

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

[1] "*Monmouthshire Merlin* [Welsh Newspaper] for September, 1845." Inserted there, it would appear, along with other antiquarian fractions, in very ignorant condition, by one Mr. W. M. Townshend, an Attorney in Newport, who is now (1858) dead some years since. — "St. Jillian's," now a farm-house near Caerleon, Monmouthshire, was the mansion of the Lords Herbert, of the celebrated Lord Edward of Cherbury for one, — to whom (or to his successor, as the Attorney thinks) this Note was addressed. Note picked up in converting the old Manor-house into a Farm-house (which it still is), and published, along with other antiquarian tagraggeries in a very dim and helpless manner, by the Attorney who had been in charge of that operation.

(*b.*) "*For the Honorable Lieutenant-General Cromwell, at Pembroke.*

"HAVERFORDWEST, 13th July, 1648.

"HONORED SIR, — We received an Order from your Honor and the Committee, for the demolishing of the Castle of Haverfordwest. According to which we have this day set some workmen about it: but we find the work so difficult to be brought about without powder to blow it by, that it will exhaust an [huge] sum of money, and will not in a long time be effected.

"Wherefore we become suitors of your Honor that there may a competent quantity of Powder be spared out of the Ships, for the speedy effecting the work, and the County paying for the same. And we likewise desire that your Honor and the Committee be pleased that the whole County may join with us in the work; and that an Order be considered for the levying of a competent sum of money on the several Hundreds of the County, for the paying for the Powder, and defraying the rest of the charge.

"Thus being over-bold to be troublesome to your Honor; desiring to know your Honor's resolves, — we rest,

"Your Honor's humble servants,

"JOHN PRYNNE, *Mayor.*

JENKIN HOWELL. WILLIAM WILLIAMS.
WILLIAM BOWEN. JOB DAVIES.
ROGER BEVANS. ETHELDRED DAVIES."

Gunpowder cannot be spared on light occasion; and "levying of competent sums" have had their difficulties before now: here is the handier method: —

(*c.*) "*To the Mayor and Aldermen of Haverfordwest.*

"Whereas upon view and consideration with Mr. Roger Lort, Mr. Samson Lort, and the Mayor and Aldermen of Haverfordwest, it is thought fit, for the preserving of the peace of this County, that the Castle of Haverfordwest should be speedily demolished:

"These are to authorize you to call unto your assistance, in the performance of this exercise (?), the Inhabitants of the Hundreds of Dungleddy, Dewisland, Kemis, Roose and Kilgerran; who are hereby required to give you assistance.

"Given under our hands this 14th of July, 1648.

"OLIVER CROMWELL

[and the two Lorts in a corner of the Paper]."[1]

[1] Printed in *Welshman* Newspaper (Carmarthen, 29th Dec. 1848).

No. 12.

Letter to the Derby-House Committee after Preston Battle.

[Vol. xvii. p. 344.]

Same day with that Letter in the Text, urging the York Committee to help in pursuit of Duke Hamilton, Oliver writes home for Supplies.

"*To the Right Honorable the Committee of Lords and Commons, at Derby House: These. Haste, haste.*

"Wigan, 23d August, 1648.

"My Lords and Gentlemen, — I did not (being straitened with time) send you an Account of the great blessing of God upon your Army: — I trust it is satisfactory to your Lordships that the House had it so fully presented to them.[1]

"My Lords, it cannot be imagined that so great a business as this could be without some loss; — although I [confess] very little compared with the weightiness of the Engagement; there being on our part not an Hundred Slain, yet many Wounded. And to our little it is a real weakening, for indeed we are but a handful. I submit to your Lordships, whether you will think fit or no To recruit our Loss; we having but Five poor Regiments of foot, and our horse so exceedingly battered as I never saw them in all my life.

"It is not to be doubted but your Enemy's designs are deep: this Blow will make them very angry: the principles they went on were such as should a little awaken Englishmen; for I have heard it from very good hands of their own party, that the Duke made this the argument to his Army, That the Lands of the Country and — [*illegible the next line or two, from ruin of the paper; the words lost mean clearly, "That the Scots were to share our lands among them, and come to inhabit the conquered country:" a very high figure of rumor indeed!*] — which accordingly is done in part, there being a Transplantation of many women and children and of whole families in Westmoreland and Cumberland, as I am credibly informed [*for the moment!*] — Much more might be said; but I forbear. I offer it to your Lordships that Money

[1] In Letter LXIV. (suprà, vol. xvii. pp. 335–342.)

may be [sent] to pay the foot and horse to some equality. Some of those that are here seventy days before I marched from Windsor into Wales have not had any pay; and amongst the horse, my own Regiment and some others are much behind. I wish your Lordships may manage it for the best advantage, and not be wanting to yourselves in what is necessary: which is the end of my offering these things to you. My Lords, Money is not for Contingencies so as were to be wished; we have very many things to do which might be better done if we had wherewithal. Our Foot want Clothes, Shoes and Stockings; these ways and weather have shattered them all to pieces: that which was the great blow to our Horse was (beside the weather and incessant marches) our March ten miles to fight with the Enemy, and a Fight continuing four hours in as dirty a place as ever I saw horse stand in, and, upon the matter, the continuance of this Fight two days more together in our following the Enemy, and lying close by him in the mire — [*moths again and mildew* . . . until at length we broke him at a near . . . a great party of our horse having . . . miles towards Lancaster; who came up . . . to us, and were with us in all the Action]. — These things I thought fit to intimate, not knowing what is fit to ask, because I know not how your Affairs stand, nor what you can supply.

"I have sent Major-General Lambert, upon the day I received the Enclosed, with above two thousand horse and dragoons and about fourteen thousand foot in prosecution of the Duke and the Nobility of Scotland with him; who will, I doubt not, have the blessing of God with him in the business. But indeed his horse are exceeding weak and weary. — I have sent to Yorkshire and to my Lord Grey to alarm all parts to a prosecution: and if they be not wanting to the work, I see not how many can escape. I am marched myself back to Preston; — and so on towards Monro or otherwise, as God shall direct.

"As things fall out, I shall represent them to you; and rest, my Lords and Gentlemen,

"Your most humble [servant],

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

[1] Tanner MSS. lvii. (1.) 229. Original, signed inside and out by Cromwell: much injured by mildew and moths.

No. 13.

Letter to the Derby-House Committee in 1648.

[Vol. xvii. p. 367.]

Recapitulating what is already known in the Text; finds its place here.

"*To the Right Honorable the Committee of Lords and Commons, at Derby House.*

"Norham, 20th Sept. 1648.

"My Lords and Gentlemen, — I did, from Alnwick, write to Sir William Armyn [1] an account of our condition; and recommended to him divers particular considerations about your affairs here in the North, — with a desire of particular things to be done by your Lordships' appointment, in order to the carrying on of your affairs. I send you here a copy of the Summons that was sent to Berwick [2] when I was come as far as Alnwick; as also of a Letter written to the Committee of Estates of Scotland: [3] — I mean those who we did presume were convened as Estates, and were the men that managed the business of the War. But there being, as I learned since, none such; the Earl of Roxburgh and some others having deserted, so that they are not able to make a Committee; — I believe the said Letter is suppressed,[4] and retained in the hands of Colonel Bright and Mr. William Rowe. For whom we [had] obtained a safe Convoy to go to the Estates of that Kingdom with our said Letter; the Governor of Berwick's Answer to our Summons leading us thereunto. By advantage whereof we did instruct them to give all assurances to the Marquis of Argyle and the Honest Party in Scotland, — who we heard were gathered together in a considerable Body about Edinburgh, to make opposition to the Earl of Lanark, Monro, and their Armies, — of our good affection to them. Wherewith they went the 16th of this month.

"Upon the 17th of this month Sir Andrew Ker and Major Strahan, with divers other Scots Gentlemen, brought me this enclosed Letter, signed by the Lord Chancellor of Scotland, as your Lordships will

[1] Original Member for Grantham; one of the Committee, and from of old busy in those International concerns.

[2] Letter LXX. (vol. xvii. p. 355). [3] Letter LXXII. (vol. xvii. p. 358).

[4] Not "suppressed;" though it cannot be received except unofficially (vol. xvii. p. 359).

see. They also showed me their Instructions, and a Paper containing the matter of their Treaty with Lanark and Monro; as also an Expostulation upon Lanark's breach with them, — in falling upon Argyle and his men, contrary to agreement, wherein the Marquis hardly escaped, they having hold of him, but seven hundred of his men were killed and taken.[1] These Papers I also send here enclosed to your Lordships.

"So soon as those Gentlemen came to me, I called a Council of War; the result whereof was the Letter directed to the Lord Chancellor;[2] a Copy whereof your Lordships have here enclosed. Which I delivered to Sir Andrew Ker and Major Strahan; with which they returned upon the 18th, being the next day.

"Upon private discourse with these Gentlemen, I do find the condition of their Affairs and their Army to be thus: The Earl of Lanark, the Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, Monro, and their Army, hearing of our advance, and understanding the condition and endeavors of their Adversaries, — marched with all speed to get possession of Stirling-Bridge; that so they might have three parts in four of Scotland at their backs, to raise men, and to enable themselves to carry on their designs. They were about 5,000 Foot, and 2,500 Horse. The Earl of Leven, who is chosen General; the Marquis of Argyle, with the Honest Lords and Gentlemen, David Lesley being the Lieutenant-General: [these] having about 7,000 Foot, but very weak in Horse, — lie about six miles this side the Enemy. I hear that their Infantry consists of men who come to them out of conscience; and are generally of the Godly People of that Nation, which they express by their piety and devotion in their quarters; and indeed I hear they are a very godly and honest body of men.

"I think it is not unknown to your Lordships what directions I have received from you for the prosecution of our late Victory. Whereof I shall be bold to remember a clause of your Letter; which was, 'That I should prosecute the remaining Party in the North, and not leave any of them, wheresoever they go, to be a beginning of a new Army; nor cease to pursue the Victory till I finish and fully complete it with the rendition of those Towns of Berwick and Carlisle, which most unjustly, and against all obligations, and the Treaties then in force, they surprised and garrisoned against us.'

"In order whereunto, I marched to the Borders of Scotland: where I found the whole Country so harassed and impoverished by Monro and

[1] Bishop Guthry's *Memoirs*. [2] Letter LXXIII. (vol. xvii. p. 360).

the Forces with him, that the Country was no way able to bear us on the English side; but we must necessarily have ruined both your Army and the Subjects of this Kingdom, who would not have had bread for a day if we had continued among them. In prosecution of your Orders, and in answer to the necessities of your friends in Scotland, and their desires; and considering the necessity of marching into Scotland, to prevent the Governor of Berwick from putting of provisions into his Garrisons on the Scots side, whereof he is at present in some want, as we are informed, —I marched a good part of the Army over Tweed yesterday about noon, the residue being to come after as conveniently as we may.

"Thus have I given your Lordships an account of our present condition and engagement. And having done so, I must discharge my duty in remembering to your Lordships the Desires formerly expressed in my Letters to Sir William Armyn and Sir John Evelyn, for supplies; and in particular for that of Shipping to be upon these Coasts, who may furnish us with Ammunition or other necessaries wheresoever God shall lead us; there being extreme difficulty to supply us by land, without great and strong convoys, which will weary out and destroy our Horse, and cannot well come to us if the Tweed be up, without going very far about.

"Having laid these things before you, I rest,

"Your Lordships' most humble servant,

"Oliver Cromwell.

"P.S. Whilst we are here, I wish there be no neglect of the Business in Cumberland and Westmoreland. I have sent Orders both into Lancashire and to the Horse before Pontefract. I should be glad your Lordships would second them, and those other considerations expressed in my Desires to Sir William Armyn thereabouts."[1]

[1] Old Pamphlet (in *Parliamentary History*, xvii. 481).

No. 14.

Letter on Behalf of Young Cholmely.

[Vol. xvii. p. 379.]

Written on the march from Carlisle to Pontefract.

"To the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons: These.

"Boroughbridge, 28th October, 1648.

"Sir, — I do not often trouble you in particular businesses; but I shall be bold now, upon the desire of a worthy Gentleman, Lieutenant-Colonel Cholmely, to entreat your favor in his behalf.

"The case stands thus. His son Major Cholmely, who was bold in the Fight against the Scots at Berwick,[1] was Custom-master at Carlisle; — the Gentleman [had] merited well from you. Since his death, his aged Father, having lost this his Eldest Son in your service, did resolve to use his endeavors to procure the place for a Younger Son, who had likewise been in your service. And resolving to obtain my Letter to some friends about it, did acquaint an *undertenant* of the place for his Son with this his purpose To come to me to the borders of Scotland to obtain the said Letter: — which the said servant [or undertenant] did say, Was very well.

"And when the said Lieutenant-Colonel was come for my Letter, this tenant immediately hastens away to London; where he, in a very circumventing and deceitful way, prefers a Petition to the House of Commons; gets a reference to the Committee of the Navy; who approve of the said man [the undertenant] by the mediation of some gentlemen: — but I hear there is a stop of it in the House.

"My humble suit to you is, That if Colonel Morgan do wait upon you about this business, — I having given you this true information of the state of it, as I have received it, — you would be pleased to further his desire concerning Lieutenant-Colonel Cholmely's youngest Son, that *he* may have the place conferred upon him; and that you would acquaint some of my friends herewith.

"By which you will very much oblige,

"Your most humble servant,

"Oliver Cromwell."[2]

[1] Against Monro, I suppose, when he ended his maraudings in that quarter (vol. xvii. p. 351).

[2] Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 46).

No. 15.

Correspondence with the Mayor of Waterford.

[Vol. xvii. p. 498.]

Preserved in the anonymous Fragment of a Narrative, more than once referred to, are these Letters and Replies: —

Letter 1. "*To the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Waterford.*

"Kilbarry, near Waterford, 21st Nov. 1649.

"Gentlemen, — I have received information that you hitherto refuse a Garrison of the Enemy to be imposed upon you; as also that some Factions in the Town are very active still, notwithstanding your refusal, to persuade you to the contrary.

"Being come into these parts, not to destroy people and places, but to save them, that men may live comfortably and happily by their trade, if the fault be not in themselves; and purposing also, by God's assistance, to reduce this City of Waterford to its due obedience, as He shall dispose the matter, by Force, or by Agreement with you upon Terms wherein your own good and happiness, and that of your wives, children and families may consist, notwithstanding [what] some busy-headed persons may pretend to the contrary; [and] knowing that if after all this you shall receive a Garrison, it will probably put you out of a capacity to make any such Accord for yourselves, which was the cause of the ruin of the Town and people of Wexford, — I thought fit to lay these things before you; leaving you to use your own judgment therein.

"And if any shall have so much power upon you as to persuade you that these are the counsels of an enemy, I doubt it will hardly prove, in the end, that *they* gave you better. You did once live flourishingly under the power (*sic*) and in commerce with England. It shall be your own faults if you do not so again. I send these intimations timeously to you: weigh them well; it so behooves you. I rest,

"Your loving friend,

"Oliver Cromwell."

Reply 1. "*For General Cromwell, General of the Parliament Forces in Ireland.*

"Waterford, 23d November, 1649.

"My Lord, — Your Letter of the 21st, directed to me and my Aldermen, we have, by your Trumpet, received. Your Lordship's

advice, as we do all others, we weigh with the condition of our safety; and so far shall make use thereof as it contributes to the same.

"For your intentions of reducing this City, by Force or Agreement: —as we will by all possible means endeavor our natural defence against the first, so happily will we not be averse to the latter, — if we shall find it not dishonorable nor destructive. And for that purpose [we] do desire your Lordship will grant us a Cessation, for fifteen days, from all acts of hostility; and send us Safe-conducts, with blanks for the men we shall employ, to treat with your Lordship; and in the interim bring your Army no nearer this City than now it is.

"We have learned not to slight advice, if we find it wholesome, even from an enemy's hand; nor to deny him such thanks as it merits. And if your Lordship should deny us the time we look for, we doubt not, — with the men we have already in Town, though we should receive no more, — to make good this Place, till the Power of the Kingdom relieves us.

"To signify which to your Lordship, the Council and Commons have laid their commands on me, my Lord,

"Your very loving friend,

"JOHN LYVETT, *Mayor of Waterford.*"

LETTER 2. "*For the Mayor, Aldermen, or other Governor or Governors of the City of Waterford.*

"FROM MY CAMP BEFORE WATERFORD, 24th November, 1649.

"GENTLEMEN, — I expected to have heard from you before this, by my Trumpet; but he not coming to me, I thought fit to send, That I might have an account given me, how you have disposed of him. And to save farther trouble, I have thought fit —

"Hereby to summon you To surrender the City and Fort into my hands, to the use of the State of England.

"I expect to receive your answer to these things; and rest,

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

REPLY 2. "*For the Lieutenant-General Cromwell.*

"WATERFORD, 24th November, 1649.

"MY LORD, — Your Letter of the 24th I have received even now; in which you desire an account of your Lordship's Trumpeter, sent with a former Letter to us; and summon us to deliver your Lordship this City and Fort.

"Your Lordship's former Letter by your Trumpeter we have answered yesterday morning; and do doubt, by the Trumpeter's not coming to you, he might have suffered some mischance by going the County-of-Kilkenny way. We therefore now send you a Copy of that Answer;[1] to which we desire your Lordship's resolution. Before we receive which, we cannot make farther answer to the rest of your Letter.

"We therefore desire you will despatch the Safe-conduct desired, and forbear acts of hostility during the Treaty, — and you shall be very soon attended by Commissioners from, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's servant,

"JOHN LYVETT, *Mayor of Waterford.*"

LETTER 3. "*To the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Waterford.*

"[BEFORE WATERFORD,] 24th November, 1649.

"SIRS, — My first Trumpet not being yet come to me, makes me suspect that, as you say, he has suffered some mischance going by the way of the County of Kilkenny.

"If I had received your Letter sooner, I should nevertheless, by the help of God, have marched up to this place as I have done. And as for your desire of a Treaty, I am more willing to that way, for the prevention of blood and ruin, than to the other of Force; — although if necessitated thereunto, you and we are under the overruling Power of God, who will dispose of you and us as He pleaseth.

"As to a Cessation for Fifteen Days, I shall not agree thereunto; because a far shorter time may bring this Business to a conclusion as well. But for Four or Five Days I am content that there be a Cessation of all acts of hostility betwixt your City and this Army: — provided you give me assurance That, in the mean time, no soldiers not now in your City be received into it, during the Cessation, nor for twenty-four hours after.

"I expect to have your present answer hereto: because, if this be agreed to, I shall forbear any nearer approach during the said Cessation.

"Your servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"I have by this Bearer returned a Safe-convoy, as you desire, for what Commissioners you think fit to send out to me. [2]

[1] Reply 1; already given.

[2] Fragment of Narrative: in Ayscough MSS. no. 4769, pp. 95 et seqq.

No. 16.

Exchange of Prisoners: Renegado Wogan.

[Vol. xvii. p. 503.]

The Narrative Fragment above cited has these words, in reference to the affair at Passage and its consequences: "At that time, there being one Captain Caufield a prisoner at Clonmel, a stranger to the General, but being a prisoner on an English account, the Army concerned themselves for him, and at a Council of War certain Votes were passed," which we shall soon read: —

"*For Lieutenant-General Farrell, Governor of Clonmel.*

[Cork, 4th January, 1649.]

"At the Council of War held at the City of Cork, the fourth day of January, Anno Domini, 1649, whereat the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Lord President of Munster,[1] Sir Hardress Waller knight, and divers other chief Officers of the Army were present, it was resolved as followeth: —

"1. That a Letter be sent, by Lieutenant-General Farrell's Trumpet, to let him know, That for every private Foot-soldier of our party, prisoner with him, whom he shall release, he shall have so many of his private soldiers, prisoners with us, released for them; and for every Trooper of ours which he shall release, he shall have Two private Foot-soldiers released for him.

"2. That the Lord-Lieutenant is ready to release Officers of like quality for such Officers of ours as are in their power; and that he will deliver a Major of Foot for a Captain of Horse, and two Captains of Foot for a Captain of Horse; and so proportionably.

"3. Or that he will deliver Major-General Butler, the Earl of Ormond's Brother, for those Officers of ours now in their custody."

"Sir, — Having lately received an advertisement, that some of the principal Officers of the Irish Army did send menacing Orders to the Governor of Clonmel, to be communicated to the Lord Broghil, That if we did put to death Colonel Wogan, they were ready to put Captain Caufield to death, — I thought fit to offer to you the equal Exchanges before mentioned; leaving you to your election. Which when you perform, there shall be just and honest performance on my part. And withal to

[1] Ireton.

let you know, That if any shall think to put such conditions on me that I may not execute a Person so obnoxious as Wogan, — who did not only betray his trust in England, but counterfeited the General's hand, thereby to carry his men (whom he had seduced) into a Foreign Nation,[1] to invade England, under whom he had taken pay, and from whose service he was not discharged; and with the said Nation did invade England; and hath since, contrary to the said trust, taken up arms here: — That [then, I say] as I am willing to the Exchanges aforesaid; so [if] that equality be denied me, I would that all concerned should understand, That I am resolved to deal with Colonel Wogan as I shall see cause, and be satisfied in my conscience and judgment to do. And if anything thereupon shall be done to Captain Caufield as is menaced, I think fit to let you know, That I shall, as God shall enable me, put all those that are with me at mercy for life, into the same condition.

"Your servant,

"Oliver Cromwell." [2]

No. 17.

Ireland: Arrangements for the Administration of Justice there.

[Vol. xvii. p. 504.]

"*For my very worthy Friend John Sadler, Esq., one of the Masters of the Chancery in England: These.*

"Cork, 31st December, 1649.

"Sir, — To put a business of weight suddenly to your consideration may perhaps beget so much prejudice as may cause you either not to think of it at all, or to incline to the worser part when you resolve. The thing I have to offer hath been thought upon by us, as you will perceive by the reasons wherewith we enforce it; and we do willingly tender it to you; desiring God, not you, may give us the answer.

"That a Divine Presence hath gone along with us in the late great transactions in this Nation, I believe most good men are sensible of, and thankful to God for; and are persuaded that He hath a farther end; and that as by this dispensation He hath manifested His severity and justice, so there will be a time wherein He will manifest grace and mercy, in

[1] Scotland: to join Hamilton and his *Engagement*.

[2] Fragment of Narrative: in Ayscough MSS. no. 4769, ubi supra.

which He so much delights. To us who are employed as instruments in this work the contentment that appears is, That we are doing our Master's work; that we have His presence and blessing with us; — and that we live in hope to see Him cause wars to cease, and bringing in that Kingdom of Glory and Peace which He hath promised. This being so, as the hope thereof occasions our comfort, so the seeing some way made already cannot but [raise] hope that goodness and mercy intends to visit this poor Island. Therefore in what we may as poor instruments, [we] cannot but be endeavoring to answer the mind of God as any opportunity offers itself.

"First let me tell you, in divers places where we come, we find the people very greedy after the Word, and flocking to Christian meetings; much of that prejudice that lies upon poor people in England being a stranger to their minds. And truly we have hoped much of it is done in simplicity; and I mind you the rather of this because it is a sweet symptom, if not an earnest, of the good we expect.

"In the next place, our condition was such at our arrival here, — by reason of the War, and prevalency of the Enemy, — that there was a dissolution of the whole frame of Government; there being no visible authority residing in persons intrusted to act according to the forms of law, except in two corporations [*Dublin and Derry at our arrival*], in this whole Land. And although it hath pleased God to give us much territory, yet how to fall suddenly into that way again, I see not; nor is it for the present practicable. Wherefore I am constrained, of my own authority, to issue out Commissions to persons to hear and determine the present controversies that do arise, as they may.

"Sir, it seems to me we have a great opportunity to set up, until the Parliament shall otherwise determine, a way of doing justice amongst these poor people, which, for the uprightness and cheapness of it, may exceedingly gain upon them, — who have been accustomed to as much injustice, tyranny and oppression from their landlords, the great men, and those that should have done them right, as (I believe) any people in that which we call Christendom. And indeed [they] are accounted the bribing'st [*so to speak!*] people that are; they having been inured thereto. Sir, if justice were freely and impartially administered here, the foregoing darkness and corruption would make it look so much the more glorious and beautiful; and draw more hearts after it! — I am loath to write what the consequences might be, or what may be said upon this subject; — and therefore I shall let you know my desire in a word.

"There uses to be a Chief-Justice in the Province of Munster, who having some others with him in assistance uses to hear and determine

Causes depending there: you are desired by me to accept of that employment. I do believe that nothing will suit your mind better than having a standing Salary for the same; that so you may not be troubled within common allowances, which have been to others (I doubt) but a color to their covetous practices. I dare assure you [of] £1,000 a year, half-yearly, to be paid by even parts, as your allowance; — and although this be more than hath usually been allowed, yet shall we have wherewith readily to make performance, if you accept.

"I know not how far this desire of mine will be interpreted by you as a call: but sure I am I have not done anything with a clearer breast, nor wherein I do more approve my heart to the Lord and His people in sincerity and uprightness; — the Lord direct you what to do. I desire a few things of you: let my Letter be as little seen as you may; — you know what constructions are usually put upon some men's actings; and (were it fit to be committed to paper) would [be] if I should say That this business, by the blessing of God, might be so managed as might abate much superfluity. I desire you not to discourse of the allowance but to some choice friends. Next I could desire, if you have any acquaintance with Mr. Graves the Lawyer, you would move him to the acceptance of a place here, which should be honorable, and not to his outward disadvantage. And any other godly and able man you know of. Let me have your mind so soon as conveniently you may; and whether you have tried any as is desired, and whom, and what return they make.

"Desiring your prayers, I rest,

"Your affectionate friend and servant,

"Oliver Cromwell." [1]

Sadler did not go; John Cook, Advocate famed in the King's trial, went. Of Graves I know nothing. Sadler has left some Books; indicating a strange corner of dreamy imaginativeness in his otherwise solid, lucid and pious mind. A man much esteemed by Hartlib, Milton's friend, and by the world legal and other. He continued one of the Masters in Oliver's new Chancery, when the number was reduced to six.

[1] *General Dictionary* (by Birch, Bernard, &c. London, 1739), vol. ix. pp. 19, 20, § *Sadler* (materials furnished by "Thos. Sadler, Deputy Clerk of the Pells," a descendant of this Sadler's).

No. 18.

Ireland: Operations in Tipperary.

[Vol. xviii. p. 28.]

Colonel Phayr is in Cork, "with near five hundred foot," since November last; Broghil, Fenton, and their relation to him, were also indicated in the Text.[1]

"*For Colonel Phayr, Governor of Cork: These. Haste, haste.*

"Fethard, 9th February, 1649.

"Sir, — It hath pleased God to be very gracious to us hitherto, in the possessing of Cashel, Fethard and Roghill Castle, without any blood. Callan cost us at least four or five men; but we are possessed of it also, and of divers other places of good importance. We are in the very bowels of Tipperary; and hope, will lie advantageously (by the blessing of God) for farther attempts.

"Many places take up our men: wherefore I must needs be earnest with you to spare us what you can. If you can send Two Companies more of your Regiment to Mallow,[2] do it. If not, one at the least; that so my Lord Broghil may spare us two or three of Colonel Ewers's, to meet him with the rest of his[3] Regiment at Fermoy.

"Give Colonel Ewers what assistance you can in the Business I have sent to him about. Salute all my Friends with you. My service to Sir William Fenton. Pray for us. I rest,

"Your very loving friend,

"Oliver Cromwell.

"[P.S.] Sir, if you think that we draw you too low in men whilst we are inactive, — I presume you are in no danger; however, I desire you would make this use of it, To rid the Town of Cork of suspicious and ill-affected persons as fast as you can. And herein deal with effect." [4]

[1] Letters CXIV. CXV. vol. xvii. pp. 488, 489.

[2] "Mayallo" in orig. [3] i.e. Colonel Ewers's.

[4] *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1843, p. 266. Endorsed, by Phayr, "The Lo. Leu^t Letter to mee the ninth of Feb^i 1649; About sending men." By another hand there is also written on the outside "Mallo posest," — meaning, probably for Phayr's information, *Mallow possessed* (got, laid hold of).

No. 19.

Haselrig and Dunbar Battle.

[Vol. xviii. p. 125.]

Here, by the kindness of R. Ormston, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne, are now (for our *Third* and all other *Editions*) the Letters themselves. This Gentleman, Grandson of the "Steward of the Haselrigs" mentioned in vol. xviii. p. 142, possesses all the Four Cromwell Letters alluded to by Brand; and has now (May, 1847) beneficently furnished an exact copy of them, privately printed. Letter CXXXIX. alone is autograph; the other Three are in a Clerk's hand. Letter CXXXIX., Letter CXLI., these and the Two which follow here, it appears, Mr. O.'s Grandfather "begged from the fire, on a day when much destruction of old Letters and waste Papers was going on at Nosely Hall," — Letter CXXXIX. and all England are somewhat obliged to him! Here are the other Two: —

1. "*For the Honorable Sir Arthur Haselrig, Governor of Newcastle: These.*

"Dunbar, 5th September, 1650.

"Sir, — After much deliberation, we can find no way how to dispose of these Prisoners that will be consisting with these two ends (to wit, the not losing them and the not starving them, neither of which would we willingly incur) but by sending them into England; where the Council of State may exercise their wisdom and better judgment in so dispersing and disposing of them, as that they may not suddenly return to your prejudice.

"We have despatched away near 5,000 poor wretches of them; very many of which, it 's probable, will die of their wounds, or be rendered unserviceable for time to come by reason thereof. I have written to the Council of State, desiring them to direct how they shall be disposed of: and I make no question but you will hasten the Prisoners up Southwards, and second my desires with your own to the Council. I know you are a man of business. This, not being every-day's work, will willingly be performed by you; especially considering you have the commands of your Superior.

"Sir, I judge it exceeding necessary you send us up what Horse and Foot you can, with all possible expedition; especially considering that

indeed our men fall very sick; and if the Lord shall please to enable us effectually to prosecute this Business, to the which He hath opened so gracious a way, no man knows but that it may produce a Peace to England, and much security and comfort to God's People. Wherefore I pray you, continue to give what furtherance you can to this Work, by speeding such supplies to us as you can possibly spare. — Not having more at present, I rest,

"Your affectionate friend and servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

2. "*For the Honorable Sir Arthur Haselrig, Governor of Newcastle: These. Haste, haste.*

"EDINBURGH, 9th September, 1650.

"SIR, — I cannot but hasten you in sending up what Forces possibly you can. This enclosed was inteuded to you on Saturday, but could not come.

"We are not able to carry on our business as we would, until we have wherewith to keep Edinburgh and Leith, — until we attempt, and are acting, forwards. We have not, in these parts [at such a season of the year], above two months to keep the field. Therefore expedite what you can! And I desire you to send us free Masons; — you know not the importance of Leith.

"I hope your Northern Guests are come to you, by this time. I pray you let humanity be exercised towards them; I am persuaded it will be comely. Let the Officers be kept at Newcastle, some sent to Lynn, some to Chester.

"I have no more; but rest,

"Your affectionate servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.

"I desire, as forces come up, I may hear from time to time what they are, how their marches are laid, and when I may expect them.

"My service to the dear Lady."[2]

[1] Original in the possession of R. Ormston, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

[2] Original in the possession of R. Ormston, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne. Besides the Signature, "My service to the dear Lady" is also autograph.

No. 20.

Four Letters to the Speaker, in Behalf of individual Military Gentlemen, and their Claims.

Letter 1*st*, in behalf of Colonel Maleverer's Family.

[*To the Right Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*]

"Edinburgh, 28th Dec., 1650.

"Right Honorable, — It having pleased God to take away by death Colonel John Maleverer, a very useful member of this Army, I thought it requisite to move you on the behalf of his sad Widow and seven small Children.

"I need not say much. His faithfulness in your service, and his cheerfulness to be spent in the same, is very well known. And truly, he had a spirit very much beyond his natural strength of body, having undergone many fits of sickness during this hard service in your field, where he was constant and diligent in his charge; and, notwithstanding the weakness of his body, thought himself bound in conscience to continue to the utmost, preferring the Public service before his private relations. And (as I have been credibly informed) his losses by the Royal and Malignant Party have been very great; being occasioned by his appearing with the first in his Country for the Parliament.

"I have therefore made bold to represent these things before you, that you may timely consider of those that he hath left behind him, and bestow some mark of favor and respect upon them towards their comfortable subsistence. I rest,

"Your most humble servant,

"Oliver Cromwell." [1]

Letter 2*d*, in behalf of John Arundel of Trerice.

Oliver is now in Scotland, busy enough with great matters; must not neglect the small either. Military Gentlemen, Ex-Royalist even, applying to the Lord-General in their distress, seem to be a frequent item just now. To whom how can he be deaf, if it is undeserved distress? — "This Enclosed" [2] is from an Ex-Royalist Gentleman, Mr. John

[1] Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 243). [2] Ibid. ii. 258.

Arundel of Trerice in Cornwall; and relates to what is now an old story, the Surrender of Pendennis Castle to Fairfax's people (August, 1646); in which Mr. John, by the arbitrary conduct of a certain Parliamentary Official, suffers huge damage at this time, — a fine of no less than £10,000, "quite ruinous to my poor estate," and clear against bargain at the rendition of Pendennis, being now laid upon him by the arbitrary Parliamentary Official in those parts. As not only human justice, but the honor of the Army is concerned, Mr. John has written to the Lord-General, — the Trerice Arundels, he alleges furthermore, having once "had the honor to stand in some friendship, or even kinship, with your noble family." Oliver, during that hurried first visit to Glasgow, writes in consequence: —

[*To the Right Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*]

"Glasgow, 25th April, 1651.

"Sir, — Receiving this Enclosed, and finding the contents of it to expostulate for justice and faith-keeping, and the direction not improper to myself from the Party interested, forasmuch as it is the word and the faith of the Army engaged unto a performance; and understanding by what steps it hath proceeded, which this enclosed Letter of the Gentleman's will make manifest unto you: — I make bold humbly to present the Business to the Parliament.

"If he desires that which is not just and honorable for you to grant, I shall willingly bear blame for this trouble, and be glad to be denied: but if it be just and honorable, and tends to make good the faith of your servants, I take the boldness then to pray he may stand or fall according to that. And this desire, I hope, is in faithfulness to you; and will be so judged. I take leave; and rest, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"Oliver Cromwell."[1]

Letter 3d, in behalf of Colonel Clayton.

[*To the Right Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*]

"Edinburgh, 10th May, 1651.

"Sir, — I am very desirous to make an humble motion unto you on the behalf of Colonel Randall Clayton: — who, being taken prisoner[2]

[1] Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 270).

[2] Suprà, vol. xviii. p. 45, and Whitlocke, p. 432.

when I was in Ireland, was with some other Officers judged to die, as those that had formerly served the Parliament, but were then partakers with the Lord Inchiquin in his Revolt: and although the rest suffered, according to the sentence passed upon them, yet, with the advice of the chief Officers, I thought meet to give him, the said Colonel Randall Clayton, his life, as one that is furnished with large abilities for the service of his Country: and indeed there was the appearance of such remorse, and of a work of grace upon his spirit, that I am apt to believe he will hereafter prove an useful member unto the State, upon the best account.

"Having thus given him his release, and observing his Christian candor, I then promised him to negotiate with the Parliament for the taking off the sequestration that is upon his estate, which indeed is but very small. I do therefore humbly entreat you To pass such a special act of favor towards him, whereby he will be engaged and enabled to improve his interest the more vigorously, in his place, for the advantage of the Public.

"I would not address such an overture to you, did I not suppose that the placing of this favor upon this person will be of very good use, and an act of much charity and tenderness. I rest, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL." [1]

Letter written (what may be noted) just in the beginning of that dangerous Fit of Sickness; — following Letter just about the end of it.

Letter 4th, in behalf of Colonel Borlace.

[*To the Right Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*]

"EDINBURGH, 13th June, 1651.

"SIR, — Having received the enclosed Petition and Letter from the Officers of a Court of War at Whitehall, representing unto me that the faith of the Army concerning the Articles of Truro,[2] in the particular case of Colonel Nicholas Borlace, is violated; and the Petitioner himself having come hither to Scotland, desiring me to be instrumental that the said Articles be performed, and that the faith of the Army thereupon

[1] Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 272).

[2] Hopton's Surrender, 14th March, 1645-6 (antea, vol. xvii. p. 223); a hurried Treaty, which gave rise to much doubting and pleading, in other instances than this.

given might be made good: — I do therefore humbly desire That the Parliament will take his case into consideration, and that his Business may receive a speedy hearing (he being already almost quite exhausted in the prosecution thereof); that so justice may be done unto him, and that the faith of the Army may be preserved.

"I crave pardon for this trouble; and rest, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

No. 20*.

[Vol. xviii. p. 228.]

GENERAL HARRISON, with some force, is on the Border, keeping open our communications. Along with that Letter to Mrs. Cromwell goes another, dated the same day.

"*For the Honorable Major-General Harrison: These.*

"EDINBURGH, May 3d, 1651.

"DEAR HARRISON, — I received thine of the 23d of April. Thy Letters are always very welcome to me.

"Although your new militia forces are so bad as you mention, yet I am glad that you are in the head of them; because I believe God will give you a heart to reform them; a principal means whereof will be, by placing good Officers over them, and putting out the bad; whereunto you will not want my best furtherance and concurrence. I have had much such stuff to deal withal, in those sent to me into Scotland; but, blessed be the Lord, we have [been] and are reforming them daily, finding much encouragement from the Lord therein; only we do yet want some honest men to come to us to make Officers. And this is the grief, that this being the cause of God and of His people, so many saints should be in their security and ease, and not come out to the work of the Lord in this great day of the Lord.

"I hear nothing of the men you promised me. Truly I think you should do well to write to friends in London and elsewhere, to quicken their sense in this great business. I have written this week to Sir Henry Vane, and given him a full account of your affairs. I hope it will not be in vain.

[1] Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 276).

"I think it will be much better for you to draw nigher to Carlisle, where [are] twelve troops of horse; whereof six are old troops, and five or six of dragoons. Besides, the troops you mention upon the Borders will be ready upon a day's notice to fall into conjunction with you; so that if any parties should think to break into England (which, through the mercy of God, we hope to have an eye to), you will be, upon that conjunction, in a good posture to obviate [them]. Truly I think that if you could be at Penrith and those parts, it would do very well. And I do therefore desire you, as soon as you can, to march thither. Whereby also you and we shall have the more frequent and constant correspondency one with another. And it will be better, if a party of the enemy should happen to make such an attempt, to fight him before he hath an opportunity to get far into our country.

"I have offered a consideration also to our friend at London, that you might have two regiments of foot sent too, [of] which I am not without hope.

"The Lord bless you and keep you, and increase the number of His faithful ones. Pray for us, and for him who assures you he is

"Your affectionate faithful Friend,

"Oliver Cromwell." [1]

No. 21.

March to Worcester.

[Vol. xviii. p. 244.]

Oliver, in his swift March from Scotland towards Worcester, takes Ripon and Doncaster as stages: Provision for us must be "in readiness against our coming."

[*To the Mayor and Corporation of Doncaster: These.*]

"Ripon, 18th August, 1651.

"Gentlemen, — I intend, God willing, to be at Doncaster with the Army on Wednesday [2] night or Thursday morning; and forasmuch as the Soldiers will need a supply of victual, I desire you to give notice

[1] Letter in possession of B. S. Elcock, Esq., of Prior-Park Buildings, Bath (*Note of* 1869).

[2] Wednesday is 20th.

to the country, and to use your best endeavors to cause bread, butter, cheese and flesh to be brought in, and to be in readiness there against our coming; for which the country shall receive ready money. Not doubting of your care herein, I rest,

"Your very loving friend,

"OLIVER CROMWELL." [1]

No. 22.

AFTER WORCESTER BATTLE: LETTERS TO THE SPEAKER.

[Vol. xviii. p. 254.]

[*To the Right Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*]

"EVESHAM, 8th September, 1651.

"SIR, — The late most remarkable, seasonable, and signal Victory, which our good God (to whom alone be ascribed all the glory) was pleased to vouchsafe your servants against the Scottish Army at Worcester, doth, as I conceive, justly engage me humbly to present in reference thereunto this consideration: That as the Lord appeared so wonderfully in His mercies towards you, so it will be very just to extend mercy to His people, our Friends that suffered in these parts upon this occasion; and that some reparation may be made them out of the Sequestration or Estates of such as abetted this Engagement against you. The town being entered by storm, some honest men, promiscuously and without distinction, suffered by your Soldier; — which could not at that time possibly be prevented, in the fury and heat of the battle.

"I also humbly present to your charity the poor distressed Wife and Children of one William Guise, of the City of Worcester, who was barbarously put to death by the Enemy for his faithfulness to the Parliament. The man (as I am credibly informed) feared the Lord; and upon that account likewise deserveth more consideration. Really, Sir, I am abundantly satisfied, that divers honest men, both in city and country, suffered exceedingly (even to the ruin of their families), by these parts being the seat of the War: and it will be an encouragement

[1] Original in the possession of Pudsey Dawson, Esq., Hornby Castle, Lancashire (communicated, 19th October, 1850).

to honest men, when they are not given over to be swallowed up in the same destruction with enemies.

"I hope the Commissioners of the Militia will be very careful and discerning in the distribution of your charity. I cannot but double my desires, that some speedy course may be taken herein.

"I have sent the Mayor and Sheriff of Worcester to Warwick Castle, there to attend the pleasure of Parliament concerning their Trial; I having not opportunity to try them by Court Martail. I have also taken security of the other Aldermen who remained in the city, to be forthcoming when I shall require them.

"It may be well worthy your consideration, That some severity be shown to some of those of this Country, as well of quality as meaner ones, who, having been engaged in the former War, did now again appear in arms against you. I rest, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

[*To the Right Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.*]

"CHIPPING NORTON, 8th September, 1651.

"SIR, — I have sent this Bearer, Captain Orpyn, with the Colors taken in the late Fight; — at least as many of them as came to my hands, for I think very many of them have miscarried. I believe the number of these sent will be about an Hundred; the remainder also being Forty or Fifty, which were taken at the Engagement in Fife.[2] I ask pardon for troubling you herewith; and rest, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[3]

No. 23.

LETTER TO SISTER ELIZABETH.

[Vol. xvii. p. 21 note: xviii. 274.]

BY accident, another curious glimpse into the Cromwell family. "Sister Elizabeth," of whom, except the date of her birth and that she died

[1] Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 378).

[2] Inverkeithing Fight in July: see Letter CLXXV.

[3] Tanner MSS. (in Cary, ii. 380).

unmarried,[1] almost nothing is known, comes visibly to light here; "living at Ely," in very truth (as Noble had guessed she did); quietly boarded at some friendly Doctor's there, in the scene and among the people always familiar to her. She is six years older than Oliver; now and then hears from him, we are glad to see, and receives "small tokens of his love" of a substantial kind. For the rest, sad news in this Letter! Son Ireton is dead of fever in Ireland; the tidings reached London just a week ago.

"*For my dear Sister Mrs. Elizabeth Cromwell, at Doctor Richard Stand*[2] *his house at Ely: These.*

"[Cockpit,] 15th December, 1651.

"Dear Sister, — I have received divers Letters from you; I must desire you to excuse my not writing so often as you expect: my burden is not ordinary, nor are my weaknesses a few to go through therewith; but I have hope in a better Strength. — I have herewith sent you Twenty Pounds as a small token of my love. I hope I shall be mindful of you. I wish you and I may have our rest and satisfaction where all saints have theirs. What is of this world will be found transitory; a clear evidence whereof is my Son Ireton's death. I rest, dear Sister,

"Your affectionate Brother,

"Oliver Cromwell.[3]

"[P.S.][4] My Mother, Wife, and your friends here remember their loves."

No. 24.

Letter to the Committee for Sequestrations, in Behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Fincham.

[Vol. xviii. p. 278.]

Thomas Fincham, Esquire, of Oatwell, Isle of Ely, is on the List of Delinquents: Oliver, as an old friend or at least neighbor, will do what he can for him.

[1] Vol. xvii. p. 21.

[2] Query, not *Hand*?

[3] Original shown me, and copied for me (26th October, 1853), by Mr. Puttick, Auctioneer, 191 Piccadilly, — who sold it, with another (Letter to *Dick*, 2*d April*, 1650, *Carrick*, our Letter CLXXXII.), next day, "for 9 guineas, to Mr. Holloway, Bedford Street:" the *Dick*, a long letter, in very good keeping, went "for 26 guineas, to Mr. John Young, 6 Size Lane, Bucklersbury."

[4] On the margin.

"*To the Commissioners for Sequestration, at Goldsmiths' Hall: These.*

"Cockpit, — December, 1651.

"Gentlemen, — I formerly recommended unto you the Petition of one Mr. Fincham and his Wife, desiring that if it were in your power to give remedy in their case, you would be pleased to hear them, according to the equity of their case. And forasmuch as they have waited long in Town for a hearing, to their great charge and expenses, which their present condition will not well bear, I again earnestly desire that you will grant them your favor of a speedy hearing of their business, and to relieve them according to the merits and justice of their case: whereby you will very much oblige, Gentlemen,

"Your very loving friend,

"Oliver Cromwell." [1]

No. 25.

To Oxford and Cambridge.

[Vol. xviii. p. 280.]

From those nine months of 1652 remain certain other small vestiges or waymarks; relating, as it happens, to the Universities, of one of which Oliver was Chancellor. The first is a Letter to Oxford.

"Greenwood" we have already seen: "Goodwin" is the famed Independent, at this time President of Magdalen College. Of "Zachary Maine," and his wishes and destinies, the reader can find an adequate account in Wood, with express allusion to the Letter which follows.[2] Zachary's desire was complied with. A godly young man from Exeter City; not undeserving such a favor; who lived seven years in profitable communion with Goodwin, Owen and the others; then, at the Restoration, fell into troubles, into waverings; but ended peaceably as Master of the Free School of Exeter, the Mayor and Chamber favoring him there.

1. "*To the Reverend my very loving Friend Dr. Greenwood, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford.*

"[Cockpit,] 12th April, 1652.

"Sir, — Mr. Thomas Goodwin hath recommended unto me one Zachary Maine, Demy of Magdalen College, to have the favor To be

[1] Composition Papers, in State-Paper Office. [2] *Athenæ*, iv. 411.

dispensed with for the want of two or three terms in the taking of his Degree of Bachelor. I am assured that he is eminently godly, of able parts, and willing to perform all his exercises. Upon which account (if it will not draw along with it too great an inconvenience) I desire that he may have the particular favor to be admitted to the said Degree. Which I intend not to draw into a precedent, but shall be very sparing therein. I remain, Sir,

"Your very loving friend,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

The Second an official Protection to Cambridge: —

2. "*To all Officers, Soldiers under my command, and others whom it may concern.*

"These are to charge and require you, upon sight hereof: Not to quarter any Officers or Soldiers in any of the Colleges, Halls or other Houses belonging to the University of Cambridge; Nor to offer any injury or violence to any of the Students or Members of any of the Colleges or Houses of the said University. As you shall answer the contrary at your peril.

"Given under my hand and seal, the First of July, 1652.

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[2]

Note. In the Archives of Trinity College Cambridge is a Patent duly signeted, and superscribed "Oliver P.," of date "Whitehall, 21st October, 1654;" appointing Richard Pratt, "who, as we are informed, is very poor and necessitous," a *Bedesman* (small pensioner for life) of that College. Which merely official Piece, as Richard Pratt too, except this of being poor, is without physiognomy for us, we do not insert here.[3]

The Third and Fourth are for Oxford again: —

3. "*By his Excellency the Lord General Cromwell, Chancellor of the University of Oxford.*

"Whereas divers applications have been made unto me, from several of the Members of the University of Oxford, concerning differences

[1] From the Archives of Oxford University. Communicated by the Rev. Dr. Bliss.

[2] Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge*, iii. 452.

[3] Copy *penes me*.

which have arisen between the Members of the said University about divers matters which fall under my cognizance as Chancellor: And forasmuch as differences and complaints of the like nature may [again] happen and arise between them: And considering that it would be very troublesome and chargeable to the parties concerned to attend me at this distance about the same: And the present burden of public affairs not permitting me so fully to hear and understand the same as to be able to give my judgment and determination therein:

"I do hereby desire and authorize Mr. John Owen, now Vice-chancellor of the University, and the Heads of the several Colleges and Halls there, or any Five or more of them (whereof the said Vice-chancellor to be one), To hear and examine all such differences and complaints which have [arisen,] or shall arise, between any of the said Members; giving them as full power and authority as in me lies to order and determine therein as, in their judgments, they shall think meet and agreeable to justice and equity. And this Power and Commission to continue during the space of Six Months now next ensuing.

"Given under my hand and seal, the 16th day of October, 1652.

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

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4. "*By his Excellency the Lord General Cromwell, Chancellor of the University of Oxford.*

"Whereas within the University of Oxford there frequently happen several things to be disposed, granted and confirmed, wherewith the Vice-chancellor, Doctors-Regent, Masters and others of the said University, in their Delegacies and Convocations, cannot by their statutes dispense, grant or confirm, without the assent of their Chancellor: And forasmuch as the present weighty affairs of the Commonwealth do call for and engage me to reside, and give my personal attendance, in or near London; so that the Scholars of the said University and others are put to much charge and trouble by coming to London to obtain my assent in the cases before mentioned: Therefore, taking the premises into consideration, For the more ease and benefit of the said Scholars and University, and that I may with less avocation and diversion attend the councils and service of the Commonwealth:

"I do by these presents ordain, authorize, appoint and delegate Mr. John Owen, Dean of Christchurch and Vice-chancellor of the said University; Dr. Wilkins, Warden of Wadham College; Dr. Jonathan Goddard, Warden of Merton College; Mr. Thomas Goodwin, President of Magdalen College; and Mr. Peter French, Prebend of Christchurch,

or any Three or more of them, To take into consideration all and every matter of dispensation, grant or confirmation whatsoever which requires my assent as Chancellor to the said University, and thereupon to dispense, grant, confirm, or otherwise dispose thereof, as to them shall seem meet; and to certify the same to the Convocation. And all and every such dispensation, grant, confirmation or disposition made by the aforesaid Mr. John Owen, Dr. Wilkins, Dr. Jonathan Goddard, Mr. Thomas Goodwin, and Mr. Peter French, or any Three or more of them, shall be to all intents and purposes firm and valid, in as full, large and ample manner as if to every such particular act they had my assent in writing under my hand and seal, or I had been personally present and had given my voice and suffrage thereunto.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, the 16th day of October, 1652.

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

No. 26.

LETTER TO LORD WHARTON ABOUT HENRY CROMWELL'S MARRIAGE.

[Vol. xviii. p. 246.]

"Poor foolish Mall," whom we guessed in the Text to be on a visit at Winchington, was then busy there, it would seem, and is now again busy, on a very important matter: scheme of marriage between her brother Henry, now in Ireland, and her fair Friend here, Lord Wharton's Daughter, — the Lady Elizabeth, his eldest, as may be clearly inferred from the genealogies.[2] The Lord General approves; match most honorable; shall not fail for want of money on his part. Unless, indeed, "the just scruples of the Lady" prove unsurmountable? Which, apparently, they did. Both parties afterwards married: the Lady Elizabeth to "the third Earl Lindsay;" Henry Cromwell a "Russel of Chippenham;" on which latter event, the "Dalby and Broughton," here mentioned, were actually settled upon Henry. Burleigh and Oakham went to his brother Richard.

[1] From the Archives of Oxford University. Communicated by the Rev. Dr. Bliss.

[2] Lipscomb's *History and Antiquities of Buckinghamshire* (London, 1847), i. 544.

[*For the Right Honorable the Lord Wharton: These.*]

"[Cockpit,] 30th June, 1652.

"My dear Lord, — Indeed I durst not suddenly make up any judgment what would be fit for me to do or desire, in the Business you know of. But being engaged to give you an account upon our last conference, I shall be bold to do that, and add a word or two therewith.

"For the Estate I mentioned, I cannot now (by reason my Steward is not here) be so exact as I would: but the Lands I design for this occasion are Burleigh, Oakham, and two other little things not far distant; in all about £1,900 per annum. Moreover Dalby [and] Broughton, £1,600 per annum. Burleigh hath some charge upon it, which will in convenient time be removed. This is near twice as much as I intended my Son: yet all is unworthy of the honorable Person.

"My Lord, give me leave to doubt that the Lady hath so many just scruples, which if not very freely reconciled may be too great a tentation to her spirit, and also have after-inconveniences. And although I know your Lordship so really,[1] yet I believe you may have your share of difficulties to conflict with; which may make the Business uneasy: — wherefore, good my Lord, I beg it, If there be not freedom and cheerfulness in the noble Person, let this Affair slide easily off, and not a word more be spoken about it, — as your Lordship's [own] thoughts are. So hush all, and save the labor of little Mall's fooling, — lest she incur the loss of a good Friend indeed. My Lord, I write my heart plainly to you, as becomes, my Lord,

"Your most affectionate servant,

"Oliver Cromwell."[2]

No. 27.

Scraps from 1653.

[Vol. xviii. p. 331.]

1. In a volume of the *Annual Register* are given certain Letters or Petitions concerning the printing of Dr. Walton's Polyglot Bible. At the end of the Petitions is the following: —

[1] "reallilye" in orig.

[2] Original in Bodleian Library; endorsed by Lord Wharton, "My Lord Generall to mee about his Sonne." Printed in *Illustrated London News*, 7th November, 1856.

"[Whitehall,] 16th May, 1653.

"I THINK fit that this work of printing the Bible in the Original and other Languages go on without any let or interruption.

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[1]

"By favor of whose Government," as Walton in his Preface furthermore records, "we had our paper free of duty, *quorum favore chartam a vectigalibus immunem habuimus*," — with perhaps other furtherances. See Irwell's *Life of Pocock* (reprint, London, 1816), pp. 209–211.

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2. Here, lest any one should be again sent hunting through "Pegge's Manuscripts," take the following highly insignificant Official Note. Date, four weeks after the Dismissal of the Rump; when the "Committee of the Army," and Oliver "Commander of all the Forces raised and to be raised," are naturally desirous to know the state of the Army-Accounts. Where Mitchell commands at present, I do not know; nor whether he might be the "Captain Mitchell" who was known some years ago in a disagreeable transaction with the Lord-General's Secretary,[2] and whose Accounts may be rather specially a matter of interest.

"*For Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell.*

"Whitehall, 18th May, 1653.

"SIR, — You are desired with all expedition to prepare and send to the Committee for the Army an Account of all Moneys by you received upon their Warrants between the Fifteenth of January, 1647, and the Twentieth of October, 1651, for the use of the Forces within the time aforesaid under your command, or for the use of any other Regiment, Troop or Company, by or for whom you were intrusted or appointed to receive any money.

"And in case you cannot perfect your Account, and send the same, as you are hereby directed, before the Seventh of June next, you are desired by that time at the farthest to send in writing under your hand to the said Committee, What Moneys by you received as aforesaid do remain in your hands.

"Hereof you are not to fail.

"OLIVER CROMWELL."[3]

[1] *Annual Register*, xxxvi. 373, 374.

[2] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 61), 22d–29th June, 1649.

[3] Pegge's MSS. (in the College of Arms, London), vii. 425.

3. Among the State-Papers in Paris there have lately been found Three small Notes to Mazarin, not of much, if indeed of almost any moment, but worth preserving since they are here. Two of them belong to this Section. The first, which exists only in French, apparently as translated for Mazarin's reading, would not be wholly without significance if we had it in the original. It is dated just three days after that Summons to the Puritan Notables;[1] — and the Lord General, we see, struggles to look upon himself as a man that has done with Political Affairs.

[*A Son Eminence, Monsieur le Cardinal Mazarin.*]

"De Westminster, ce 9–19 Juin, 1653.

"Monsieur, — J'ai été surpris de voir que votre Eminence ait voulu penser à une personne si peu considérable que moi, vivant en quelque façon rétiré du reste du monde. Cet honneur a fait avec juste raison une si forte impression sur moi, que je me sens obligé de servir votre Eminence en toutes occasions; et comme je m'estimerai heureux de les pouvoir rencontrer, j'espère que M. de Bourdeaux en facilitera les moyens à celui qui est, Monsieur,

"De votre Eminence

"Le très-humble serviteur,

"Oliver Cromwell."[2]

Of which take this Version: —

'Westminster, 9th June, 1653.

"Sir, — I have been surprised that your Eminency was pleased to remember a person so inconsiderable as myself, living, as it were, withdrawn from the rest of the world. This honor has justly such a resentment with me that I feel myself bound, by all opportunities, to be serviceable to your Eminency; and as I shall be happy to meet with such, so I hope M. de Bourdeaux [the Ambassador] will help to procure them to, Sir,

"Your Eminency's most humble servant,

"Oliver Cromwell."

Nay here now (*Edition* 1857) is the Original itself; politely forwarded to me, three years ago, by the Translator of M. Guizot's *English Commonwealth*, where doubtless it has since appeared in print: —

[1] Antea, vol. xviii. p. 297.

[2] From the Archives du Ministère des Affaires Etrangères at Paris. Communicated by Thomas Wright, Esq. F.S.A. &c.

"WESTMINSTER, the 9th June, 1653.

"IT 's surprise to me that your Eminence should take notice of a person so inconsiderable as myself, living, as it were, separate from the world. This honor has, as it ought, [made] a very deep impression upon me, and does oblige [me] to serve your Eminency upon all occasions: and as I shall be happy to find out [such], so I trust that very honorable person, Monsieur Burdoe, will thereiu be helpful to,

"Your Eminency's thrice-humble servant,

"O. CROMWELL."

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4. The negotiations with Whitlocke for going on that perilous Embassy to Sweden have left for us the following offhand specimen of an Official Note from Oliver. Oliver and Pickering had already been earnestly dealing with the learned man that he would go: at their subsequent interview, Oliver observed to Whitlocke, "Sir Gilbert" Pickering "would needs write a very fine Letter; and when he had done, did not like it himself. I then took pen and ink and straightway wrote that to you:" —

[*To Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke, Lord Commissioner of the Great Seal.*]

"WHITEHALL, 2d September, 1653.

"MY LORD, — The Council of State having thoughts of putting your Lordship to the trouble of being Extraordinary Ambassador to the Queen of Swedeland, did think fit not to impose that service upon you without first knowing your own freedom thereunto. Wherefore they were pleased to command our service to make this address to your Lordship; and hereby we can assure you of a very large confidence in your honor and abilities for this employment. To which we begging your answer, do rest, my Lord,

"Your humble servants,

"OLIVER CROMWELL.
GILBERT PICKERING."[1]

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5. The Little Parliament has now dismissed itself, and Oliver has henceforth a new Signature.

[1] From Whitlocke's Account of his Embassy (quoted in Forster. iv. 319).

[*To his Eminency Cardinal Mazarin.*]

"[WHITEHALL,] 26th January, 1653.

"MY LORD, — Monsieur de Baas[1] hath delivered me the Letter which your Eminency hath been pleased to write to me; and also communicated by word of mouth your particular affections and good disposition towards me, and the affairs of these Nations as now constituted. Which I esteem a very great honor; and hold myself obliged, upon the return of this Gentleman to you, to send my thanks to your Eminency for so singular a favor; my just resentment whereof I shall upon all occasions really demonstrate; and be ready to express the great value I have of your person and merits, as your affairs and interest shall require from,

"Your very affectionate friend to serve you,

"OLIVER P."[2]

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6. "The Corporation of Lynn Regis," it appears, considered that the navigation of their Port would be injured by the works now going on for Draining the great Bedford Level of the Fens. They addressed the Protector on the subject; and this is his Letter in answer thereto. Nothing came of it farther.

"*To the Mayor and Aldermen of Lynn Regis.*

"WHITEHALL, 30th January, 1653.

"GENTLEMEN, — I received yours; and cannot but let you know the good resentments I have of your respects; — assuring you that I shall be always ready to manifest a tender love and care of you and your welfare, and in particular of that concernment of yours relating to navigation.

"Commending you to the grace of God, I remain,

"Your loving friend,

"OLIVER P."[3]

[1] The new Envoy, or Agent; of whom in the next No.

[2] From the Archives du Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, at Paris. Communicated by Thomas Wright, Esq. F.S.A. &c.

[3] *History of the Ancient and Present State of the Navigation of the Port of King's Lynn and of Cambridge* (London, fol. 1766), p. 55.

No. 28.

From 1654–1655: Vowel's Plot; Rectory of Houghton Conquest; Penruddock's Plot; Letter to the Poet Waller; New England.

[Vol. xviii. pp. 394, 486; antea, p. 5.]

1. Another wholly insignificant Official Note to Mazarin, in regard to Vowel's Plot, and the dismissal of M. De Baas for his complicity in it. De Baas, whom some call Le Baas, or rightly Le Bas, was a kind of subsidiary Agent despatched by Mazarin early in the Spring of 1653–4 "to congratulate the new Protector,"— that is, to assist Bourdeaux, who soon after got the regular title of Ambassador, in ascertaining how a Treaty could be made with the new Protector, or, on the whole, what was to be done with England and him. Hitherto, during the Dutch War and other vicissitudes, there had been a mixed undefinable relation between the two Countries, rather hostile than neutral. The "Treaty and firm Amity," as we know, had its difficulties, its delays; in the course of which it occurred to M. Le Bas that perhaps the Restoration of Charles Stuart, by Vowel and Company, might be a shorter cut to the result. Examination of Witnesses in consequence; examination of Le Bas himself by the Protector and Council, in consequence; mild hint to Le Bas that he must immediately go home again.[1]

[*Eminentissimo Cardinali Mazarino.*]

"Eminentissime Cardinalis, — In Litteris Nostris ad Regem datis, causas et rationes recensuimus quare Dominum De Baas ex hâc Republicâ excedere jussimus, et Majestatem Suam certam fecimus, Nos, non obstante hâc dicti De Baas machinatione, cujus culpam ei solummodo imputamus, in eâdem adhuc sententiâ perstare, firmam arctamque Pacem et Amicitiam cum Gallià colendi et paciscendi. Atque hâc occasione gratum nobis est priora illa propensæ nostræ erga vos et res vestras voluntatis indicia et testimonia renovare; quam etiam, datâ subinde occasione, palam facere et luculenter demonstrare parati erimus. Interea Eminentiam vestram Divinæ benignitatis præsidio commendamus.

"Dab. ex Albâ Aulâ, vicesimo nono Junii an. 1654.

"Oliverius P."[2]

[1] Depositions concerning him (April, May, 1654), Thurloe, ii. 309, 351–353: notice of his first arrival (February, 1653–4), ib. 113. See also ib. 379, 437.

[2] From the Archives du Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, at Paris. Communicated by Thomas Wright, Esq., F.S.A. &c.

Of which, if it be worth translating, this is the English: —

"Most Eminent Cardinal, — In our Letter to the King we have set forth the grounds and occasions moving us to order M. de Baas to depart from this Commonwealth; and have assured his Majesty, that notwithstanding this deceit of the said De Baas, the blame of which is imputed to him alone, we persist as heretofore in the same purpose of endeavoring and obtaining a firm and intimate Peace and Amity with France. And it gives us pleasure, on this occasion, to renew those former testimonies of our good inclination towards you and your interests; which also, as opportunity offers, we shall in future be ready to manifest and clearly demonstrate. In the mean while, we commend your Eminency to the keeping of the Almighty,

"Oliver P.

"Whitehall, 29th June, 1654."

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2. Presentation to the Rectory of Houghton Conquest.

[*Communicated to me — Thomas Baker, the Cambridge Antiquary — by my worthy friend Brown Willis, Esq., of Whaddon Hall in Com. Bucks, from the original Presentation, in the hands of a friend of his.*]

"OLIVER P.

"Oliver, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland, and the Dominions thereunto belonging, to the Commissioners authorized by a late Ordinance for Approbation of Public Preachers, or [to] any five of them, greeting. We present John Pointer to the Rectory of Houghton Conquest in the County of Bedford, void by the death of the late Incumbent, and to our presentation belonging; to the end he may be approved of by them, and admitted thereunto, with all its rights, members and appurtenances whatsoever, according to the tenor of the aforesaid Ordinance.

"Given at Whitehall, the 29th of September, 1654."[1]

[1] Harl. MSS. no. 7053, f. 153.

3. Design against the Spanish West Indies.

[Vol. xviii. pp. 450; antea, p. 3.]

Our great Design against the Spaniards in the West Indies is still called only "a Design by Sea," and kept very secret. Proper, however, as the rumors probably are loud, to give the Parliament, now sitting, some hint of it. Hence this Letter; of no moment otherwise. Unluckily "the right-hand border of the Paper is now much worn away;" so that several words are wanting, — conjecturally supplied here, *in italics*.

"*To Our right trusty and well-beloved William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament.*

"Whitehall, 22d September, 1654.

"Mr. Speaker, — I have, by advice of the Council, undertaken a Design by Sea, very much (as we hope and judge) for the honor and advantage of the Commonwealth; and have already made the preparations requisite for such an undertaking. But before I proceed to the execution thereof, the Parliament being now convened, I thought it agreeable to my trust to communicate to them the aforesaid resolution, and not to desire the delay thereof any longer (although I suppose you may be engaged, at the present, in matters of greater weight); because many *miscarriages* will fall out in this Business through delay, as well in *providing* of the charge as otherwise; the well-timing of such a *Design* being as considerable as anything about it. And th*erefore I* desire you to take your first opportunity to acquaint *the House* with the contents of this Letter, wherein I have *forborne* to be more particular, because there are severed *persons* in Parliament who know this whole Business, and *can inform* the House of all particulars, if the House do judge *it to be* consistent with the nature of the Design to have it o*ffered* to them particularly: — which I refer to their consideration; and rest,

"Your assured friend,

"Oliver P."[1]

[1] "Autograph Letter throughout." Copy *penes me*; reference (Tanner MSS. no doubt) is unfortunately lost. See *Commons Journals*, vii. 369 (22d September, 1654), for the Return made.

4. New Appointments; Announcement of them to the Parliament.

"OLIVER P.

"*To Our right trusty and right well-beloved William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament.*

"Right trusty and right well-beloved, — We greet you well. It being expressed in the Thirty-fourth Article of the Government, That the Chancellor, Keeper or Commissioners of the Great Seal, the Treasurer, Admiral, Chief Governors of Ireland and Scotland, and the Chief Justices of both the Benches, shall be chosen by the approbation of Parliament, and in the intervals of Parliament by the approbation of the major part of the Council, — to be afterwards approved by the Parliament; and several Persons of integrity and ability having been appointed by Me (with the Council's approbation) for some of those Services before the meeting of the Parliament; — I have thought it necessary to transmit unto you, in the enclosed Schedule, the names of those Persons, to the end that the resolution of the Parliament may be known concerning them: which I desire may be with such speed as the other public occasions of the Commonwealth will admit. And so I bid you heartily farewell.

"Given at Whitehall, this Fifth day of October, 1654." [1]

Enclosure is endorsed: "The Schedule inclosed in his Highnes Letter of y^e^ 5th of October, 1654." — "Read October 5th, 1654; and again, 6th Oct."

Charles Fleetwood, Esquire . .	Deputy of Ireland.
Bulstrode Whitlocke, Esquire . .	Commissioners of the Great Seal of England.
Sir Thomas Widdrington, Knt. .	
John Lisle, Esquire	
The Three Commissioners of the Great Seal above named	Commissioners of the Treasury.
The Lord Chief Justice Rolle .	
The Lord Chief Justice St. John	
Edward Montague, Esquire . . .	
William Sydenham, Esquire . . .	
Henry Rolle	Chief Justice of the Court of Upper Bench.
Oliver St. John	Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

[1] Original, with the Great Seal attached, in Tanner MSS., lii. 135. See *Commons Journals*, vii. 378 (24th October, 1654).

5 and 6. The following Two Letters, one of which is clearly of Thurloe's composition, have an evident reference to Penruddock's affair; they find their place here.

Sergeant Wilde, now more properly Lord Chief Baron Wilde, is a Worcester man; sat in the Long Parliament for that City, very prominent all along in Law difficulties and officialities, — in particular, directly on the heel of the Second Civil War, Autumn, 1648, he rode circuit, and did justice on offenders, without asking his Majesty's opinion on the subject; which was thought a great feat on his part.[1] Shortly after which he was made Chief Baron, and so continues, — holding even now the Spring Assizes at Worcester, I think. Thurloe, as we said, appears to have shaped this Letter into words; only the signature and meaning can be taken as Oliver's. Unluckily too, either Mrs. Warner the Editress must have misread the date "25th" for 24th, or else Thurloe himself in his haste have miswritten, forgetting that it was New Year's Day overnight, that it is not now 1654 but 1655. We will take the former hypothesis; and correct Mrs. Warner's "25th," which in this case makes a whole year of difference.

"*For Sir John Wilde, Sergeant-at-Law, and the rest of the Justices of Peace for the County of Worcester, or any of them, to be communicated to the rest; or, in his absence, to Nicholas Lechmere, Esq., Worcester.*

"WHITEHALL, 24th March, 1654.

"GENTLEMEN, — We doubt not but you have heard before this time of the hand of God going along with us, in defeating the late rebellious Insurrection. And we hope that, through His blessing upon our labors, an effectual course will be taken for the total disappointment of the whole Design. Yet knowing the resolution of the common Enemy to involve this Nation in new calamities, we conceive ourselves, and all others intrusted with preserving the peace of the Nation, obliged to endeavor in their places to prevent and defeat the Enemy's intentions: and therefore, as a measure especially conducing to that end,

"We do earnestly recommend to you To take order that diligent Watches (such as the Law hath appointed) be daily kept, for taking a strict account of all strangers in the Country. Which will not only be a means to suppress all loose and idle persons; but may probably cause some of those who come from abroad to kindle fires here, to be apprehended and seized upon, — especially if care be taken to secure

[1] Thanked by the Parliament (*Commons Journals*, vi. 49, 10th October, 1648).

all them that cannot give a good account of their business; — and may also break all dangerous meetings and assemblings together. Herein we do require, and shall expect, your effectual endeavors; knowing that, if what by Law ought to be done were done with diligence in this respect, the contrivance of such dangerous Designs as these would be frustrated in their bud, or kept from growing to a maturity. I rest,

"Your affectionate friend,

"OLIVER P."[1]

This second Letter, to the Gloucester Authorities, on the same subject, we judge by the style of it to be mostly or altogether the Protector's own.

"*For Major Wade, Major Creed, and the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Gloucester.*

"WHITEHALL, 24th March, 1654.

"GENTLEMEN, — We doubt not but you have heard before this time of the good hand of God going along with us in defeating the late rebellious Insurrection; so that, as we have certain intelligence from all parts, the Risings are everywhere suppressed and dissolved, and some hundreds of prisoners in custody, and daily more are discovered and secured. And we hope that, through the blessing of God upon our labors, an effectual course will be taken for the total disappointment of the whole Design.

"The readiness of the Honest People to appear hath been a great encouragement to us, and of no less discouragement to the Enemy; who, had he prevailed, would, without doubt, have made us the most miserable and harassed Nation in the world. And therefore we hold ourselves obliged to return you our hearty thanks for your zeal and forwardness in so readily appearing and contributing your assistance; wherein, although your Country and your own particular as to outward and inward happiness were concerned, yet we are fully persuaded that a more general Principle respecting the glory of God, and the good of all these Nations, hath been the motive to incite you: and therefore your action goes upon the higher and more noble account.

"You have desired that we would consider of ways how to find money to carry on this work. If the Business had not been allayed, we *must* have found out a way and means to allay that want. But otherwise indeed we make it, as we hope we ever shall, our design to ease this

[1] Rebecca Warner's *Epistolary Curiosities*, First Series (Bath, 1818), pp. 51–53.

Nation, and not to burden it; and are tender, — as we conceive yourselves have been, — of putting the good people thereof to any unnecessary charge. And therefore, as you shall have fitting opportunity, you may recommend our thankfulness to your honest willing Countrymen, as we hereby do to yourselves, for this their forwardness; and let them know That when any danger shall approach, as we shall be watchful to observe the Enemy's stirrings, we will give you timely notice thereof: and we trust those good hearts will be ready, [on] being called out by you, to appear upon all such occasions. In the mean time they may continue at their homes, blessing God for His mercy, and enjoying the fruit and comfort of this happy deliverance, and the other benefits of Peace.

"And I do hereby let you know that Letters are directed to the Justices of Peace of several Counties,[1] That Watches be kept, such as the Law hath appointed for taking a strict account of all strangers, especially near the Coast. Which will not only be a means to suppress all loose and idle persons, but may probably cause some of those that come from abroad [in order] to kindle fires here, to be apprehended and seized, — especially if care be taken to secure all them that cannot give a good account; and may also break all dangerous meetings and assemblings together. And indeed if what by Law ought to be done were done with diligence in this respect, the continuance of such dangerous Designs as these would be frustrated in the birth, or kept from growing to maturity.

"Having said this, — with remembrance of my hearty love to you, I rest,

"Your very affectionate friend,

"Oliver P."[2]

Of the same date, the same Letter (with insignificant variations), bearing the address, *For Colonel Humphrey Brewster and the rest of the Commissioners for the Militia for the County of Suffolk*, and dated as well as signed in Oliver's hand, is now in the possession of Charles Meadows, Esq., Great Bealings, Woodbridge, a kinsman or representative of this Humphrey Brewster.

The one considerable variation is as follows. Paragraph second, of the Copy given here, and the first two sentences of paragraph third, are suppressed in Brewster's Copy, and there stands instead, — after "Design:" "And now forasmuch as it hath pleased God thus to allay this

[1] Foregoing Letter, To Wilde, for one.

[2] *Bibliotheca Gloucestrensis* (Gloucester, 1825; — see antea, vol. xvii. p. 160) p. 412; — from the City Records of Gloucester.

Business; and making it, as we hope we soon (*sic*) shall, our design to ease this Nation:" &c. — after and before which the two Copies almost exactly correspond. (MS. *penes me.*)

By the City Records just cited from, it appears that, on the eve of the Battle of Worcester, in 1651, "Eighteen Gloucester Bakers had sent to Tewkesbury for the Lord General Cromwell's Army, thirteen hundred and odd Dozens of Bread at a Shilling the dozen, amounting to £66 5*s.*; and that the Mayor and others, on the 1st September, 1651, sent Forty barrels of strong Beer to the Lord General, 'praying your favorable acceptance thereof, as an argument of the good affection of this Corporation, who doth congratulate your seasonable coming into these parts, for the relief thereof against the violence of the common Enemy, and wish prosperous success to you and your Army.'"[1]

Furthermore, that on the 11th October, 1651, directly after the said Battle, Gloucester did itself the honor of appointing the Lord General Oliver Cromwell, "in consideration of the singular favor and benevolence which his Excellency hath manifested to us and to this City," High Steward of the same, "with an annual rent of 100 shillings, issuing out of our Manors;" — for at least one payment of which there exists the Lord General's receipt, in this form: —

"23 Novemb 1652.

"Recd of the Maior and Burgs of Glouc^r^ by the hands of Mr. Dorney Townclerke of the said City, the day and year aboves^d^ the some of ffive pounds as being a fee due to me as Lord High Steward of the said Citty, I say Recd

£	*s.*	*d.*
05	00	00

"O. Cromwell."[2]

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7. The following brief Note to the Poet Waller, which has latterly turned up, has a certain peculiar interest, on two grounds: *first*, to all readers, as offering some momentary glimpse, momentary but unique and indisputable, of Oliver's feeling on reading the Poet's noble "*Panegyric to my Lord Protector;*" and *secondly*, to antiquarian people, as fixing what was hitherto left vague, the approximate date of that celebrated

[1] *Bibliotheca Gloucestrensis*, p. 406. [2] Ib. p. 411.

Piece.[1] To an audacious guesser it might almost seem, these Verses had reached Oliver, by messenger, a day or two before; and the "unhappy mistake" were Oliver's, in sending, on the morrow, to have an Interview with Waller, and finding him to be at Northampton instead!

"*For my very loving Friend Edmund*[2] *Waller, Esq., Northampton: Haste, haste.*

"[Whitehall,] 13th June, 1655.

"Sir, — Let it not trouble you that, by so unhappy a mistake, you are, as I hear, at Northampton. Indeed I am passionately affected with it.

"I have no guilt upon me unless it be to be revenged for your so willingly mistaking me in your Verses.[3] This action [of mine] will put you to redeem me from yourself, as you have already from the world. Ashamed, I am,

"Your friend and servant,

"Oliver P."[4]

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8 and 9. Two poor American scraps, which our New England friends ought to make more lucent for us; worth their paper and ink in this place.

"*To Our trusty and well-beloved the President, Assistants and Inhabitants of Rhode Island, together with the rest of the Providence Plantations, in the Narragansett Bay in New England.*

"[Whitehall,] 29th March, 1655.

"Gentlemen, — Your Agent here hath presented unto us some particulars concerning your Government, which you judge necessary to be settled by us here. But by reason of the other great and weighty affairs of this Commonwealth, we have been necessitated to defer the consideration of them to a farther opportunity.

"In the mean while we were willing to let you know, That you are to proceed in your Government according to the tenor of your Charter formerly granted on that behalf; taking care of the peace and safety of

[1] Fenton, *Works of Edmund Waller* (London, 1730), gives the *Panegyric* (pp. 113–121); and (ib. p. cix) his Note upon it, in which all he can say as to date is, "about the year 1654."

[2] Copy has "Edward" as yet.

[3] Fenton's *Waller*, pp. 113 and cix.

[4] In the *Waller* Archives, Beaconsfield; copied by a "Rev. L. B. Larking," Cousin of the now Waller; — printed in *Notes-and-Queries* Newspaper, 2d Jan. 1858. (*Note of* 1869.)

these Plantations, that neither through any intestine commotions, or foreign invasions, there do arise any detriment or dishonor to this Commonwealth or yourselves, as far as you by your care and diligence can prevent. And as for the things which are before us, they shall, as soon as the other occasions will permit, receive a just and fitting determination.

"And so we bid you farewell; and rest,

"Your very loving friend,

"OLIVER P."[1]

Towards the end of the Dutch War, during that undefinable relation with France, "hostile rather than neutral," which did not end in Treaty till October, 1655,[2] Oliver's Major Sedgwick, whom we have since known in Jamaica, had laid hold of certain "French Forts," and indeed of a whole French region, the region now called *Nova Scotia*, then called *Acadie;* of which Forts and of the region they command, it is Oliver's purpose, for the behoof of his New-Englanders, to retain possession;[3]— as the following small document will testify: —

"*To Captain John Leverett, Commander of the Forts lately taken from the French in America.*

"We have received an account from Major Sedgwick of his taking several Forts from the French in America, and that he hath left you to command and secure them for Us and this Commonwealth: And although We make no doubt of your fidelity and diligence in performance of your trust, yet We have thought it necessary to let you know of how great consequence it is, that you use your utmost care and circumspection, as well to defend and keep the Forts abovesaid, as also to improve the regaining of them into Our hands to the advantage of Us and this State, by such ways and means as you shall judge conducible thereunto. And as We shall understand from you the state and condition of those places, We shall from time to time give such directions as shall be necessary.

"Given at Whitehall, this 3d of April, 1655.

"OLIVER P."[4]

[1] Original in the Rhode Island Archives: Printed in Hutchinson's *Collection*, and elsewhere.

[2] Thurloe, iv. 75.

[3] In Bancroft's *History of the United States* (Boston, 1837), i. 445, is some faint and not very exact notice of the affair.

[4] Original in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society: Printed in their *Third Series*, vii. 121. — In vol. ii. of the same Work (Boston, 1820),

To which there are now, from this side of the Water, the following small Excerpts to be added: —

Grant of Privy Seal: "6th June, 1655, to Major Robert Sedgwick, £1,793 7*s.* 8*d.*, in full of his Account for service done against the French." And

Ditto, "28th July, 1656, to Captain John Leverett, £4,482 3*s.* 11½*d.*, in full satisfaction of all sums of money due to him upon Account of his receipts and disbursements about the Forts taken from the French in America, and of his Salary for 760 days, at 15*s. per diem.*" [1]

Oliver kept his Forts and his *Acadie*, through all French Treaties, for behoof of his New-Englanders: not till after the Restoration did the country become French again, and continue such for a century or so.

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10. Is a small domestic matter: —

"*For Colonel Alban Cox, in Hertfordshire.*

"WHITEHALL, 24th April, 1655.

"SIR, — Having occasion to speak with you upon some Affairs relating to the Public, I would have you, as soon as this comes to your hands, to repair up hither; and upon your coming, you shall be acquainted with the particular reasons of my sending for you. I rest,

"Your loving friend,

"OLIVER P." [2]

At Blackdown House in Sussex, now and for long past the residence of a family named Yaldwin, are preserved two Letters Patent signed "Oliver P.," of date 3d December, 1656, appointing "William Yaldwin Esq." High Sheriff of Sussex. Printed in Dallaway's *Rape of Arundel* (p. 363); need not be reprinted here.

pp. 323–364, is an elaborate Notice of certain fragmentary MS. *Records of the Long Parliament* still extant at New York, — which Notice ought to be cancelled in subsequent editions! The amazingly curious "Records" at New York turn out to be nothing but some odd volumes of the *Commons Journals* of that period; the entire Set of which, often enough copied in *manuscript*, was *printed* here about fifty years ago, and is very common indeed, in the Buttershops and elsewhere!

[1] *Fourth Report of Deputy Keeper of the Public Records* (London, 1843), Appendix ii. p. 192; *Fifth Report* (London, 1844), Appendix ii. p. 260.

[2] *Gentleman's Magazine* (London, 1788), lviii. 379.

No. 29.

Suffolk Yeomanry.

The Suffolk Commission for a select mounted County-Militia, still remains; one remaining out of many that have perished. Addressed to the Humphrey Brewster whom we have occasionally met with before.[1]

"*Instructions unto Colonel Humphrey Brewster, commissionated by his Highness the Lord Protector to be Captain of a Troop of Horse to be raised within the County of Suffolk, for the service of his Highness and the Commonwealth.*

"1. You shall forthwith raise, enlist, and have in readiness under your command as Captain, and such Lieutenant, Cornet and Quarter-Master as his Highness shall commissionate for that purpose, one hundred able Soldiers, the three Corporals included, well mounted for service, and armed with one good sword and case of pistols, holsters, saddle, bridle, and other furniture fit for war, to serve as a Troop of Horse in the service of the Commonwealth, as is hereafter required.

"2. You shall use your utmost endeavor that the said Troops shall be men of good life and conversation; and before their being listed shall promise that they will be true and faithful to his Highness the Lord Protector and the Commonwealth, against all who shall design or attempt anything against his Highness's Person, or endeavor to disturb the Public Peace. And the like engagement shall be taken by the Lieutenant, Cornet and Quarter-Master of the said Troop.

"3. You shall be ready to draw forth and muster the said Troop, armed and fitted as aforesaid, upon the 25th day of December next ensuing, from which time the said Troop, Officers and Soldiers, shall be deemed to be in the actual service of his Highness and the Commonwealth, and be paid accordingly. And you shall also draw forth the said Troops four times in every year within the county of Suffolk, completely furnished as before mentioned, to be raised and mustered by such persons as shall from time to time be appointed by the Protector.

"4. You shall also at all other times have the said Troops in all readiness as aforesaid at forty-eight hours' warning, or sooner if it may

[1] Antea, p. 375.

be, whensoever his Highness, or such as he shall appoint for that purpose, shall require the same for the suppressing of any invasion, rebellion, insurrection, or tumult, or performing of any other service within England and Wales. And in case that any of the said service shall continue above the space of twenty-eight days in one year, the said Officers and Soldiers shall, after the expiration of the said twenty-eight days, be paid according to the establishment of the Army then in force, over and besides what is agreed to be paid unto them by these presents, for so long as they shall continue in the said service.

"5. That in case any shall make default in appearance, without just and sufficient cause, or shall not be mounted, armed and provided as aforesaid, or shall offend against good manners or the laws of war; that every person so offending shall be liable to such punishment as the Captain or chief Officer present with the Troops, with advice of the persons appointed to take the said musters, shall think fit: provided the said punishment extends no farther than loss of place or one year's pay.

"6. That in consideration of the service to be performed as aforesaid, you shall receive for the use of the said Troop the sum of one thousand pounds per annum, to be paid out of the public revenue by quarterly payments, to be distributed according to the proportions following: To yourself, as Captain, one hundred pounds per annum; to the Lieutenant fifty pounds per annum; to the Cornet twenty-five pounds per annum; to the Quarter-Master thirteen pounds six shillings and eightpence per annum; to each of the three Corporals, two pounds [additional] per annum; one Trumpet, five pounds six shillings and fourpence per annum; and to each Soldier eight pounds per annum.

"OLIVER P.[1]

"WHITEHALL, 26th October, 1655."

No. 30.

SPEECH SHOULD BE "XV."

[Antea, p. 217.]

FINAL Speech on that matter of the Kingship (concerning *which* it is gracefully altogether silent); that is to say, Speech on *accepting* the Humble Petition and Advice, with the Title of King withdrawn, and

[1] In the possession of Charles Meadows, Esq., Great Bealings, Woodbridge; a descendant of Brewster's.

that of Protector substituted as he had required: Painted Chamber, Monday, 25th May, 1657.[1]

"Mr. Speaker, — I desire to offer a word or two unto you; which shall be but a word. I did well bethink myself, before I came hither this day, that I came not as to a triumph, but with the most serious thoughts that ever I had in all my life, to undertake one of the greatest tasks that ever was laid upon the back of a human creature. And I make no question but you will, and so will all men, readily agree with me that without the support of the Almighty I shall necessarily sink under the burden of it; not only with shame and reproach to myself, but with that that is more a thousand times, and in comparison of which I and my family are not worthy to be mentioned, — with the loss and prejudice of these Three Nations. And, that being so, I must ask your help, and the help of all those that fear God, that by their prayers I may receive assistance from the hand of God. His presence, going along, will enable to the discharge of so great a duty and trust as this is: and nothing else [will].

"Howbeit, I have some other things to desire you, I mean of the Parliament: — That seeing this is but, as it were, an introduction to the carrying on of the government of these Nations, and forasmuch as there are many things which cannot be supplied, for the enabling to the carrying on of this work, without your help and assistance, I think it is my duty to ask your help in them. Not that I doubted; for I believe the same spirit that hath led you to this will easily suggest the rest to you. The truth is, and I can say [it] in the presence of God, that nothing would have induced me to have undertaken this insupportable burden to flesh and blood, had it not been that I have seen in this Parliament all along a care of doing all those things that might truly and really answer the ends that have been engaged: for you have satisfied[2] your forwardness and readiness therein very fully already.

"I thought it my duty, when your Committee which you were pleased to send to me to give the grounds and reasons of your proceedings to help my conscience and judgment, — I was then bold to offer to them several considerations: which were received by them, and have been presented to you. In answer to which, the Committee did bring several resolves of yours, which I have by me. I think those are not yet made so authentic and authoritative as was desired; and therefore, though I cannot doubt it, yet I thought it my duty to ask it of you, that there

[1] *Commons Journals*, vii. 539, 537 (last entry there).

[2] Query, testified?

may be a perfecting of those things. Indeed, as I said before, I have my witness in the sight of God, that nothing would have been an argument to me, howsoever desirable great places may seem to be to other men; I say, nothing would have been an argument to me to have undertaken this; but, as I said before, I saw such things determined by you as makes clearly for the liberty of the Nations, and for the liberty and interest and preservation of all such as fear God, — of all that fear God under various forms. And if God make not these Nations thankful to you for your care therein, it will fall as a sin on their heads. And therefore I say, that hath been one main encouragement.

"I confess there are other things that tend to reformation, to the discountenancing of vice, to the encouragement of good men and virtue, and the completing of those things also, — concerning some of which you have not yet resolved anything; save to let me know by your Committee that you would not be wanting in anything for the good of these Nations. Nor do I speak it as in the least doubting it; but I do earnestly and heartily desire, to the end God may crown your work and bless you and this Government, that in your own time, and with what speed you judge fit, these things may be provided for." [1]

No. 31.

From 1657. Last Royalist Plot.

[Antea, p. 273.]

1. "*To Our trusty and well-beloved the Vice-chancellor and Convocation of our University of Oxford.*

"OLIVER P.

"Trusty and Well-beloved, — We greet you well. Amongst the many parts of that Government which is intrusted to us, we do look upon the Universities as meriting very much of our care and thoughts: And finding that the place of Chancellor of our University of Oxford is at present in Ourself; and withal judging that the continuance thereof in our hands may not be so consistent with the present constitution of affairs, —

"We have therefore thought fit to resign the said Office, as we hereby

[1] *Commons Journals*, vii. 439, 440.

do; and to leave you at freedom to elect some such other person thereunto, as you shall conceive meet for the execution thereof.

"Our will and pleasure therefore is, That you do proceed to the election of a Chancellor with your first conveniency. Not doubting but you will, in your choice, have a just regard to the advancement and encouragement of Piety and Learning, and to the continuing and farther settling of good Order and Government amongst you; which you may easily find yourselves obliged to have principally in your consideration and design, whether you respect the University itself, or the good of the Commonwealth upon which it hath so great an influence. And although our relation to you may by this means in some sort be changed, yet you may be confident we shall still retain a real affection to you, and be ready upon all occasions to seek and promote your good.

"Given at Whitehall, this 3d day of July, 1657."[1]

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2. "*To Our trusty and well-beloved the Bailiffs and Free Burgesses of our Town of Oswestry: These.*

"OLIVER P.

"TRUSTY AND WELL-BELOVED, — We, being informed that the Free School of our Town of Oswestry is now void of a Head Schoolmaster settled there, by reason of the delinquency and ejection of Edward Paine late Schoolmaster thereof,

"Have thought fit to recommend unto you Mr. John Evans, the son of Matthew Evans late of Penegos in the County of Montgomery, as a fit person, both for piety and learning, to be Head Schoolmaster of the said School; and That, so far as in yourselves [is], the said Mr. Evans may be forthwith settled and invested there accordingly.

"Which Act of yours we shall be ready to confirm, if it be adjudged requisite and proper for us. And not doubting of the performance of this our pleasure, we commit you to God.

"Given at Whitehall, this 13th day of July, 1657."[2]

[1] Archives of Oxford University. Communicated by the Rev. Dr. Bliss.

[2] *Endowed Grammar-Schools*, by N. Carlisle (London, 1818), ii. 369, art. Salop.

3. "*To Our trusty and well-beloved the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of our City of Gloucester: These.*

"OLIVER P.

"TRUSTY AND WELL-BELOVED, — We greet you well. I do hear on all hands that the Cavalier party are designing to put us into blood. We are, I hope, taking the best care we can, by the blessing of God, to obviate this danger; but our intelligence on all hands being, that they have a design upon your City, we could not but warn you thereof, and give you authority, as we do hereby,

"To put yourselves into the best posture you can for your own defence, by raising your Militia by virtue of your Commissioners formerly sent to you, and putting them in a readiness for the purpose aforesaid. Letting you also know that, for your better encouragement herein, you shall have a troop of horse sent you to quarter in or near your Town.

"We desire you to let us hear from you, from time to time, what occurs to you touching the Malignant party: and so we bid you farewell.

"Given at Whitehall, this 2d of December, 1657."[1]

A Paper of the same date, of precisely the same purport, directed to the Authorities at Bristol, has come to us; another out of many then sent; but of course only one, if even one, requires to be inserted here.

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4. Letter written directly on dissolving the Parliament; probably one of many, to the like effect, despatched that day: —

"*For Colonel Fox, Captain of the Militia Troop in our County of Hertford: These. For our special service.*

"*To be left with the Postmaster of St. Albans: to be speedily sent.*

"WHITEHALL, 4th February, 1657.

"SIR, — By our last Letters to you, we acquainted you what danger the Commonwealth was then in from the old Cavalier Party (who were designing new insurrections within us, whilst their Head and Master was contriving to invade us from abroad); — and thereupon desired

[1] City Records of Gloucester (in *Bibliotheca Gloucestrensis*, p. 419)

your care and vigilancy for preserving the peace, and apprehending all dangerous persons.

"Our intelligence of that kind still continues. And we are more assured of their resolutions to put in execution their designs aforesaid within a very short time; [they] being much encouraged from some late actings of some turbulent and unquiet spirits, as well in this Town as elsewhere, who, to frustrate and render vain and fruitless all those good hopes of Settlement which we had conceived from the proceedings of Parliament before their Adjournment in June last, framed a treasonable Petition to the House of Commons, by the name of the 'Parliament of the Commonwealth of England;' designing thereby not only the overthrow of the late *Petition and Advice* of the Parliament, but of all that hath been done these seven years; hoping thereby to bring all things into confusion; — and were in a very tumultuous manner procuring subscriptions thereunto, giving out that they were encouraged to it by some Members of the House of Commons.

"And the truth is, the Debates that have been in that House since their last meeting have had a tendency to the stirring up and cherishing such humors; — having done nothing in fourteen days but debate Whether they should own the Government of these Nations, as it is contained in the *Petition and Advice*, which the Parliament at their former sitting had invited us to accept of, and had sworn us unto; they themselves also having taken an Oath upon it before they went into the House. And we, judging these things to have in them very dangerous consequences to the Peace of this Nation, and to the loosening all the bonds of Government; and being hopeless of obtaining supplies of money, for answering the exigencies of the Nation, from such men as are not satisfied with the Foundation we stand upon, — thought it of absolute necessity to dissolve this present Parliament; — which I have done this day: — And to give you notice thereof; that you, with your Troop, may be most vigilant for the suppressing of any disturbance which may arise from any party whatsoever. And if you can hear of any persons who have been active to promote the aforesaid treasonable Petition, that you apprehend them, and give an account thereof to us forthwith. And we do farther let you know, That we are sensible of your want of pay for yourself and Troop; and do assure you that effectual care shall be taken therein, and that without delay. And so I rest,

"Your loving friend,

"Oliver P."[1]

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine* (London, 1788), lviii. 313.

5. "*For the Commanders of the Militia of the City of Gloucester: These.*

"WHITEHALL, 11th March, 1657.

"GENTLEMEN, — We are informed that the Enemy from Flanders intend to invade us very suddenly, and to that purpose have Twenty-two Ships of War ready in the Harbor of Ostend, and are preparing others also which they have bought in Holland, and some men are ready to be put on board them. And at the same time an Insurrection is intended in this Nation. And the time for the executing these designs is intended by them to be very sudden.

"We have therefore thought fit to give you notice hereof; and to signify to you our pleasure, That you put yourselves into the best posture you can for the securing the City of Gloucester, and put the arms into such hands as are true and faithful to us and this Commonwealth. We desire you to be very careful, and to let us hear from you of the receipt of this, and what you shall do in pursuance of this Letter. I rest,

"Your very assured friend,

"OLIVER P." [1]

No. 32.

TWO MANDATES TO CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

1. THAT John Castle be made Master of Arts: —

"*To Our trusty and well-beloved the Vice-chancellor and Senate of Our University of Cambridge.*

"OLIVER P.

"TRUSTY AND WELL-BELOVED, — Whereas by our appointment several Students in our University of Cambridge have been invited abroad to preach the Gospel in our Fleet, and for their encouragement have been by us assured that they should not suffer any prejudice in the University by reason of their absence in the said service: And whereas a petition hath been exhibited on the behalf of Mr. John Castle

[1] City Records of Gloucester (in *Bibliotheca Gloucestrensis*, p. 421).

of Trinity College, showing that whilst he was abroad as Minister in the Newcastle Frigate, he was disappointed of taking his degree of Master of Arts (as by course he ought), and that he cannot now, since his return, commence without the loss of one year's seniority, by reason of a statute of the University denying degrees to any non-resident:

"In performance of our said promise, and for the future encouragement of others in the like service, We do hereby signify unto you, That it is our will and pleasure that the said John Castle be by you created Master of Arts, and allowed the same seniority which, according to the custom of your University, he had enjoyed had he been resident at the usual time of taking degrees.

"Given at Whitehall, the 22d day of June, 1658." [1]

Castle, the Books indicate, had entered Trinity at the same time, and been under the same Tutor, with a very famous person, "*John Driden Northampt. admissus Pens.*" — both, namely, were admitted "Pensioners," in Sept., 1649.

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2. That Benjamin Rogers be made Bachelor of Music, — "a Form of Oliver Cromwell's Mandats," says Baker, who has excerpted this one.

"*To Our trusty and well-beloved the Vice-chancellor and Senate of Our University of Cambridge.*

"OLIVER P.

"TRUSTY AND WELL-BELOVED, — We greet you well. Whereas we are informed that you cannot, by the statutes and according to the customs of your University, admit any to the degree of Bachelor of Music unless he had some years before [been] admitted in a college: And whereas we are also certified that Benjamin Rogers hath attained to eminency and skill in that faculty: — We, willing to give all encouragement to the studies and abilities of men in that or any other ingenuous faculty, have thought fit to declare our will and pleasure, by these our letters, that, notwithstanding your statutes and customs, you cause Benjamin Rogers to be admitted and created Bachelor in Music, in some one or more of your congregations assembled in that our University; he

[1] Cambridge Archives, "Grace-Book H. p. 181." Communicated by Rev. J. Edleston, Fellow of Trinity College.

paying such dues as are belonging to that degree, and giving some proof of his accomplishments and skill in music. And for so doing, these our letters shall be your warrant.

"Given at Whitehall, the 28th day of May, 1658." [1]

[1] Copy in Harl. MSS. no. 7053, f. 152 (Baker MSS. x. 373); — and as before, in "Grace-Book H. p. 180." — The Originals will never turn up. In the same Register of "Graces," or Decrees of Senate, is one (of date 1661) for *burning* whatsoever Mandates or Missives there are from Cromwell; whereby doubtless the Originals (with small damage to *them*, and some satisfaction to the Heads of Houses) were destroyed.

EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY.

The Icelanders, in their long winter, had a great habit of writing; and were, and still are, excellent in penmanship, says Dahlmann. It is to this fact, that any little history there is of the Norse Kings and their old tragedies, crimes and heroisms, is almost all due. The Icelanders, it seems, not only made beautiful letters on their paper or parchment, but were laudably observant and desirous of accuracy; and have left us such a collection of narratives (*Sagas*, literally "Says") as, for quantity and quality, is unexampled among rude nations. Snorro Sturleson's History of the Norse Kings is built out of these old Sagas; and has in it a great deal of poetic fire, not a little faithful sagacity applied in sifting and adjusting these old Sagas; and, in a word, deserves, were it once well edited, furnished with accurate maps, chronological summaries, &c., to be reckoned among the great history-books of the world. It is from these sources, greatly aided by accurate, learned and unwearied Dahlmann,[1] the German Professor, that the following rough notes of the early Norway Kings are hastily thrown together. In Histories of England (Rapin's excepted) next to nothing has been shown of the many and strong threads of connection between English affairs and Norse.

[1] J. G. Dahlmann, *Geschichte von Dännemark*, 3 vols. 8vo. Hamburg, 1840–1843.

EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY.

CHAPTER I.

HARALD HAARFAGR.

Till about the Year of Grace 860 there were no kings in Norway, nothing but numerous jarls, — essentially kinglets, — each presiding over a kind of republican or parliamentary little territory; generally striving each to be on some terms of human neighborhood with those about him, but, — in spite of "*Fylke Things*" (Folk Things, little parish parliaments), and small combinations of these, which had gradually formed themselves, — often reduced to the unhappy state of quarrel with them. Harald Haarfagr was the first to put an end to this state of things, and become memorable and profitable to his country by uniting it under one head and making a kingdom of it; which it has continued to be ever since. His father, Halfdan the Black, had already begun this rough but salutary process, — inspired by the cupidities and instincts, by the faculties and opportunities, which the good genius of this world, beneficent often enough under savage forms, and diligent at all times to diminish anarchy as the world's *worst* savagery, usually appoints in such cases, — *conquest*, hard fighting, followed by wise guidance of the conquered; — but it was Harald the Fairhaired, his son, who conspicuously carried it on and completed it. Harald's birth-year, death-year, and chronology in general, are known only by inference and computation; but, by the latest reckoning, he died about the year 933 of our era, a man of eighty-three.

The business of conquest lasted Harald about twelve years (A.D. 860–872 ?), in which he subdued also the vikings of the out-islands, Orkneys, Shetlands, Hebrides, and Man. Sixty more years were given him to consolidate and regulate what he had conquered, which he did with great judgment, industry and success. His reign altogether is counted to have been of over seventy years.

The beginning of his great adventure was of a romantic character, — youthful love for the beautiful Gyda, a then glorious and famous young lady of those regions, whom the young Harald aspired to marry. Gyda answered his embassy and prayer in a distant, lofty manner: "Her it would not beseem to wed any Jarl or poor creature of that kind; let him do as Gorm of Denmark, Eric of Sweden, Egbert of England, and others had done, — subdue into peace and regulation the confused, contentious bits of jarls round him, and become a king; then, perhaps, she might think of his proposal: till then, not." Harald was struck with this proud answer, which rendered Gyda tenfold more desirable to him. He vowed to let his hair grow, never to cut or even to comb it till this feat were done, and the peerless Gyda his own. He proceeded accordingly to conquer, in fierce battle, a Jarl or two every year, and, at the end of twelve years, had his unkempt (and almost unimaginable) head of hair clipt off, — Jarl Rögnwald (*Reginald*) of Möre, the most valued and valuable of all his subject-jarls, being promoted to this sublime barber function; — after which King Harald, with head thoroughly cleaned, and hair grown, or growing again to the luxuriant beauty that had no equal in his day, brought home his Gyda, and made her the brightest queen in all the north. He had after her, in succession, or perhaps even simultaneously in some cases, at least six other wives; and by Gyda herself one daughter and four sons.

Harald was not to be considered a strict-living man, and he had a great deal of trouble, as we shall see, with the tumultuous ambition of his sons; but he managed his government, aided by Jarl Rögnwald and others, in a large, quietly potent,

and successful manner; and it lasted in this royal form till his death, after sixty years of it.

These were the times of Norse colonization; proud Norsemen flying into other lands, to freer scenes, — to Iceland, to the Faröe Islands, which were hitherto quite vacant (tenanted only by some mournful hermit, Irish Christian *fakir*, or so); still more copiously to the Orkney and Shetland Isles, the Hebrides and other countries where Norse squatters and settlers already were. Settlement of Iceland, we say; settlement of the Faröe Islands, and, by far the notablest of all, settlement of Normandy by Rolf the Ganger (A.D. 876?).[1]

Rolf, son of Rögnwald,[2] was lord of three little islets far north, near the Fjord of Folden, called the Three Vigten Islands; but his chief means of living was that of sea-robbery; which, or at least Rolf's conduct in which, Harald did not approve of. In the Court of Harald, sea-robbery was strictly forbidden as between Harald's own countries, but as against foreign countries it continued to be the one profession for a gentleman; thus, I read, Harald's own chief son, King Eric that afterwards was, had been at sea in such employments ever since his twelfth year. Rolf's crime, however, was that in coming home from one of these expeditions, his crew having fallen short of victual, Rolf landed with them on the shore of Norway, and in his strait, drove in some cattle there (a crime by law) and proceeded to kill and eat; which, in a little while, he heard that King Harald was on foot to inquire into and punish; whereupon Rolf the Ganger speedily got into his ships again, got to the coast of France with his sea-robbers, got infeftment by the poor King of France in the fruitful, shaggy desert which is since called Normandy, land of the Northmen; and there, gradually felling the forests, banking the rivers, tilling the fields, became, during the next two centuries, Wilhelmus Conquæstor, the man famous to England, and momentous at this day, not to England alone, but to all

[1] "Settlement," dated 912, by Munch, Hénault, &c. The Saxon Chronicle says (anno 876): "In this year Rolf overran Normandy with his army, and he reigned fifty winters."

[2] Dahlmann, ii. 87.

speakers of the English tongue, now spread from side to side of the world in a wonderful degree. Tancred of Hauteville and his Italian Normans, though important too, in Italy, are not worth naming in comparison. This is a feracious earth, and the grain of mustard-seed will grow to miraculous extent in some cases.

Harald's chief helper, counsellor, and lieutenant was the above-mentioned Jarl Rögnwald of Möre, who had the honor to cut Harald's dreadful head of hair. This Rögnwald was father of Turf-Einar, who first invented peat in the Orkneys, finding the wood all gone there; and is remembered to this day. Einar, being come to these islands by King Harald's permission, to see what he could do in them, — islands inhabited by what miscellany of Picts, Scots, Norse squatters we do not know, — found the indispensable fuel all wasted. Turf-Einar too may be regarded as a benefactor to his kind. He was, it appears, a bastard; and got no coddling from his father, who disliked him, partly perhaps, because "he was ugly and blind of an eye," — got no flattering even on his conquest of the Orkneys and invention of peat. Here is the parting speech his father made to him on fitting him out with a "long-ship" (ship of war, "dragon-ship," ancient seventy-four), and sending him forth to make a living for himself in the world: "It were best if thou never camest back, for I have small hope that thy people will have honor by thee; thy mother's kin throughout is slavish."

Harald Haarfagr had a good many sons and daughters; the daughters he married mostly to jarls of due merit who were loyal to him; with the sons, as remarked above, he had a great deal of trouble. They were ambitious, stirring fellows, and grudged at their finding so little promotion from a father so kind to his jarls; sea-robbery by no means an adequate career for the sons of a great king. Two of them, Halfdan Haaleg (Long-leg), and Gudröd Ljome (Gleam), jealous of the favors won by the great Jarl Rögnwald, surrounded him in his house one night, and burnt him and sixty men to death there. That was the end of Rögnwald, the invaluable jarl, always true to Haarfagr; and distinguished in world

history by producing Rolf the Ganger, author of the Norman Conquest of England, and Turf-Einar, who invented peat in the Orkneys. Whether Rolf had left Norway at this time there is no chronology to tell me. As to Rolf's surname, "Ganger," there are various hypotheses; the likeliest, perhaps, that Rolf was so weighty a man no horse (small Norwegian horses, big ponies rather) could carry him, and that he usually walked, having a mighty stride withal, and great velocity on foot.

One of these murderers of Jarl Rögnwald quietly set himself in Rögnwald's place, the other making for Orkney to serve Turf-Einar in like fashion. Turf-Einar, taken by surprise, fled to the mainland; but returned, days or perhaps weeks after, ready for battle, fought with Halfdan, put his party to flight, and at next morning's light searched the island and slew all the men he found. As to Halfdan Long-leg himself, in fierce memory of his own murdered father, Turf-Einar "cut an eagle on his back," that is to say, hewed the ribs from each side of the spine and turned them out like the wings of a spread-eagle: a mode of Norse vengeance fashionable at that time in extremely aggravated cases!

Harald Haarfagr, in the mean time, had descended upon the Rögnwald scene, not in mild mood towards the new jarl there; indignantly dismissed said jarl, and appointed a brother of Rögnwald (brother, notes Dahlmann), though Rögnwald had left other sons. Which done, Haarfagr sailed with all speed to the Orkneys, there to avenge that cutting of an eagle on the human back on Turf-Einar's part. Turf-Einar did not resist; submissively met the angry Haarfagr, said he left it all, what had been done, what provocation there had been, to Haarfagr's own equity and greatness of mind. Magnanimous Haarfagr inflicted a fine of sixty marks in gold, which was paid in ready money by Turf-Einar, and so the matter ended.

CHAPTER II.

ERIC BLOOD-AXE AND BROTHERS.

In such violent courses Haarfagr's sons, I know not how many of them, had come to an untimely end; only Eric, the accomplished sea-rover, and three others remained to him. Among these four sons, rather impatient for property and authority of their own, King Harald, in his old days, tried to part his kingdom in some eligible and equitable way, and retire from the constant press of business, now becoming burdensome to him. To each of them he gave a kind of kingdom; Eric, his eldest son, to be head king, and the others to be feudatory under him, and pay a certain yearly contribution; an arrangement which did not answer well at all. Head-King Eric insisted on his tribute; quarrels arose as to the payment, considerable fighting and disturbance, bringing fierce destruction from King Eric upon many valiant but too stubborn Norse spirits, and among the rest upon all his three brothers, which got him from the Norse populations the surname of *Blod-axe*, "Eric Blood-axe," his title in history. One of his brothers he had killed in battle before his old father's life ended; this brother was Bjorn, a peaceable, improving, trading, economic Under-king, whom the others mockingly called "Bjorn the Chapman." The great-grandson of this Bjorn became extremely distinguished by and by as *Saint* Olaf. Head-King Eric seems to have had a violent wife, too. She was thought to have poisoned one of her other brothers-in-law. Eric Blood-axe had by no means a gentle life of it in this world, trained to sea-robbery on the coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland and France, since his twelfth year.

Old King Fairhair, at the age of seventy, had another son, to whom was given the name of Hakon. His mother was a slave in Fairhair's house; slave by ill-luck of war, though

nobly enough born. A strange adventure connects this Hakon with England and King Athelstan, who was then entering upon his great career there. Short while after this Hakon came into the world, there entered Fairhair's palace, one evening as Fairhair sat feasting, an English ambassador or messenger, bearing in his hand, as gift from King Athelstan, a magnificent sword, with gold hilt and other fine trimmings, to the great Harald, King of Norway. Harald took the sword, drew it, or was half drawing it, admiringly from the scabbard, when the English excellency broke into a scornful laugh, "Ha, ha; thou art now the feudatory of my English king; thou hast accepted the sword from him, and art now his man!" (acceptance of a sword in that manner being the symbol of investiture in those days.) Harald looked a trifle flurried, it is probable; but held in his wrath, and did no damage to the tricksy Englishman. He kept the matter in his mind, however, and next summer little Hakon, having got his weaning done, — one of the prettiest, healthiest little creatures, — Harald sent him off, under charge of "Hauk" (*Hawk* so called), one of his principal warriors, with order, "Take him to England," and instructions what to do with him there. And accordingly, one evening, Hauk, with thirty men escorting, strode into Athelstan's high dwelling (where situated, how built, whether with logs like Harald's, I cannot specifically say), into Athelstan's high presence, and silently set the wild little cherub upon Athelstan's knee. "What is this?" asked Athelstan, looking at the little cherub. "This is King Harald's son, whom a serving-maid bore to him, and whom he now gives thee as foster-child!" Indignant Athelstan drew his sword, as if to do the gift a mischief; but Hauk said, "Thou hast taken him on thy knee [common symbol of adoption]; thou canst kill him if thou wilt; but thou dost not thereby kill all the sons of Harald." Athelstan straightway took milder thoughts; brought up, and carefully educated Hakon; from whom, and this singular adventure, came, before very long, the first tidings of Christianity into Norway.

Harald Haarfagr, latterly withdrawn from all kinds of business, died at the age of eighty-three — about A.D. 933, as is

computed; nearly contemporary in death with the first Danish King, Gorm the Old, who had done a corresponding feat in reducing Denmark under one head. Remarkable old men, these two first kings; and possessed of gifts for bringing Chaos a little nearer to the form of Cosmos; possessed, in fact, of loyalties to Cosmos, that is to say, of authentic virtues in the savage state, such as have been needed in all societies at their incipience in this world; a kind of "virtues" hugely in discredit at present, but not unlikely to be needed again, to the astonishment of careless persons, before all is done!

CHAPTER III.

HAKON THE GOOD.

Eric Blood-axe, whose practical reign is counted to have begun about A.D. 930, had by this time, or within a year or so of this time, pretty much extinguished all his brother kings, and crushed down recalcitrant spirits, in his violent way; but had naturally become entirely unpopular in Norway, and filled it with silent discontent and even rage against him. Hakon Fairhair's last son, the little foster-child of Athelstan in England, who had been baptized and carefully educated, was come to his fourteenth or fifteenth year at his father's death; a very shining youth, as Athelstan saw with just pleasure. So soon as the few preliminary preparations had been settled, Hakon, furnished with a ship or two by Athelstan, suddenly appeared in Norway; got acknowledged by the Peasant Thing in Trondhjem; "the news of which flew over Norway, like fire through dried grass," says an old chronicler. So that Eric, with his Queen Gunhild, and seven small children, had to run; no other shift for Eric. They went to the Orkneys first of all, then to England, and he "got Northumberland as earldom," I vaguely hear, from Athelstan. But Eric soon died, and his queen, with her children, went back to the Orkneys in search of refuge or help; to little purpose there or elsewhere. From

Orkney she went to Denmark, where Harald Blue-tooth took her poor eldest boy as foster-child; but I fear did not very faithfully keep that promise. The Danes had been robbing extensively during the late tumults in Norway; this the Christian Hakon, now established there, paid in kind, and the two countries were at war; so that Gunhild's little boy was a welcome card in the hand of Blue-tooth.

Hakon proved a brilliant and successful king; regulated many things, public law among others (*Gule-Thing* Law, *Froste-Thing* Law: these are little codes of his accepted by their respective Things, and had a salutary effect in their time); with prompt dexterity he drove back the Blue-tooth foster-son invasions every time they came; and on the whole gained for himself the name of Hakon the Good. These Danish invasions were a frequent source of trouble to him, but his greatest and continual trouble was that of extirpating heathen idolatry from Norway, and introducing the Christian Evangel in its stead. His transcendent anxiety to achieve this salutary enterprise was all along his grand difficulty and stumbling-block; the heathen opposition to it being also rooted and great. Bishops and priests from England Hakon had, preaching and baptizing what they could, but making only slow progress; much too slow for Hakon's zeal. On the other hand, every Yule-tide, when the chief heathen were assembled in his own palace on their grand sacrificial festival, there was great pressure put upon Hakon, as to sprinkling with horse-blood, drinking Yule-beer, eating horse-flesh, and the other distressing rites; the whole of which Hakon abhorred, and with all his steadfastness strove to reject utterly. Sigurd, Jarl of Lade (Trondhjem), a liberal heathen, not openly a Christian, was ever a wise counsellor and conciliator in such affairs; and proved of great help to Hakon. Once, for example, there having risen at a Yule-feast, loud, almost stormful demand that Hakon, like a true man and brother, should drink Yule-beer with them in their sacred hightide, Sigurd persuaded him to comply, for peace's sake, at least, in form. Hakon took the cup in his left hand (excellent *hot beer*), and with his right cut the sign of the cross above it, then drank a draught. "Yes;

but what is this with the king's right hand?" cried the company. "Don't you see?" answered shifty Sigurd; "he makes the sign of Thor's hammer before drinking!" which quenched the matter for the time.

Horse-flesh, horse-broth, and the horse ingredient generally, Hakon all but inexorably declined. By Sigurd's pressing exhortation and entreaty, he did once take a kettle of horse-broth by the handle, with a good deal of linen-quilt or towel interposed, and did open his lips for what of steam could insinuate itself. At another time he consented to a particle of horse-liver, intending privately, I guess, to keep it outside the gullet, and smuggle it away without *swallowing;* but farther than this not even Sigurd could persuade him to go. At the Things held in regard to this matter Hakon's success was always incomplete; now and then it was plain failure, and Hakon had to draw back till a better time. Here is one specimen of the response he got on such an occasion; curious specimen, withal, of antique parliamentary eloquence from an Anti-Christian Thing.

At a Thing of all the Fylkes of Trondhjem, Thing held at Froste in that region, King Hakon, with all the eloquence he had, signified that it was imperatively necessary that all Bonders and sub-Bonders should become Christians, and believe in one God, Christ the Son of Mary; renouncing entirely blood sacrifices and heathen idols; should keep every seventh day holy, abstain from labor that day, and even from food, devoting the day to fasting and sacred meditation. Whereupon, by way of universal answer, arose a confused universal murmur of entire dissent. "Take away from us our old belief, and also our time for labor!" murmured they in angry astonishment; "how can even the land be got tilled in that way?" "We cannot work if we don't get food," said the hand laborers and slaves. "It lies in King Hakon's blood," remarked others; "his father and all his kindred were apt to be stingy about food, though liberal enough with money." At length, one Osbjörn (or Bear of the Asen or Gods, what we now call Osborne), one Osbjörn of Medalhusin Gulathal, stept forward, and said, in a distinct manner, "We Bonders (peasant proprietors)

thought, King Hakon, when thou heldest thy first Thing-day here in Trondhjem, and we took thee for our king, and received our hereditary lands from thee again, that we had got heaven itself. But now we know not how it is, whether we have won freedom, or whether thou intendest anew to make us slaves, with this wonderful proposal that we should renounce our faith, which our fathers before us have held, and all our ancestors as well, first in the age of burial by burning, and now in that of earth burial; and yet these departed ones were much our superiors, and their faith, too, has brought prosperity to us! Thee, at the same time, we have loved so much that we raised thee to manage all the laws of the land, and speak as their voice to us all. And even now it is our will and the vote of all Bonders to keep that paction which thou gavest us here on the Thing at Froste, and to maintain thee as king so long as any of us Bonders who are here upon the Thing has life left, provided thou, king, wilt go fairly to work, and demand of us only such things as are not impossible. But if thou wilt fix upon this thing with so great obstinacy, and employ force and power, in that case, we Bonders have taken the resolution, all of us, to fall away from thee, and to take for ourselves another head, who will so behave that we may enjoy in freedom the belief which is agreeable to us. Now shalt thou, king, choose one of these two courses before the Thing disperse." "Whereupon," adds the Chronicle, "all the Bonders raised a mighty shout, 'Yes, we will have it so, as has been said.'" So that Jarl Sigurd had to intervene, and King Hakon to choose for the moment the milder branch of the alternative.[1] At other Things Hakon was more or less successful. All his days, by such methods as there were, he kept pressing forward with this great enterprise; and on the whole did thoroughly shake asunder the old edifice of heathendom, and fairly introduce some foundation for the new and better rule of faith and life among his people. Sigurd, Jarl of Lade, his wise counsellor in all these matters, is also a man worthy of notice.

Hakon's arrangements against the continual invasions of Eric's sons, with Danish Blue-tooth backing them, were mani-

[1] Dahlmann, ii. 93.

fold, and for a long time successful. He appointed, after consultation and consent in the various Things, so many war-ships, fully manned and ready, to be furnished instantly on the King's demand by each province or fjord; watch-fires, on fit places, from hill to hill all along the coast, were to be carefully set up, carefully maintained in readiness, and kindled on any alarm of war. By such methods Blue-tooth and Co.'s invasions were for a long while triumphantly, and even rapidly, one and all of them, beaten back, till at length they seemed as if intending to cease altogether, and leave Hakon alone of them. But such was not their issue after all. The sons of Eric had only abated under constant discouragement, had not finally left off from what seemed their one great feasibility in life. Gunhild, their mother, was still with them: a most contriving, fierce-minded, irreconcilable woman, diligent and urgent on them, in season and out of season; and as for King Blue-tooth, he was at all times ready to help, with his good-will at least.

That of the alarm-fires on Hakon's part was found troublesome by his people; sometimes it was even hurtful and provoking (lighting your alarm-fires and rousing the whole coast and population, when it was nothing but some paltry viking with a couple of ships); in short, the alarm-signal system fell into disuse, and good King Hakon himself, in the first place, paid the penalty. It is counted, by the latest commentators, to have been about A.D. 961, sixteenth or seventeenth year of Hakon's pious, valiant, and worthy reign. Being at a feast one day, with many guests, on the Island of Stord, sudden announcement came to him that ships from the south were approaching in quantity, and evidently ships of war. This was the biggest of all the Blue-tooth foster-son invasions; and it was fatal to Hakon the Good that night. Eyvind the Skald-aspillir (annihilator of all other Skalds), in his famed *Hakon's Song*, gives account, and, still more pertinently, the always practical Snorro. Danes in great multitude, six to one, as people afterwards computed, springing swiftly to land, and ranking themselves; Hakon, nevertheless, at once deciding not to take to his ships and run, but to fight there, one to six; fighting, accordingly, in his most splendid manner, and at last

gloriously prevailing; routing and scattering back to their ships and flight homeward these six-to-one Danes. "During the struggle of the fight," says Snorro, "he was very conspicuous among other men; and while the sun shone, his bright gilded helmet glanced, and thereby many weapons were directed at him. One of his henchmen, Eyvind Finnson (*i.e.* Skaldaspillir, the poet), took a hat, and put it over the king's helmet. Now, among the hostile first leaders were two uncles of the Ericsons, brothers of Gunhild, great champions both; Skreya, the elder of them, on the disappearance of the glittering helmet, shouted boastfully, 'Does the king of the Norsemen hide himself, then, or has he fled? Where now is the golden helmet?' And so saying, Skreya, and his brother Alf with him, pushed on like fools or madmen. The king said, 'Come on in that way, and you shall find the king of the Norsemen.'" And in a short space of time braggart Skreya did come up, swinging his sword, and made a cut at the king; but Thoralf the Strong, an Icelander, who fought at the king's side, dashed his shield so hard against Skreya, that he tottered with the shock. On the same instant the king takes his sword "quernbiter" (able to cut *querns* or millstones) with both hands, and hews Skreya through helm and head, cleaving him down to the shoulders. Thoralf also slew Alf. That was what they got by such overhasty search for the king of the Norsemen.[1]

Snorro considers the fall of these two champion uncles as the crisis of the fight; the Danish force being much disheartened by such a sight, and King Hakon now pressing on so hard that all men gave way before him, the battle on the Ericson part became a whirl of recoil; and in a few minutes more a torrent of mere flight and haste to get on board their ships, and put to sea again; in which operation many of them were drowned, says Snorro; survivors making instant sail for Denmark in that sad condition.

This seems to have been King Hakon's finest battle, and the most conspicuous of his victories, due not a little to his own grand qualities shown on the occasion. But, alas! it was his last also. He was still zealously directing the chase of that

[1] Laing's *Snorro*, i. 344.

mad Danish flight, or whirl of recoil towards their ships, when an arrow, shot most likely at a venture, hit him under the left armpit; and this proved his death.

He was helped into his ship, and made sail for Alrekstad, where his chief residence in those parts was; but had to stop at a smaller place of his (which had been his mother's, and where he himself was born) — a place called Hella (the Flat Rock), still known as "Hakon's Hella," faint from loss of blood, and crushed down as he had never before felt. Having no son and only one daughter, he appointed these invasive sons of Eric to be sent for, and if he died to become king; but to "spare his friends and kindred." "If a longer life be granted me," he said, "I will go out of this land to Christian men, and do penance for what I have committed against God. But if I die in the country of the heathen, let me have such burial as you yourselves think fittest." These are his last recorded words. And in heathen fashion he was buried, and besung by Eyvind and the Skalds, though himself a zealously Christian king. Hakon the *Good;* so one still finds him worthy of being called. The sorrow on Hakon's death, Snorro tells us, was so great and universal, "that he was lamented both by friends and enemies; and they said that never again would Norway see such a king."

CHAPTER IV.

HARALD GREYFELL AND BROTHERS.

Eric's sons, four or five of them, with a Harald at the top, now at once got Norway in hand, all of it but Trondhjem, as king and under-kings; and made a severe time of it for those who had been, or seemed to be, their enemies. Excellent Jarl Sigurd, always so useful to Hakon and his country, was killed by them; and they came to repent that before very long. The slain Sigurd left a son, Hakon, as Jarl, who became famous in

the northern world by and by. This Hakon, and him only, would the Trondhjemers accept as sovereign. "Death to him, then," said the sons of Eric, but only in secret, till they had got their hands free and were ready; which was not yet for some years. Nay, Hakon, when actually attacked, made good resistance, and threatened to cause trouble. Nor did he by any means get his death from these sons of Eric at this time, or till long afterwards at all, from one of their kin, as it chanced. On the contrary, he fled to Denmark now, and by and by managed to come back, to their cost.

Among their other chief victims were two cousins of their own, Tryggve and Gudröd, who had been honest under-kings to the late head-king, Hakon the Good; but were now become suspect, and had to fight for their lives, and lose them in a tragic manner. Tryggve had a son, whom we shall hear of. Gudröd, son of worthy Bjorn the Chapman, was grandfather of Saint Olaf, whom all men have heard of, — who has a church in Southwark even, and another in Old Jewry, to this hour. In all these violences, Gunhild, widow of the late king Eric, was understood to have a principal hand. She had come back to Norway with her sons; and naturally passed for the secret adviser and Maternal President in whatever of violence went on; always reckoned a fell, vehement, relentless personage where her own interests were concerned. Probably as things settled, her influence on affairs grew less. At least one hopes so; and, in the Sagas, hears less and less of her, and before long nothing.

Harald, the head-king in this Eric fraternity, does not seem to have been a bad man, — the contrary indeed; but his position was untowardly, full of difficulty and contradictions. Whatever Harald could accomplish for behoof of Christianity, or real benefit to Norway, in these cross circumstances, he seems to have done in a modest and honest manner. He got the name of *Greyfell* from his people on a very trivial account, but seemingly with perfect good humor on their part. Some Iceland trader had brought a cargo of furs to Trondhjem (Lade) for sale; sale being slacker than the Icelander wished, he presented a chosen specimen, cloak, doublet, or whatever it

was, to Harald; who wore it with acceptance in public, and rapidly brought disposal of the Icelander's stock, and the surname of *Greyfell* to himself. His under-kings and he were certainly not popular, though I almost think Greyfell himself, in absence of his mother and the under-kings, might have been so. But here they all were, and had wrought great trouble in Norway. "Too many of them," said everybody; "too many of these courts and court people, eating up any substance that there is." For the seasons withal, two or three of them in succession, were bad for grass, much more for grain; no *herring* came either; very cleanness of teeth was like to come in Eyvind Skaldaspillir's opinion. This scarcity became at last their share of the great Famine of A.D. 975, which desolated Western Europe (see the poem in the Saxon Chronicle). And all this by Eyvind Skaldaspillir, and the heathen Norse in general, was ascribed to anger of the heathen gods. Discontent in Norway, and especially in Eyvind Skaldaspillir, seems to have been very great.

Whereupon exile Hakon, Jarl Sigurd's son, bestirs himself in Denmark, backed by old King Blue-tooth, and begins invading and encroaching in a miscellaneous way; especially intriguing and contriving plots all round him. An unfathomably cunning kind of fellow, as well as an audacious and strong-handed! Intriguing in Trondhjem, where he gets the under-king, Greyfell's brother, fallen upon and murdered; intriguing with Gold Harald, a distinguished cousin or nephew of King Blue-tooth's, who had done fine viking work, and gained such wealth that he got the epithet of "Gold," and who now was infinitely desirous of a share in Blue-tooth's kingdom as the proper finish to these sea-rovings. He even ventured one day to make publicly a distinct proposal that way to King Harald Blue-tooth himself; who flew into thunder and lightning at the mere mention of it; so that none durst speak to him for several days afterwards. Of both these Haralds Hakon was confidential friend; and needed all his skill to walk without immediate annihilation between such a pair of dragons, and work out Norway for himself withal. In the end he found he must take solidly to Blue-tooth's side of the question; and

that they two must provide a recipe for Gold Harald and Norway both at once.

"It is as much as your life is worth to speak again of sharing this Danish kingdom," said Hakon very privately to Gold Harald; "but could not you, my golden friend, be content with Norway for a kingdom, if one helped you to it?"

"That could I well," answered Harald.

"Then keep me those nine war-ships you have just been rigging for a new viking cruise; have these in readiness when I lift my finger!"

That was the recipe contrived for Gold Harald; recipe for King Greyfell goes into the same vial, and is also ready.

Hitherto the Hakon-Blue-tooth disturbances in Norway had amounted to but little. King Greyfell, a very active and valiant man, has constantly, without much difficulty, repelled these sporadic bits of troubles; but Greyfell, all the same, would willingly have peace with dangerous old Blue-tooth (ever anxious to get his clutches over Norway on any terms) if peace with him could be had. Blue-tooth, too, professes every willingness; inveigles Greyfell, he and Hakon do, to have a friendly meeting on the Danish borders, and not only settle all these quarrels, but generously settle Greyfell in certain fiefs which he claimed in Denmark itself; and so swear everlasting friendship. Greyfell joyfully complies, punctually appears at the appointed day in Lymfjord Sound, the appointed place. Whereupon Hakon gives signal to Gold Harald, "To Lymfjord with these nine ships of yours, swift!" Gold Harald flies to Lymfjord with his ships, challenges King Harald Greyfell to land and fight; which the undaunted Greyfell, though so far outnumbered, does; and, fighting his very best, perishes there, he and almost all his people. Which done, Jarl Hakon, who is in readiness, attacks Gold Harald, the victorious but the wearied; easily beats Gold Harald, takes him prisoner, and instantly hangs and ends him, to the huge joy of King Blue-tooth and Hakon; who now make instant voyage to Norway; drive all the brother under-kings into rapid flight to the Orkneys, to any readiest shelter; and so, under the patronage of Blue-tooth, Hakon, with the title

of Jarl, becomes ruler of Norway. This foul treachery done on the brave and honest Harald Greyfell is by some dated about A.D. 969, by Munch, 965, by others, computing out of Snorro only, A.D. 975. For there is always an uncertainty in these Icelandic dates (say rather, rare and rude attempts at dating, without even an "A.D." or other fixed "year one" to go upon in Iceland), though seldom, I think, so large a discrepancy as here.

CHAPTER V.

HAKON JARL.

HAKON JARL, such the style he took, had engaged to pay some kind of tribute to King Blue-tooth, "if he could;" but he never did pay any, pleading always the necessity of his own affairs; with which excuse, joined to Hakon's readiness in things less important, King Blue-tooth managed to content himself, Hakon being always his good neighbor, at least, and the two mutually dependent. In Norway, Hakon, without the title of king, did in a strong-handed, steadfast, and at length successful way, the office of one; governed Norway (some count) for above twenty years; and, both at home and abroad, had much consideration through most of that time; specially amongst the heathen orthodox, for Hakon Jarl himself was a zealous heathen, fixed in his mind against these chimerical Christian innovations and unsalutary changes of creed, and would have gladly trampled out all traces of what the last two kings (for Greyfell, also, was an English Christian after his sort) had done in this respect. But he wisely discerned that it was not possible, and that, for peace's sake, he must not even attempt it, but must strike preferably into "perfect toleration," and that of "every one getting to heaven or even to the other goal in his own way." He himself, it is well known, repaired many heathen temples (a great "church builder" in his way!), manufactured many splendid idols,

with much gilding and such artistic ornament as there was, — in particular, one huge image of Thor, not forgetting the hammer and appendages, and such a collar (supposed of solid gold, which it was not quite, as we shall hear in time) round the neck of him as was never seen in all the North. How he did his own Yule festivals, with what magnificent solemnity, the horse-eatings, blood-sprinklings, and other sacred rites, need not be told. Something of a "Ritualist," one may perceive; perhaps had Scandinavian Puseyisms in him, and other desperate heathen notions. He was universally believed to have gone into magic, for one thing, and to have dangerous potencies derived from the Devil himself. The dark heathen mind of him struggling vehemently in that strange element, not altogether so unlike our own in some points.

For the rest, he was evidently, in practical matters, a man of sharp, clear insight, of steadfast resolution, diligence, promptitude; and managed his secular matters uncommonly well. Had sixteen Jarls under him, though himself only Hakon Jarl by title; and got obedience from them stricter than any king since Haarfagr had done. Add to which that the country had years excellent for grass and crop, and that the herrings came in exuberance; tokens, to the thinking mind, that Hakon Jarl was a favorite of Heaven.

His fight with the far-famed Jomsvikings was his grandest exploit in public rumor. Jomsburg, a locality not now known, except that it was near the mouth of the River Oder, denoted in those ages the impregnable castle of a certain body corporate, or "Sea Robbery Association (limited)," which, for some generations, held the Baltic in terror, and plundered far beyond the Belt, — in the ocean itself, in Flanders and the opulent trading havens there, — above all, in opulent anarchic England, which, for forty years from about this time, was the pirates' Goshen; and yielded, regularly every summer, slaves, Danegelt, and miscellaneous plunder, like no other country Jomsburg or the viking-world had ever known. Palnatoke, Bue, and the other quasi-heroic heads of this establishment are still remembered in the northern parts. *Palnatoke* is the title of a tragedy by Oehlenschläger, which

had its run of immortality in Copenhagen some sixty or seventy years ago.

I judge the institution to have been in its floweriest state, probably now in Hakon Jarl's time. Hakon Jarl and these pirates, robbing Hakon's subjects and merchants that frequented him, were naturally in quarrel; and frequent fightings had fallen out, not generally to the profit of the Jomsburgers, who at last determined on revenge, and the rooting out of this obstructive Hakon Jarl. They assembled in force at the Cape of Stad, — in the Firda Fylke; and the fight was dreadful in the extreme, noise of it filling all the north for long afterwards. Hakon, fighting like a lion, could scarcely hold his own, — Death or Victory, the word on both sides; when suddenly, the heavens grew black, and there broke out a terrific storm of thunder and hail, appalling to the human mind, — universe swallowed wholly in black night; only the momentary forked-blazes, the thunder-pealing as of Ragnarök, and the battering hail-torrents, hailstones about the size of an egg. Thor with his hammer evidently acting; but in behalf of whom? The Jomsburgers in the hideous darkness, broken only by flashing thunder-bolts, had a dismal apprehension that it was probably not on their behalf (Thor having a sense of justice in him); and before the storm ended, thirty-five of their seventy ships sheered away, leaving gallant Bue, with the other thirty-five, to follow as they liked, who reproachfully hailed these fugitives, and continued the now hopeless battle. Bue's nose and lips were smashed or cut away; Bue managed, half-articulately, to exclaim, "Ha! the maids ('mays') of Fünen will never kiss me more. Overboard, all ye Bue's men!" And taking his two sea-chests, with all the gold he had gained in such life-struggle from of old, sprang overboard accordingly, and finished the affair. Hakon Jarl's renown rose naturally to the transcendent pitch after this exploit. His people, I suppose chiefly the Christian part of them, whispered one to another, with a shudder, "That in the blackest of the thunder-storm, he had taken his youngest little boy, and made away with him; sacrificed him to Thor or some devil, and gained his victory by art-magic, or something

worse." Jarl Eric, Hakon's eldest son, without suspicion of art-magic, but already a distinguished viking, became thrice distinguished by his style of sea-fighting in this battle; and awakened great expectations in the viking public; of him we shall hear again.

The Jomsburgers, one might fancy, after this sad clap went visibly down in the world; but the fact is not altogether so. Old King Blue-tooth was now dead, died of a wound got in battle with his *un*natural (so-called "natural") son and successor, Otto Svein of the Forked Beard, afterwards king and conqueror of England for a little while; and seldom, perhaps never, had vikingism been in such flower as now. This man's name is Sven in Swedish, Svend in German, and means *boy* or *lad*,—the English "swain." It was at old "Father Blue-tooth's funeral-ale" (drunken burial-feast), that Svein, carousing with his Jomsburg chiefs and other choice spirits, generally of the robber class, all risen into height of highest robber enthusiasm, pledged the vow to one another; Svein that he would conquer England (which, in a sense, he, after long struggling, did); and the Jomsburgers that they would ruin and root out Hakon Jarl (which, as we have just seen, they could by no means do), and other guests other foolish things which proved equally unfeasible. Sea-robber volunteers so especially abounding in that time, one perceives how easily the Jomsburgers could recruit themselves, build or refit new robber fleets, man them with the pick of crews, and steer for opulent, fruitful England; where, under Ethelred the Unready, was such a field for profitable enterprise as the viking public never had before or since.

An idle question sometimes rises on me, — idle enough, for it never can be answered in the affirmative or the negative, Whether it was not these same refitted Jomsburgers who appeared some while after this at Red Head Point, on the shore of Angus, and sustained a new severe beating, in what the Scotch still faintly remember as their "Battle of Loncarty"? Beyond doubt a powerful Norse-pirate armament dropt anchor at the Red Head, to the alarm of peaceable mortals, about that time. It was thought and hoped to be on its way for

England, but it visibly hung on for several days, deliberating (as was thought) whether they would do this poorer coast the honor to land on it before going farther. Did land, and vigorously plunder and burn southwestward as far as Perth; laid siege to Perth; but brought out King Kenneth on them, and produced that "Battle of Loncarty" which still dwells in vague memory among the Scots. Perhaps it might be the Jomsburgers; perhaps also not; for there were many pirate associations, lasting not from century to century like the Jomsburgers, but only for very limited periods, or from year to year; indeed, it was mainly by such that the splendid thief-harvest of England was reaped in this disastrous time. No Scottish chronicler gives the least of exact date to their famed victory of Loncarty, only that it was achieved by Kenneth III., which will mean some time between A.D. 975 and 994; and, by the order they put it in, probably soon after A.D. 975, or the beginning of this Kenneth's reign. Buchanan's narrative, carefully distilled from all the ancient Scottish sources, is of admirable quality for style and otherwise; quiet, brief, with perfect clearness, perfect credibility even, — except that semi-miraculous appendage of the Ploughmen, Hay and Sons, always hanging to the tail of it; the grain of possible truth in which can now never be extracted by man's art![1] In brief, what we know is, fragments of ancient human bones and armor have occasionally been ploughed up in this locality, proof-positive of ancient fighting here; and the fight fell out not long after Hakon's beating of the Jomsburgers at the Cape of Stad. And in such dim glimmer of wavering twilight, the question whether these of Loncarty were refitted Jomsburgers or not, must be left hanging. Loncarty is now the biggest bleach-field in Queen Victoria's dominions; no village or hamlet there, only the huge bleaching-house and a beautiful field, some six or seven miles northwest of Perth, bordered by the beautiful Tay river on the one side, and by its beautiful tributary Almond on the other; a Loncarty fitted either for bleaching linen, or for a bit of fair duel between nations, in those simple times.

[1] G. Buchanani *Opera Omnia*, i. 103, 104 (Curante Ruddimano, Edinburgi, 1715).

Whether our refitted Jomsburgers had the least thing to do with it is only matter of fancy, but if it were they who here again got a good beating, fancy would be glad to find herself fact. The old piratical kings of Denmark had been at the founding of Jomsburg, and to Svein of the Forked Beard it was still vitally important, but not so to the great Knut, or any king that followed; all of whom had better business than mere thieving; and it was Magnus the Good, of Norway, a man of still higher anti-anarchic qualities, that annihilated it, about a century later.

Hakon Jarl, his chief labors in the world being over, is said to have become very dissolute in his elder days, especially in the matter of women; the wretched old fool, led away by idleness and fulness of bread, which to all of us are well said to be the parents of mischief. Having absolute power, he got into the habit of openly plundering men's pretty daughters and wives from them, and, after a few weeks, sending them back; greatly to the rage of the fierce Norse heart, had there been any means of resisting or revenging. It did, after a little while, prove the ruin and destruction of Hakon the Rich, as he was then called. It opened the door, namely, for entry of Olaf Tryggveson upon the scene, — a very much grander man; in regard to whom the wiles and traps of Hakon proved to be a recipe, not on Tryggveson, but on the wily Hakon himself, as shall now be seen straightway.

CHAPTER VI.

OLAF TRYGGVESON.

HAKON, in late times, had heard of a famous stirring person, victorious in various lands and seas, latterly united in sea-robbery with Svein, Prince Royal of Denmark, afterwards King Svein of the Double-beard (*"Tvae Skiaeg," Twa Shag*) or fork-beard, both of whom had already done transcendent feats in the viking way during this copartnery. The fame of

Svein, and this stirring personage, whose name was "Ole," and, recently, their stupendous feats in plunder of England, siege of London, and other wonders and splendors of viking glory and success, had gone over all the North, awakening the attention of Hakon and everybody there. The name of "Ole" was enigmatic, mysterious, and even dangerous-looking to Hakon Jarl; who at length sent out a confidential spy to investigate this "Ole;" a feat which the confidential spy did completely accomplish, — by no means to Hakon's profit! The mysterious "Ole" proved to be no other than *Olaf*, son of Tryggve, destined to blow Hakon Jarl suddenly into destruction, and become famous among the heroes of the Norse world.

Of Olaf Tryggveson one always hopes there might, one day, some real outline of a biography be written; fished from the abysses where (as usual) it welters deep in foul neighborhood for the present. Farther on we intend a few words more upon the matter. But in this place all that concerns us in it limits itself to the two following facts: first, that Hakon's confidential spy "found Ole in Dublin;" picked acquaintance with him, got him to confess that he was actually Olaf, son of Tryggve (the Tryggve, whom Blood-axe's fierce widow and her sons had murdered); got him gradually to own that perhaps an expedition into Norway might have its chances; and finally that, under such a wise and loyal guidance as his (the confidential spy's, whose friendship for Tryggveson was so indubitable), he (Tryggveson) would actually try it upon Hakon Jarl, the dissolute old scoundrel. Fact second is, that about the time they two set sail from Dublin on their Norway expedition, Hakon Jarl removed to Trondhjem, then called Lade; intending to pass some months there.

Now just about the time when Tryggveson, spy, and party had landed in Norway, and were advancing upon Lade, with what support from the public could be got, dissolute old Hakon Jarl had heard of one Gudrun, a Bonder's wife, unparalleled in beauty, who was called in those parts, "Sunbeam of the Grove" (so inexpressibly lovely); and sent off a couple of thralls to bring her to him. "Never," answered Gudrun; "never," her

indignant husband; in a tone dangerous and displeasing to these Court thralls; who had to leave rapidly, but threatened to return in better strength before long. Whereupon, instantly, the indignant Bonder and his Sunbeam of the Grove sent out their war-arrow, rousing all the country into angry promptitude, and more than one perhaps into greedy hope of revenge for their own injuries. The rest of Hakon's history now rushes on with extreme rapidity.

Sunbeam of the Grove, when next demanded of her Bonder, has the whole neighborhood assembled in arms round her; rumor of Tryggveson is fast making it the whole country. Hakon's insolent messengers are cut in pieces; Hakon finds he cannot fly under cover too soon. With a single slave he flies that same night; — but whitherward? Can think of no safe place, except to some old mistress of his, who lives retired in that neighborhood, and has some pity or regard for the wicked old Hakon. Old mistress does receive him, pities him, will do all she can to protect and hide him. But how, by what uttermost stretch of female artifice hide him here; every one will search here first of all! Old mistress, by the slave's help, extemporizes a cellar under the floor of her pig-house; sticks Hakon and slave into that, as the one safe seclusion she can contrive. Hakon and slave, begrunted by the pigs above them, tortured by the devils within and about them, passed two days in circumstances more and more horrible. For they heard, through their light-slit and breathing-slit, the triumph of Tryggveson proclaiming itself by Tryggveson's own lips, who had mounted a big boulder near by and was victoriously speaking to the people, winding up with a promise of honors and rewards to whoever should bring him wicked old Hakon's head. Wretched Hakon, justly suspecting his slave, tried to at least keep himself awake. Slave did keep himself awake till Hakon dozed or slept, then swiftly cut off Hakon's head, and plunged out with it to the presence of Tryggveson. Tryggveson, detesting the traitor, useful as the treachery was, cut off the slave's head too, had it hung up along with Hakon's on the pinnacle of the Lade Gallows, where the populace pelted both heads with stones and many curses, especially the more important of

the two. "Hakon the Bad" ever henceforth, instead of Hakon the Rich.

This was the end of Hakon Jarl, the last support of heathenry in Norway, among other characteristics he had: a strong-handed, hard-headed, very relentless, greedy and wicked being. He is reckoned to have ruled in Norway, or mainly ruled, either in the struggling or triumphant state, for about thirty years (965–995?). He and his seemed to have formed, by chance rather than design, the chief opposition which the Haarfagr posterity throughout its whole course experienced in Norway. Such the cost to them of killing good Jarl Sigurd, in Greyfell's time! For "curses, like chickens," do sometimes visibly "come home to feed," as they always, either visibly or else invisibly, are punctually sure to do.

Hakon Jarl is considerably connected with the *Faröer Saga;* often mentioned there, and comes out perfectly in character; an altogether worldly-wise man of the roughest type, not without a turn for practicality of kindness to those who would really be of use to him. His tendencies to magic also are not forgotten.

Hakon left two sons, Eric and Svein, often also mentioned in this Saga. On their father's death they fled to Sweden, to Denmark, and were busy stirring up troubles in those countries against Olaf Tryggveson; till at length, by a favorable combination, under their auspices chiefly, they got his brief and noble reign put an end to. Nay, furthermore, Jarl Eric left sons, especially an elder son, named also Eric, who proved a sore affliction, and a continual stone of stumbling to a new generation of Haarfagrs, and so continued the curse of Sigurd's murder upon them.

Towards the end of this Hakon's reign it was that the discovery of America took place (985). Actual discovery, it appears, by Eric the Red, an Icelander; concerning which there has been abundant investigation and discussion in our time. *Ginnungagap* (Roaring Abyss) is thought to be the mouth of Behring's Straits in Baffin's Bay; *Big Helloland*, the coast from Cape Walsingham to near Newfoundland; *Little Helloland*, Newfoundland itself. *Markland* was Lower Canada, New

Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. Southward thence to Chesapeake Bay was called *Wine Land* (wild grapes still grow in Rhode Island, and more luxuriantly further south). *White Man's Land*, called also *Great Ireland*, is supposed to mean the two Carolinas, down to the Southern Cape of Florida. In Dahlmann's opinion, the Irish themselves might even pretend to have probably been the first discoverers of America; they had evidently got to Iceland itself before the Norse exiles found it out. It appears to be certain that, from the end of the tenth century to the early part of the fourteenth, there was a dim knowledge of those distant shores extant in the Norse mind, and even some straggling series of visits thither by roving Norsemen; though, as only danger, difficulty, and no profit resulted, the visits ceased, and the whole matter sank into oblivion, and, but for the Icelandic talent of writing in the long winter nights, would never have been heard of by posterity at all.

CHAPTER VII.

REIGN OF OLAF TRYGGVESON.

Olaf Tryggveson (A.D. 995–1000) also makes a great figure in the *Faröer Saga*, and recounts there his early troubles, which were strange and many. He is still reckoned a grand hero of the North, though his *vates* now is only Snorro Sturleson of Iceland. Tryggveson had indeed many adventures in the world. His poor mother, Astrid, was obliged to fly, on murder of her husband by Gunhild, — to fly for life, three months before he, her little Olaf, was born. She lay concealed in reedy islands, fled through trackless forests; reached her father's with the little baby in her arms, and lay deep-hidden there, tended only by her father himself; Gunhild's pursuit being so incessant, and keen as with sleuth-hounds. Poor Astrid had to fly again, deviously to Sweden, to Esthland (Esthonia), to Russia. In Esthland she was sold as a slave,

quite parted from her boy, — who also was sold, and again sold; but did at last fall in with a kinsman high in the Russian service; did from him find redemption and help, and so rose, in a distinguished manner, to manhood, victorious self-help, and recovery of his kingdom at last. He even met his mother again, he as king of Norway, she as one wonderfully lifted out of darkness into new life and happiness still in store.

Grown to manhood, Tryggveson, — now become acquainted with his birth, and with his, alas, hopeless claims, — left Russia for the one profession open to him, that of sea-robbery; and did feats without number in that questionable line in many seas and scenes, — in England latterly, and most conspicuously of all. In one of his courses thither, after long labors in the Hebrides, Man, Wales, and down the western shores to the very Land's End and farther, he paused at the Scilly Islands for a little while. He was told of a wonderful Christian hermit living strangely in these sea-solitudes; had the curiosity to seek him out, examine, question, and discourse with him; and, after some reflection, accepted Christian baptism from the venerable man. In *Snorro* the story is involved in miracle, rumor, and fable; but the fact itself seems certain, and is very interesting; the great, wild, noble soul of fierce Olaf opening to this wonderful gospel of tidings from beyond the world, tidings which infinitely transcended all else he had ever heard or dreamt of! It seems certain he was baptized here; date not fixable; shortly before poor heart-broken Dunstan's death, or shortly after; most English churches, monasteries especially, lying burnt, under continual visitation of the Danes. Olaf, such baptism notwithstanding, did not quit his viking profession; indeed, what other was there for him in the world as yet?

We mentioned his occasional copartneries with Svein of the Double-beard, now become King of Denmark, but the greatest of these, and the alone interesting at this time, is their joint invasion of England, and Tryggveson's exploits and fortunes there some years after that adventure of baptism in the Scilly Isles. Svein and he "were above a year in England together,"

this time: they steered up the Thames with three hundred ships and many fighters; siege, or at least furious assault, of London was their first or main enterprise, but it did not succeed. The Saxon Chronicle gives date to it, A.D. 994, and names expressly, as Svein's co-partner, "Olaus, king of Norway," — which he was as yet far from being; but in regard to the Year of Grace the Saxon Chronicle is to be held indisputable, and, indeed, has the field to itself in this matter. Famed Olaf Tryggveson, seen visibly at the siege of London, year 994, it throws a kind of momentary light to us over that disastrous whirlpool of miseries and confusions, all dark and painful to the fancy otherwise! This big voyage and furious siege of London is Svein Double-beard's first real attempt to fulfil that vow of his at Father Blue-tooth's "funeral ale," and conquer England, — which it is a pity he could not yet do. Had London now fallen to him, it is pretty evident all England must have followed, and poor England, with Svein as king over it, been delivered from immeasurable woes, which had to last some two-and-twenty years farther, before this result could be arrived at. But finding London impregnable for the moment (no ship able to get athwart the bridge, and many Danes perishing in the attempt to do it by swimming), Svein and Olaf turned to other enterprises; all England in a manner lying open to them, turn which way they liked. They burnt and plundered over Kent, over Hampshire, Sussex; they stormed far and wide; world lying all before them where to choose. Wretched Ethelred, as the one invention he could fall upon, offered them Danegelt (£16,000 of silver this year, but it rose in other years as high as £48,000); the desperate Ethelred, a clear method of quenching fire by pouring *oil* on it! Svein and Olaf accepted; withdrew to Southampton, — Olaf at least did, — till the money was got ready. Strange to think of, fierce Svein of the Double-beard, and conquest of England by him; this had at last become the one salutary result which remained for that distracted, down-trodden, now utterly chaotic and anarchic country. A conquering Svein, followed by an ably and earnestly administrative, as well as conquering, Knut (whom Dahlmann compares to Charlemagne), were thus by

the mysterious destinies appointed the effective saviors of England.

Tryggveson, on this occasion, was a good while at Southampton; and roamed extensively about, easily victorious over everything, if resistance were attempted, but finding little or none; and acting now in a peaceable or even friendly capacity. In the Southampton country he came in contact with the then Bishop of Winchester, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, excellent Elphegus, still dimly decipherable to us as a man of great natural discernment, piety, and inborn veracity; a hero-soul, probably of real brotherhood with Olaf's own. He even made court visits to King Ethelred; one visit to him at Andover of a very serious nature. By Elphegus, as we can discover, he was introduced into the real depths of the Christian faith. Elphegus, with due solemnity of apparatus, in presence of the king, at Andover, baptized Olaf anew, and to him Olaf engaged that he would never plunder in England any more; which promise, too, he kept. In fact, not long after, Svein's conquest of England being in an evidently forward state, Tryggveson (having made, withal, a great English or Irish marriage, — a dowager Princess, who had voluntarily fallen in love with him, — see *Snorro* for this fine romantic fact!) mainly resided in our island for two or three years, or else in Dublin, in the precincts of the Danish Court there in the Sister Isle. Accordingly it was in Dublin, as above noted, that Hakon's spy found him; and from the Liffey that his squadron sailed, through the Hebrides, through the Orkneys, plundering and baptizing in their strange way, towards such success as we have seen.

Tryggveson made a stout, and, in effect, victorious and glorious struggle for himself as king. Daily and hourly vigilant to do so, often enough by soft and even merry methods, — for he was a witty, jocund man, and had a fine ringing laugh in him, and clear pregnant words ever ready, — or if soft methods would not serve, then by hard and even hardest he put down a great deal of miscellaneous anarchy in Norway; was especially busy against heathenism (devil-worship and its rites): this, indeed, may be called the focus and heart of all

his royal endeavor in Norway, and of all the troubles he now had with his people there. For this was a serious, vital, all-comprehending matter; devil-worship, a thing not to be tolerated one moment longer than you could by any method help! Olaf's success was intermittent, of varying complexion; but his effort, swift or slow, was strong and continual; and on the whole he did succeed. Take a sample or two of that wonderful conversion process: —

At one of his first Things he found the Bonders all assembled in arms; resolute to the death seemingly, against his proposal and him. Tryggveson said little; waited impassive, "What your reasons are, good men?" One zealous Bonder started up in passionate parliamentary eloquence; but after a sentence or two, broke down; one, and then another, and still another, and remained all three staring in open-mouthed silence there! The peasant-proprietors accepted the phenomenon as ludicrous, perhaps partly as miraculous withal, and consented to baptism this time.

On another occasion of a Thing, which had assembled near some heathen temple to meet him, — temple where Hakon Jarl had done much repairing, and set up many idol figures and sumptuous ornaments, regardless of expense, especially a very big and splendid Thor, with massive gold collar round the neck of him, not the like of it in Norway, — King Olaf Tryggveson was clamorously invited by the Bonders to step in there, enlighten his eyes, and partake of the sacred rites. Instead of which he rushed into the temple with his armed men; smashed down, with his own battle-axe, the god Thor, prostrate on the ground at one stroke, to set an example; and, in a few minutes, had the whole Hakon Pantheon wrecked; packing up meanwhile all the gold and preciosities accumulated there (not forgetting Thor's illustrious gold collar, of which we shall hear again), and victoriously took the plunder home with him for his own royal uses and behoof of the state.

In other cases, though a friend to strong measures, he had to hold in, and await the favorable moment. Thus once, in beginning a parliamentary address, so soon as he came to touch upon Christianity, the Bonders rose in murmurs, in vocifera-

tions and jingling of arms, which quite drowned the royal voice; declared, they had taken arms against king Hakon the Good to compel him to desist from his Christian proposals; and they did not think king Olaf a higher man than him (Hakon the Good). The king then said, "He purposed coming to them next Yule to their great sacrificial feast, to see for himself what their customs were," which pacified the Bonders for this time. The appointed place of meeting was again a Hakon-Jarl Temple, not yet done to ruin; chief shrine in those Trondhjem parts, I believe: there should Tryggveson appear at Yule. Well, but before Yule came, Tryggveson made a great banquet in his palace at Trondhjem, and invited far and wide, all manner of important persons out of the district as guests there. Banquet hardly done, Tryggveson gave some slight signal, upon which armed men strode in, seized eleven of these principal persons, and the king said: "Since he himself was to become a heathen again, and do sacrifice, it was his purpose to do it in the highest form, namely, that of Human Sacrifice; and this time not of slaves and malefactors, but of the best men in the country!" In which stringent circumstances the eleven seized persons, and company at large, gave unanimous consent to baptism; straightway received the same, and abjured their idols; but were not permitted to go home till they had left, in sons, brothers, and other precious relatives, sufficient hostages in the king's hands.

By unwearied industry of this and better kinds, Tryggveson had trampled down idolatry, so far as form went, — how far in substance may be greatly doubted. But it is to be remembered withal, that always on the back of these compulsory adventures there followed English bishops, priests and preachers; whereby to the open-minded, conviction, to all degrees of it, was attainable, while silence and passivity became the duty or necessity of the unconvinced party.

In about two years Norway was all gone over with a rough harrow of conversion. Heathenism at least constrained to be silent and outwardly conformable. Tryggveson next turned his attention to Iceland, sent one Thangbrand, priest from Saxony, of wonderful qualities, military as well as theological,

to try and convert Iceland. Thangbrand made a few converts; for Olaf had already many estimable Iceland friends, whom he liked much, and was much liked by; and conversion was the ready road to his favor. Thangbrand, I find, lodged with Hall of Sida (familiar acquaintance of "Burnt Njal," whose Saga has its admirers among us even now). Thangbrand converted Hall and one or two other leading men; but in general he was reckoned quarrelsome and blusterous rather than eloquent and piously convincing. Two skalds of repute made biting lampoons upon Thangbrand, whom Thangbrand, by two opportunities that offered, cut down and did to death because of their skaldic quality. Another he killed with his own hand, I know not for what reason. In brief, after about a year, Thangbrand returned to Norway and king Olaf; declaring the Icelanders to be a perverse, satirical, and inconvertible people, having himself, the record says, "been the death of three men there." King Olaf was in high rage at this result; but was persuaded by the Icelanders about him to try farther, and by a milder instrument. He accordingly chose one Thormod, a pious, patient, and kindly man, who, within the next year or so, did actually accomplish the matter; namely, get Christianity, by open vote, declared at Thingvalla by the general Thing of Iceland there; the roar of a big thunder-clap at the right moment rather helping the conclusion, if I recollect. Whereupon Olaf's joy was no doubt great.

One general result of these successful operations was the discontent, to all manner of degrees, on the part of many Norse individuals, against this glorious and victorious, but peremptory and terrible king of theirs. Tryggveson, I fancy, did not much regard all that; a man of joyful, cheery temper, habitually contemptuous of danger. Another trivial misfortune that befell in these conversion operations, and became important to him, he did not even know of, and would have much despised if he had. It was this: Sigrid, queen dowager of Sweden, thought to be amongst the most shining women of the world, was also known for one of the most imperious, revengeful, and relentless, and had got for herself the name of Sigrid the Proud. In her high widowhood she had naturally many

wooers; but treated them in a manner unexampled. Two of her suitors, a simultaneous Two, were, King Harald Grænske (a cousin of King Tryggveson's, and kind of king in some district, by sufferance of the late Hakon's), — this luckless Grænske and the then Russian Sovereign as well, name not worth mentioning, were zealous suitors of Queen Dowager Sigrid, and were perversely slow to accept the negative, which in her heart was inexorable for both, though the expression of it could not be quite so emphatic. By ill-luck for them they came once, — from the far West, Grænske; from the far East, the Russian; — and arrived both together at Sigrid's court, to prosecute their importunate, and to her odious and tiresome suit; much, how very much, to her impatience and disdain. She lodged them both in some old mansion, which she had contiguous, and got compendiously furnished for them; and there, I know not whether on the first or on the second, or on what following night, this unparalleled Queen Sigrid had the house surrounded, set on fire, and the two suitors and their people burnt to ashes! No more of bother from these two at least! This appears to be a fact; and it could not be unknown to Tryggveson.

In spite of which, however, there went from Tryggveson, who was now a widower, some incipient marriage proposals to this proud widow; by whom they were favorably received; as from the brightest man in all the world, they might seem worth being. Now, in one of these anti-heathen onslaughts of King Olaf's on the idol temples of Hakon — (I think it was that case where Olaf's own battle-axe struck down the monstrous refulgent Thor, and conquered an immense gold ring from the neck of him, or from the door of his temple), — a huge gold ring, at any rate, had come into Olaf's hands; and this he bethought him might be a pretty present to Queen Sigrid, the now favorable, though the proud. Sigrid received the ring with joy; fancied what a collar it would make for her own fair neck; but noticed that her two goldsmiths, weighing it on their fingers, exchanged a glance. "What is that?" exclaimed Queen Sigrid. "Nothing," answered they, or endeavored to answer, dreading mischief. But Sigrid compelled them to break open

the ring; and there was found, all along the inside of it, an occult ring of copper, not a heart of gold at all! "Ha," said the proud Queen, flinging it away, "he that could deceive in this matter can deceive in many others!" And was in hot wrath with Olaf; though, by degrees, again she took milder thoughts.

Milder thoughts, we say; and consented to a meeting next autumn, at some half-way station, where their great business might be brought to a happy settlement and betrothment. Both Olaf Tryggveson and the high dowager appear to have been tolerably of willing mind at this meeting; but Olaf interposed, what was always one condition with him, "Thou must consent to baptism, and give up thy idol-gods." "They are the gods of all my forefathers," answered the lady; "choose thou what gods thou pleasest, but leave me mine." Whereupon an altercation; and Tryggveson, as was his wont, towered up into shining wrath, and exclaimed at last, "Why should I care about thee then, old faded heathen creature?" And impatiently wagging his glove, hit her, or slightly switched her, on the face with it, and contemptuously turning away, walked out of the adventure. "This is a feat that may cost thee dear one day," said Sigrid. And in the end it came to do so, little as the magnificent Olaf deigned to think of it at the moment.

One of the last scuffles I remember of Olaf's having with his refractory heathens, was at a Thing in Hordaland or Rogaland, far in the North, where the chief opposition hero was one Jaernskaegg ("ironbeard,") *Scottice* ("Airn-shag," as it were!). Here again was a grand heathen temple, Hakon Jarl's building, with a splendid Thor in it and much idol furniture. The king stated what was his constant wish here as elsewhere, but had no sooner entered upon the subject of Christianity than universal murmur, rising into clangor and violent dissent, interrupted him, and Ironbeard took up the discourse in reply. Ironbeard did not break down; on the contrary, he, with great brevity, emphasis, and clearness, signified "that the proposal to reject their old gods was in the highest degree unacceptable to this Thing; that it was contrary to bargain, withal; so that if it were insisted on, they would have to fight with the king

about it; and in fact were now ready to do so." In reply to this, Olaf, without word uttered, but merely with some signal to the trusty armed men he had with him, rushed off to the temple close at hand; burst into it, shutting the door behind him; smashed Thor and Co. to destruction; then reappearing victorious, found much confusion outside, and, in particular, what was a most important item, the rugged Ironbeard done to death by Olaf's men in the interim. Which entirely disheartened the Thing from fighting at that moment; having now no leader who dared to head them in so dangerous an enterprise. So that every one departed to digest his rage in silence as he could.

Matters having cooled for a week or two, there was another Thing held; in which King Olaf testified regret for the quarrel that had fallen out, readiness to pay what *mulct* was due by law for that unlucky homicide of Ironbeard by his people; and, withal, to take the fair daughter of Ironbeard to wife, if all would comply and be friends with him in other matters; which was the course resolved on as most convenient: accept baptism, we; marry Jaernskaegg's daughter, you. This bargain held on both sides. The wedding, too, was celebrated, but that took rather a strange turn. On the morning of the bride-night, Olaf, who had not been sleeping, though his fair partner thought he had, opened his eyes, and saw, with astonishment, the fair partner aiming a long knife ready to strike home upon him! Which at once ended their wedded life; poor Demoiselle Ironbeard immediately bundling off with her attendants home again; King Olaf into the apartment of his servants, mentioning there what had happened, and forbidding any of them to follow her.

Olaf Tryggveson, though his kingdom was the smallest of the Norse Three, had risen to a renown over all the Norse world, which neither he of Denmark nor he of Sweden could pretend to rival. A magnificent, far-shining man; more expert in all "bodily exercises" as the Norse call them, than any man had ever been before him, or after was. Could keep five daggers in the air, always catching the proper fifth by its handle, and sending it aloft again; could shoot supremely, throw a

javelin with either hand; and, in fact, in battle usually threw two together. These, with swimming, climbing, leaping, were the then admirable Fine Arts of the North; in all which Tryggveson appears to have been the Raphael and the Michael Angelo at once. Essentially definable, too, if we look well into him, as a wild bit of real heroism, in such rude guise and environment; a high, true, and great human soul. A jovial burst of laughter in him, withal; a bright, airy, wise way of speech; dressed beautifully and with care; a man admired and loved exceedingly by those he liked; dreaded as death by those he did not like. "Hardly any king," says Snorro, "was ever so well obeyed; by one class out of zeal and love, by the rest out of dread." His glorious course, however, was not to last long.

King Svein of the Double-Beard had not yet completed his conquest of England, — by no means yet, some thirteen horrid years of that still before him! — when, over in Denmark, he found that complaints against him and intricacies had arisen, on the part principally of one Burislav, King of the Wends (far up the Baltic), and in a less degree with the King of Sweden and other minor individuals. Svein earnestly applied himself to settle these, and have his hands free. Burislav, an aged heathen gentleman, proved reasonable and conciliatory; so, too, the King of Sweden, and Dowager Queen Sigrid, his managing mother. Bargain in both these cases got sealed and crowned by marriage. Svein, who had become a widower lately, now wedded Sigrid; and might think, possibly enough, he had got a proud bargain, though a heathen one. Burislav also insisted on marriage with Princess Thyri, the Double-Beard's sister. Thyri, inexpressibly disinclined to wed an aged heathen of that stamp, pleaded hard with her brother; but the Double-Bearded was inexorable; Thyri's wailings and entreaties went for nothing. With some guardian foster-brother, and a serving-maid or two, she had to go on this hated journey. Old Burislav, at sight of her, blazed out into marriage-feast of supreme magnificence, and was charmed to see her; but Thyri would not join the marriage party; refused to eat with it or sit with it at all. Day after day, for six days,

flatly refused; and after nightfall of the sixth, glided out with her foster-brother into the woods, into by-paths and inconceivable wanderings; and, in effect, got home to Denmark. Brother Svein was not for the moment there; probably enough gone to England again. But Thyri knew too well he would not allow her to stay here, or anywhere that he could help, except with the old heathen she had just fled from.

Thyri, looking round the world, saw no likely road for her, but to Olaf Tryggveson in Norway; to beg protection from the most heroic man she knew of in the world. Olaf, except by renown, was not known to her; but by renown he well was. Olaf, at sight of her, promised protection and asylum against all mortals. Nay, in discoursing with Thyri Olaf perceived more and more clearly what a fine handsome being, soul and body, Thyri was; and in a short space of time winded up by proposing marriage to Thyri; who, humbly, and we may fancy with what secret joy, consented to say yes, and become Queen of Norway. In the due months they had a little son, Harald; who, it is credibly recorded, was the joy of both his parents; but who, to their inexpressible sorrow, in about a year died, and vanished from them. This, and one other fact now to be mentioned, is all the wedded history we have of Thyri.

The other fact is, that Thyri had, by inheritance or covenant, not depending on her marriage with old Burislav, considerable properties in Wendland; which, she often reflected, might be not a little behooveful to her here in Norway, where her civil-list was probably but straitened. She spoke of this to her husband; but her husband would take no hold, merely made her gifts, and said, "Pooh, pooh, can't we live without old Burislav and his Wendland properties?" So that the lady sank into ever deeper anxiety and eagerness about this Wendland object; took to weeping; sat weeping whole days; and when Olaf asked, "What ails thee, then?" would answer, or did answer once, "What a different man my father Harald Gormson was [vulgarly called Blue-tooth], compared with some that are now kings! For no King Svein in the world would Harald Gormson have given up his own or his wife's just rights!" Whereupon Tryggveson started up,

exclaiming in some heat, "Of thy brother Svein I never was afraid; if Svein and I meet in contest, it will not be Svein, I believe, that conquers;" and went off in a towering fume. Consented, however, at last, had to consent, to get his fine fleet equipped and armed, and decide to sail with it to Wendland to have speech and settlement with King Burislav.

Tryggveson had already ships and navies that were the wonder of the North. Especially in building war ships, — the Crane, the Serpent, last of all the Long Serpent,[1] — he had, for size, for outward beauty, and inward perfection of equipment, transcended all example.

This new sea expedition became an object of attention to all neighbors; especially Queen Sigrid the Proud and Svein Double-Beard, her now king, were attentive to it.

"This insolent Tryggveson," Queen Sigrid would often say, and had long been saying, to her Svein, "to marry thy sister without leave had or asked of thee; and now flaunting forth his war navies, as if he, king only of paltry Norway, were the big hero of the North! Why do you suffer it, you kings really great?"

By such persuasions and reiterations, King Svein of Denmark, King Olaf of Sweden, and Jarl Eric, now a great man there, grown rich by prosperous sea robbery and other good management, were brought to take the matter up, and combine strenuously for destruction of King Olaf Tryggveson on this grand Wendland expedition of his. Fleets and forces were with best diligence got ready; and, withal, a certain Jarl Sigwald, of Jomsburg, chieftain of the Jomsvikings, a powerful, plausible, and cunning man, was appointed to find means of joining himself to Tryggveson's grand voyage, of getting into Tryggveson's confidence, and keeping Svein Double-Beard, Eric, and the Swedish King aware of all his movements.

King Olaf Tryggveson, unacquainted with all this, sailed away in summer, with his splendid fleet; went through the Belts with prosperous winds, under bright skies, to the admiration of both shores. Such a fleet, with its shining Serpents,

[1] His Long Serpent, judged by some to be of the size of a frigate of forty-five guns (Laing).

long and short, and perfection of equipment and appearance, the Baltic never saw before. Jarl Sigwald joined with new ships by the way: "Had," he too, "a visit to King Burislav to pay; how could he ever do it in better company?" and studiously and skilfully ingratiated himself with King Olaf. Old Burislav, when they arrived, proved altogether courteous, handsome, and amenable; agreed at once to Olaf's claims for his now queen, did the rites of hospitality with a generous plenitude to Olaf; who cheerily renewed acquaintance with that country, known to him in early days (the cradle of his fortunes in the viking line), and found old friends there still surviving, joyful to meet him again. Jarl Sigwald encouraged these delays, King Svein and Co. not being yet quite ready. "Get ready!" Sigwald directed them, and they diligently did. Olaf's men, their business now done, were impatient to be home; and grudged every day of loitering there; but, till Sigwald pleased, such his power of flattering and cajoling Tryggveson, they could not get away.

At length, Sigwald's secret messengers reporting all ready on the part of Svein and Co., Olaf took farewell of Burislav and Wendland, and all gladly sailed away. Svein, Eric, and the Swedish king, with their combined fleets, lay in wait behind some cape in a safe little bay of some island, then called Svolde, but not in our time to be found; the Baltic tumults in the fourteenth century having swallowed it, as some think, and leaving us uncertain whether it was in the neighborhood of Rügen Island or in the Sound of Elsinore. There lay Svein, Eric, and Co. waiting till Tryggveson and his fleet came up, Sigwald's spy messengers daily reporting what progress he and it had made. At length, one bright summer morning, the fleet made appearance, sailing in loose order, Sigwald, as one acquainted with the shoal places, steering ahead, and showing them the way.

Snorro rises into one of his pictorial fits, seized with enthusiasm at the thought of such a fleet, and reports to us largely in what order Tryggveson's winged Coursers of the Deep, in long series, for perhaps an hour or more, came on, and what the three potentates, from their knoll of vantage, said of each

as it hove in sight. Svein thrice over guessed this and the other noble vessel to be the Long Serpent; Eric always correcting him, "No, that is not the Long Serpent yet" (*said aside* always), "Nor shall you be lord of it, king, when it does come." The Long Serpent itself did make appearance. Eric, Svein, and the Swedish king hurried on board, and pushed out of their hiding-place into the open sea. Treacherous Sigwald, at the beginning of all this, had suddenly doubled that cape of theirs, and struck into the bay out of sight, leaving the foremost Tryggveson ships astonished, and uncertain what to do, if it were not simply to strike sail and wait till Olaf himself with the Long Serpent arrived.

Olaf's chief captains, seeing the enemy's huge fleet come out, and how the matter lay, strongly advised King Olaf to elude this stroke of treachery, and, with all sail, hold on his course, fight being now on so unequal terms. Snorro says, the king, high on the quarter-deck where he stood, replied, "Strike the sails; never shall men of mine think of flight. I never fled from battle. Let God dispose of my life; but flight I will never take." And so the battle arrangements immediately began, and the battle with all fury went loose; and lasted hour after hour, till almost sunset, if I well recollect. "Olaf stood on the Serpent's quarter-deck," says Snorro, "high over the others. He had a gilt shield and a helmet inlaid with gold; over his armor he had a short red coat, and was easily distinguished from other men." Snorro's account of the battle is altogether animated, graphic, and so minute that antiquaries gather from it, if so disposed (which we but little are), what the methods of Norse sea-fighting were; their shooting of arrows, casting of javelins, pitching of big stones, ultimately boarding, and mutual clashing and smashing, which it would not avail us to speak of here. Olaf stood conspicuous all day, throwing javelins, of deadly aim, with both hands at once; encouraging, fighting and commanding like a highest sea-king.

The Danish fleet, the Swedish fleet, were, both of them, quickly dealt with, and successively withdrew out of shot-range. And then Jarl Eric came up, and fiercely grappled

with the Long Serpent, or, rather, with her surrounding comrades; and gradually, as they were beaten empty of men, with the Long Serpent herself. The fight grew ever fiercer, more furious. Eric was supplied with new men from the Swedes and Danes; Olaf had no such resource, except from the crews of his own beaten ships, and at length this also failed him; all his ships, except the Long Serpent, being beaten and emptied. Olaf fought on unyielding. Eric twice boarded him, was twice repulsed. Olaf kept his quarter-deck; unconquerable, though left now more and more hopeless, fatally short of help. A tall young man, called Einar Tamberskelver, very celebrated and important afterwards in Norway, and already the best archer known, kept busy with his bow. Twice he nearly shot Jarl Eric in his ship. "Shoot me that man," said Jarl Eric to a bowman near him; and, just as Tamberskelver was drawing his bow the third time, an arrow hit it in the middle and broke it in two. "What is this that has broken?" asked King Olaf. "Norway from thy hand, king," answered Tamberskelver. Tryggveson's men, he observed with surprise, were striking violently on Eric's; but to no purpose; nobody fell. "How is this?" asked Tryggveson. "Our swords are notched and blunted, king; they do not cut." Olaf stept down to his arm-chest; delivered out new swords: and it was observed as he did it, blood ran trickling from his wrist; but none knew where the wound was. Eric boarded a third time. Olaf, left with hardly more than one man, sprang overboard (one sees that red coat of his still glancing in the evening sun), and sank in the deep waters to his long rest.

Rumor ran among his people that he still was not dead; grounding on some movement by the ships of that traitorous Sigwald, they fancied Olaf had dived beneath the keels of his enemies, and got away with Sigwald, as Sigwald himself evidently did. "Much was hoped, supposed, spoken," says one old mourning Skald; "but the truth was, Olaf Tryggveson was never seen in Norseland more." Strangely he remains still a shining figure to us; the wildly beautifulest man, in body and in soul, that one has ever heard of in the North.

CHAPTER VIII.

JARLS ERIC AND SVEIN.

Jarl Eric, splendent with this victory, not to speak of that over the Jomsburgers with his father long ago, was now made Governor of Norway: Governor or quasi-sovereign, with his brother, Jarl Svein, as partner, who, however, took but little hand in governing; — and, under the patronage of Svein Double-Beard and the then Swedish king (Olaf his name, Sigrid the Proud, his mother's), administered it, they say, with skill and prudence for above fourteen years. Tryggveson's death is understood and laboriously computed to have happened in the year 1000; but there is no exact chronology in these things, but a continual uncertain guessing after such; so that one eye in History as regards them is as if put out; — neither indeed have I yet had the luck to find any decipherable and intelligible map of Norway: so that the other eye of History is much blinded withal, and her path through those wild regions and epochs is an extremely dim and chaotic one. An evil that much demands remedying, and especially wants some first attempt at remedying, by inquirers into English History; the whole period from Egbert, the first Saxon King of England, on to Edward the Confessor, the last, being everywhere completely interwoven with that of their mysterious, continually invasive "Danes," as they call them, and inextricably unintelligible till these also get to be a little understood, and cease to be utterly dark, hideous, and mythical to us as they now are.

King Olaf Tryggveson is the first Norseman who is expressly mentioned to have been in England by our English History books, new or old; and of him it is merely said that he had an interview with King Ethelred II. at Andover, of a pacific and friendly nature, — though it is absurdly added that the noble Olaf was converted to Christianity by that extremely

stupid Royal Person. Greater contrast in an interview than in this at Andover, between heroic Olaf Tryggveson and Ethelred the forever Unready, was not perhaps seen in the terrestrial Planet that day. Olaf, or "Olaus," or "Anlaf," as they name him, did "engage on oath to Ethelred not to invade England any more," and kept his promise, they farther say. Essentially a truth, as we already know, though the circumstances were all different; and the promise was to a devout High Priest, not to a crowned Blockhead and cowardly Do-nothing. One other "Olaus" I find mentioned in our Books, two or three centuries before, at a time when there existed no such individual; not to speak of several Anlafs, who sometimes seem to mean Olaf, and still oftener to mean nobody possible. Which occasions not a little obscurity in our early History, says the learned Selden. A thing remediable, too, in which, if any Englishman of due genius (or even capacity for standing labor), who understood the Icelandic and Anglo-Saxon languages, would engage in it, he might do a great deal of good, and bring the matter into a comparatively lucid state. Vain aspirations, — or perhaps not altogether vain.

At the time of Olaf Tryggveson's death, and indeed long before, King Svein Double-Beard had always for chief enterprise the Conquest of England, and followed it by fits with extreme violence and impetus; often advancing largely towards a successful conclusion; but never, for thirteen years yet, getting it concluded. He possessed long since all England north of Watling Street. That is to say, Northumberland, East Anglia (naturally full of Danish settlers by this time), were fixedly his; Mercia, his oftener than not; Wessex itself, with all the coasts, he was free to visit, and to burn and rob in at discretion. There or elsewhere, Ethelred the Unready had no battle in him whatever; and, for a forty years after the beginning of his reign, England excelled in anarchic stupidity, murderous devastation, utter misery, platitude, and sluggish contemptibility, all the countries one has read of. Apparently a very opulent country, too; a ready skill in such arts and fine arts as there were; Svein's very ships, they say, had their gold dragons, top-mast pennons, and other metallic splendors gener-

ally wrought for them in England. "Unexampled prosperity" in the manufacture way not unknown there, it would seem! But co-existing with such spiritual bankruptcy as was also unexampled, one would hope. Read *Lupus* (Wulfstan), Archbishop of York's amazing *Sermon* on the subject,[1] addressed to contemporary audiences; setting forth such a state of things, — sons selling their fathers, mothers, and sisters as Slaves to the Danish robber; themselves living in debauchery, blusterous gluttony, and depravity; the details of which are well-nigh incredible, though clearly stated as things generally known, — the humor of these poor wretches sunk to a state of what we may call greasy desperation, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." The manner in which they treated their own English nuns, if young, good-looking, and captive to the Danes; buying them on a kind of brutish or subterbrutish "Greatest Happiness Principle" (for the moment), and by a Joint-Stock arrangement, far transcends all human speech or imagination, and awakens in one the momentary red-hot thought, The Danes have served you right, ye accursed! The so-called soldiers, one finds, made not the least fight anywhere; could make none, led and guided as they were: and the "Generals" often enough traitors, always ignorant, and blockheads, were in the habit, when expressly commanded to fight, of taking physic, and declaring that nature was incapable of castor-oil and battle both at once. This ought to be explained a little to the modern English and their War-Secretaries, who undertake the conduct of armies. The undeniable fact is, defeat on defeat was the constant fate of the English; during these forty years not one battle in which they were not beaten. No gleam of victory or real resistance till the noble Edmund Ironside (whom it is always strange to me how such an Ethelred could produce for son) made his appearance and ran his brief course, like a great and far-seen meteor, soon extinguished without result. No remedy for England in that base time, but yearly asking the victorious, plundering, burning and murdering

[1] This sermon was printed by Hearne; and is given also by Langebek in his excellent Collection, *Rerum Danicarum Scriptores Medii Ævi.* Hafniæ, 1772–1834.

Danes, "How much money will you take to go away?" Thirty thousand pounds in silver, which the annual *Danegelt* soon rose to, continued to be about the average yearly sum, though generally on the increasing hand; in the last year I think it had risen to seventy-two thousand pounds in silver, raised yearly by a tax (Income-Tax of its kind, rudely levied), the worst of all remedies, good for the day only. Nay, there was one remedy still worse, which the miserable Ethelred once tried: that of massacring "all the Danes settled in England" (practically, of a few thousands or hundreds of them), by treachery and a kind of Sicilian Vespers. Which issued, as such things usually do, in terrible monition to you not to try the like again! Issued, namely, in redoubled fury on the Danish part; new fiercer invasion by Svein's Jarl Thorkel; then by Svein himself; which latter drove the miserable Ethelred, with wife and family, into Normandy, to wife's brother, the then Duke there; and ended that miserable struggle by Svein's becoming King of England himself. Of this disgraceful massacre, which it would appear has been immensely exaggerated in the English books, we can happily give the exact date (A.D. 1002); and also of Svein's victorious accession (A.D. 1013),[1] — pretty much the only benefit one gets out of contemplating such a set of objects.

King Svein's first act was to levy a terribly increased Income-Tax for the payment of his army. Svein was levying it with a stronghanded diligence, but had not yet done levying it, when, at Gainsborough one night, he suddenly died; smitten dead, once used to be said, by St. Edmund, whilom murdered King of the East Angles; who could not bear to see his shrine and monastery of St. Edmundsbury plundered by the Tyrant's tax-collectors, as they were on the point of being. In all ways impossible, however, — Edmund's own death did not occur till two years after Svein's. Svein's death, by whatever cause, befell 1014; his fleet, then lying in the Humber; and only Knut,[2] his eldest son (hardly yet eighteen, count some), in charge of it; who, on short counsel, and arrangement about this questionable

[1] Kennet, i. 67; Rapin, i. 119, 121 (from the *Saxon Chronicle* both).

[2] Knut born A.D. 988 according to Munch's calculation (ii. 126).

kingdom of his, lifted anchor; made for Sandwich, a safer station at the moment; "cut off the feet and noses" (one shudders, and hopes Not, there being some discrepancy about it!) of his numerous hostages that had been delivered to King Svein; set them ashore; — and made for Denmark, his natural storehouse and stronghold, as the hopefulest first thing he could do.

Knut soon returned from Denmark, with increase of force sufficient for the English problem; which latter he now ended in a victorious, and essentially, for himself and chaotic England, beneficent manner. Became widely known by and by, there and elsewhere, as Knut the Great; and is thought by judges of our day to have really merited that title. A most nimble, sharp-striking, clear-thinking, prudent and effective man, who regulated this dismembered and distracted England in its Church matters, in its State matters, like a real King. Had a Standing Army (*House Carles*), who were well paid, well drilled and disciplined, capable of instantly quenching insurrection or breakage of the peace; and piously endeavored (with a signal earnestness, and even devoutness, if we look well) to do justice to all men, and to make all men rest satisfied with justice. In a word, he successfully strapped up, by every true method and regulation, this miserable, dislocated, and dissevered mass of bleeding Anarchy into something worthy to be called an England again; — only that he died too soon, and a second "Conqueror" of us, still weightier of structure, and under improved auspices, became possible, and was needed here! To appearance, Knut himself was capable of being a Charlemagne of England and the North (as has been already said or quoted), had he only lived twice as long as he did. But his whole sum of years seems not to have exceeded forty.* His father Svein of the Forkbeard is reckoned to have been fifty to sixty when St. Edmund finished him at Gainsborough. We now return to Norway, ashamed of this long circuit which has been a truancy more or less.

CHAPTER IX.

KING OLAF THE THICK-SET'S VIKING DAYS.

King Harald Grænske, who, with another from Russia accidentally lodging beside him, got burned to death in Sweden, courting that unspeakable Sigrid the Proud, — was third cousin or so to Tryggve, father of our heroic Olaf. Accurately counted, he is great-grandson of Bjorn the Chapman, first of Haarfagr's sons whom Eric Bloodaxe made away with. His little "kingdom," as he called it, was a district named the Greenland (*Græneland*); he himself was one of those little Haarfagr kinglets whom Hakon Jarl, much more Olaf Tryggveson, was content to leave reigning, since they would keep the peace with him. Harald had a loving wife of his own, Aasta the name of her, soon expecting the birth of her and his pretty babe, named Olaf, — at the time he went on that deplorable Swedish adventure, the foolish, fated creature, and ended self and kingdom altogether. Aasta was greatly shocked; composed herself however; married a new husband, Sigurd Syr, a kinglet, and a great-grandson of Harald Fairhair, a man of great wealth, prudence, and influence in those countries; in whose house, as favorite and well-beloved stepson, little Olaf was wholesomely and skilfully brought up. In Sigurd's house he had, withal, a special tutor entertained for him, one Rane, known as Rane the Far-travelled, by whom he could be trained, from the earliest basis, in Norse accomplishments and arts. New children came, one or two; but Olaf, from his mother, seems always to have known that he was the distinguished and royal article there. One day his Foster-father, hurrying to leave home on business, hastily bade Olaf, no other being by, saddle his horse for him. Olaf went out with the saddle, chose the biggest he-goat about, saddled that, and brought it to the door by way of horse. Old Sigurd, a most grave man, grinned sardonically at the sight. "Hah, I see thou hast no mind to take commands

from me; thou art of too high a humor to take commands." To which, says Snorro, Boy Olaf answered little except by laughing, till Sigurd saddled for himself, and rode away. His mother Aasta appears to have been a thoughtful, prudent woman, though always with a fierce royalism at the bottom of her memory, and a secret implacability on that head.

At the age of twelve Olaf went to sea; furnished with a little fleet, and skilful sea-counsellor, expert old Rane, by his Foster-father, and set out to push his fortune in the world. Rane was a steersman and counsellor in these incipient times; but the crew always called Olaf "King," though at first, as Snorro thinks, except it were in the hour of battle, he merely pulled an oar. He cruised and fought in this capacity on many seas and shores; passed several years, perhaps till the age of nineteen or twenty, in this wild element and way of life; fighting always in a glorious and distinguished manner. In the hour of battle, diligent enough "to amass property," as the Vikings termed it; and in the long days and nights of sailing, given over, it is likely, to his own thoughts and the unfathomable dialogue with the ever-moaning Sea; not the worst High School a man could have, and indeed infinitely preferable to the most that are going even now, for a high and deep young soul.

His first distinguished expedition was to Sweden: natural to go thither first, to avenge his poor father's death, were it nothing more. Which he did, the Skalds say, in a distinguished manner; making victorious and handsome battle for himself, in entering Mælare Lake; and in getting out of it again, after being frozen there all winter, showing still more surprising, almost miraculous contrivance and dexterity. This was the first of his glorious victories; of which the Skalds reckon up some fourteen or thirteen very glorious indeed, mostly in the Western and Southern countries, most of all in England; till the name of Olaf Haraldson became quite famous in the Viking and strategic world. He seems really to have learned the secrets of his trade, and to have been, then and afterwards, for vigilance, contrivance, valor, and promptitude of execution, a superior fighter. Several exploits recorded of him betoken, in simple forms, what may be called a military genius.

The principal, and to us the alone interesting, of his exploits seem to have lain in England, and, what is further notable, always on the anti-Svein side. English books do not mention him at all that I can find; but it is fairly credible that, as the Norse records report, in the end of Ethelred's reign, he was the ally or hired general of Ethelred, and did a great deal of sea-fighting, watching, sailing, and sieging for this miserable king and Edmund Ironside, his son. Snorro says expressly, London, the impregnable city, had to be besieged again for Ethelred's behoof (in the interval between Svein's death and young Knut's getting back from Denmark), and that our Olaf Haraldson was the great engineer and victorious captor of London on that singular occasion, — London captured for the first time. The Bridge, as usual, Snorro says, offered almost insuperable obstacles. But the engineering genius of Olaf contrived huge "platforms of wainscoting [old walls of wooden houses, in fact], bound together by withes;" these, carried steadily aloft above the ships, will (thinks Olaf) considerably secure them and us from the destructive missiles, big boulder stones, and other mischief profusely showered down on us, till we get under the Bridge with axes and cables, and do some good upon it. Olaf's plan was tried; most of the other ships, in spite of their wainscoting and withes, recoiled on reaching the Bridge, so destructive were the boulder and other missile showers. But Olaf's ships and self got actually under the Bridge; fixed all manner of cables there; and then, with the river current in their favor, and the frightened ships rallying to help in this safer part of the enterprise, tore out the important piles and props, and fairly broke the poor Bridge, wholly or partly, down into the river, and its Danish defenders into immediate surrender. That is Snorro's account.

On a previous occasion, Olaf had been deep in a hopeful combination with Ethelred's two younger sons, Alfred and Edward, afterwards King Edward the Confessor: That they two should sally out from Normandy in strong force, unite with Olaf in ditto, and, landing on the Thames, do something effectual for themselves. But impediments, bad weather or the like, disheartened the poor Princes, and it came to nothing.

Olaf was much in Normandy, what they then called Walland; a man held in honor by those Norman Dukes.

What amount of "property" he had amassed I do not know, but could prove, were it necessary, that he had acquired some tactical or even strategic faculty and real talent for war. At Lymfjord, in Jutland, but some years after this (A.D. 1027), he had a sea-battle with the great Knut himself, — ships combined with flood-gates, with roaring, artificial deluges; right well managed by King Olaf; which were within a hair's-breadth of destroying Knut, now become a King and Great; and did in effect send him instantly running. But of this more particularly by and by.

What still more surprises me is the mystery, where Olaf, in this wandering, fighting, sea-roving life, acquired his deeply religious feeling, his intense adherence to the Christian Faith. I suppose it had been in England, where many pious persons, priestly and other, were still to be met with, that Olaf had gathered these doctrines; and that in those his unfathomable dialogues with the ever-moaning Ocean, they had struck root downwards in the soul of him, and borne fruit upwards to the degree so conspicuous afterwards. It is certain he became a deeply pious man during these long Viking cruises; and directed all his strength, when strength and authority were lent him, to establishing the Christian religion in his country, and suppressing and abolishing Vikingism there; both of which objects, and their respective worth and unworth, he must himself have long known so well.

It was well on in A.D. 1016 that Knut gained his last victory, at Ashdon, in Essex, where the earth pyramids and antique church near by still testify the thankful piety of Knut, — or, at lowest his joy at having *won* instead of lost and perished, as he was near doing there. And it was still this same year when the noble Edmund Ironside, after forced partition-treaty "in the Isle of Alney," got scandalously murdered, and Knut became indisputable sole King of England, and decisively settled himself to his work of governing there. In the year before either of which events, while all still hung uncertain for Knut, and even Eric Jarl of Norway had to be summoned in aid of him, —

in that year 1015, as one might naturally guess, and as all Icelandic hints and indications lead us to date the thing, Olaf had decided to give up Vikingism in all its forms; to return to Norway, and try whether he could not assert the place and career that belonged to him there. Jarl Eric had vanished with all his war forces towards England, leaving only a boy, Hakon, as successor, and Svein, his own brother, — a quiet man, who had always avoided war. Olaf landed in Norway without obstacle; but decided to be quiet till he had himself examined and consulted friends.

His reception by his mother Aasta was of the kindest and proudest, and is lovingly described by Snorro. A pretty idyllic or epic piece, of *Norse* Homeric type: How Aasta, hearing of her son's advent, set all her maids and menials to work at the top of their speed; despatched a runner to the harvest-field, where her husband Sigurd was, to warn him to come home and dress. How Sigurd was standing among his harvest folk, reapers and binders; and what he had on, — broad slouch hat, with veil (against the midges), blue kirtle, hose of I forget what color, with laced boots; and in his hand a stick with silver head and ditto ring upon it; — a personable old gentleman, of the eleventh century, in those parts. Sigurd was cautious, prudentially cunctatory, though heartily friendly in his counsel to Olaf, as to the King question. Aasta had a Spartan tone in her wild maternal heart; and assures Olaf that she, with a half-reproachful glance at Sigurd, will stand by him to the death in this his just and noble enterprise. Sigurd promises to consult farther in his neighborhood, and to correspond by messages; the result is, Olaf, resolutely pushing forward himself, resolves to call a Thing, and openly claim his kingship there. The Thing itself was willing enough: opposition parties do here and there bestir themselves; but Olaf is always swifter than they. Five kinglets somewhere in the Uplands,[1] — all descendants of Haarfagr; but averse to break the peace, which Jarl Eric and Hakon Jarl both have always willingly allowed to peaceable people, — seem to be the main opposition party. These five take the field against Olaf with what force they

[1] Snorro, Laing's Translation, ii. p. 31 et seq., will minutely specify.

have; Olaf, one night, by beautiful celerity and strategic practice which a Friedrich or a Turenne might have approved, surrounds these Five; and when morning breaks, there is nothing for them but either death or else instant surrender, and swearing of fealty to King Olaf. Which latter branch of the alternative they gladly accept, the whole five of them, and go home again.

This was a beautiful bit of war-practice by King Olaf on land. By another stroke still more compendious at sea, he had already settled poor young Hakon, and made him peaceable for a long while. Olaf, by diligent quest and spy-messaging, had ascertained that Hakon, just returning from Denmark and farewell to Papa and Knut, both now under way for England, was coasting north towards Trondhjem; and intended on or about such a day to land in such and such a fjord towards the end of this Trondhjem voyage. Olaf at once mans two big ships, steers through the narrow mouth of the said fjord, moors one ship on the north shore, another on the south; fixes a strong cable, well sunk under water, to the capstans of these two; and in all quietness waits for Hakon. Before many hours, Hakon's royal or quasi-royal barge steers gaily into this fjord; is a little surprised, perhaps, to see within the jaws of it two big ships at anchor; but steers gallantly along, nothing doubting. Olaf, with a signal of "All hands," works his two capstans; has the cable up high enough at the right moment, catches with it the keel of poor Hakon's barge, upsets it, empties it wholly into the sea. Wholly into the sea; saves Hakon, however, and his people from drowning, and brings them on board. His dialogue with poor young Hakon, especially poor young Hakon's responses, is very pretty. Shall I give it, out of Snorro, and let the reader take it for as authentic as he can? It is at least the true image of it in authentic Snorro's *head*, little more than two centuries later.

"Jarl Hakon was led up to the king's ship. He was the handsomest man that could be seen. He had long hair as fine as silk, bound about his head with a gold ornament. When he sat down in the forehold the king said to him: —

King. "'It is not false, what is said of your family, that

ye are handsome people to look at; but now your luck has deserted you.'

Hakon. "'It has always been the case that success is changeable; and there is no luck in the matter. It has gone with your family as with mine to have by turns the better lot. I am little beyond childhood in years; and at any rate we could not have defended ourselves, as we did not expect any attack on the way. It may turn out better with us another time.'

King. "'Dost thou not apprehend that thou art in such a condition that, hereafter, there can be neither victory nor defeat for thee?'

Hakon. "'That is what only thou canst determine, King, according to thy pleasure.'

King. "'What wilt thou give me, Jarl, if, for this time, I let thee go, whole and unhurt?'

Hakon. "'What wilt thou take, King?'

King. "'Nothing, except that thou shalt leave the country; give up thy kingdom; and take an oath that thou wilt never go into battle against me.'"[1]

Jarl Hakon accepted the generous terms; went to England and King Knut, and kept his bargain for a good few years; though he was at last driven, by pressure of King Knut, to violate it, — little to his profit, as we shall see. One victorious naval battle with Jarl Svein, Hakon's uncle, and his adherents, who fled to Sweden, after his beating, — battle not difficult to a skilful, hard-hitting king, — was pretty much all the actual fighting Olaf had to do in this enterprise. He various times met angry Bonders and refractory Things with arms in their hand; but by skilful, firm management, — perfectly patient, but also perfectly ready to be active, — he mostly managed without coming to strokes; and was universally recognized by Norway as its real king. A promising young man, and fit to be a king, thinks Snorro. Only of middle stature, almost rather shortish; but firm-standing, and stout-built; so that they got to call him Olaf the Thick (meaning Olaf the Thick-*set*, or Stout-built), though his final epithet among them was infinitely higher. For

[1] Snorro, ii. pp. 24, 25.

the rest, "a comely, earnest, prepossessing look; beautiful yellow hair in quantity; broad, honest face, of a complexion pure as snow and rose;" and finally (or firstly) "the brightest eyes in the world; such that, in his anger, no man could stand them." He had a heavy task ahead, and needed all his qualities and fine gifts to get it done.

CHAPTER X.

REIGN OF KING OLAF THE SAINT.

THE late two Jarls, now gone about their business, had both been baptized, and called themselves Christians. But during their government they did nothing in the conversion way; left every man to choose his own God or Gods; so that some had actually two, the Christian God by land, and at sea Thor, whom they considered safer in that element. And in effect the mass of the people had fallen back into a sluggish heathenism or half-heathenism, the life-labor of Olaf Tryggveson lying ruinous or almost quite overset. The new Olaf, son of Harald, set himself with all his strength to mend such a state of matters; and stood by his enterprise to the end, as the one highest interest, including all others, for his People and him. His method was by no means soft; on the contrary, it was hard, rapid, severe, — somewhat on the model of Tryggveson's, though with more of *bishoping* and preaching superadded. Yet still there was a great deal of mauling, vigorous punishing, and an entire intolerance of these two things: Heathenism and Sea-robbery, at least of Sea-robbery in the old style; whether in the style we moderns still practise, and call privateering, I do not quite know. But Vikingism proper had to cease in Norway; still more, Heathenism, under penalties too severe to be borne; death, mutilation of limb, not to mention forfeiture and less rigorous coercion. Olaf was inexorable against violation of the law. "Too severe," cried many; to whom one answers, "Perhaps in part *yes*, perhaps also in

great part *no;* depends altogether on the previous question, How far the law was the eternal one of God Almighty in the universe, How far the law merely of Olaf (destitute of right inspiration) left to his own passions and whims?"

Many were the jangles Olaf had with the refractory Heathen Things and Ironbeards of a new generation: very curious to see. Scarcely ever did it come to fighting between King and Thing, though often enough near it; but the Thing discerning, as it usually did in time, that the King was stronger in men, seemed to say unanimously to itself, "We have lost, then; baptize us, we must burn our old gods and conform." One new feature we do slightly discern: here and there a touch of theological argument on the heathen side. At one wild Thing, far up in the Dovrefjeld, of a very heathen temper, there was much of that; not to be quenched by King Olaf at the moment; so that it had to be adjourned till the morrow, and again till the next day. Here are some traits of it, much abridged from Snorro (who gives a highly punctual account), which vividly represent Olaf's posture and manner of proceeding in such intricacies.

The chief Ironbeard on this occasion was one Gudbrand, a very rugged peasant; who, says Snorro, was like a king in that district. Some days before, King Olaf, intending a religious Thing in those deeply heathen parts, with alternative of Christianity or conflagration, is reported, on looking down into the valley and the beautiful village of Loar standing there, to have said wistfully, "What a pity it is that so beautiful a village should be burnt!" Olaf sent out his message-token all the same, however, and met Gudbrand and an immense assemblage, whose humor towards him was uncompliant to a high degree indeed. Judge by this preliminary speech of Gudbrand to his Thing-people, while Olaf was not yet arrived, but only advancing, hardly got to Breeden on the other side of the hill: "A man has come to Loar who is called Olaf," said Gudbrand, "and will force upon us another faith than we had before, and will break in pieces all our Gods. He says he has a much greater and more powerful God; and it is wonderful that the earth does not burst asunder under him, or that our God lets

him go about unpunished when he dares to talk such things. I know this for certain, that if we carry Thor, who has always stood by us, out of our Temple that is standing upon this farm, Olaf's God will melt away, and he and his men be made nothing as soon as Thor looks upon them." Whereupon the Bonders all shouted as one man, "Yea!"

Which tremendous message they even forwarded to Olaf, by Gudbrand's younger son at the head of 700 armed men; but did not terrify Olaf with it, who, on the contrary, drew up his troops, rode himself at the head of them, and began a speech to the Bonders, in which he invited them to adopt Christianity, as the one true faith for mortals.

Far from consenting to this, the Bonders raised a general shout, smiting at the same time their shields with their weapons; but Olaf's men advancing on them swiftly, and flinging spears, they turned and ran, leaving Gudbrand's son behind, a prisoner, to whom Olaf gave his life: "Go home now to thy father, and tell him I mean to be with him soon."

The son goes accordingly, and advises his father not to face Olaf; but Gudbrand angrily replies: "Ha, coward! I see thou, too, art taken by the folly that man is going about with;" and is resolved to fight. That night, however, Gudbrand has a most remarkable Dream, or Vision: a Man surrounded by light, bringing great terror with him, who warns Gudbrand against doing battle with Olaf. "If thou dost, thou and all thy people will fall; wolves will drag away thee and thine, ravens will tear thee in stripes!" And lo, in telling this to Thord Potbelly, a sturdy neighbor of his and henchman in the Thing, it is found that to Thord also has come the self-same terrible Apparition! Better propose truce to Olaf (who seems to have these dreadful Ghostly Powers on his side), and the holding of a Thing, to discuss matters between us. Thing assembles, on a day of heavy rain. Being all seated, uprises King Olaf, and informs them: "The people of Lesso, Loar, and Vaage, have accepted Christianity, and broken down their idol-houses: they believe now in the True God, who has made heaven and earth, and knows all things;" and sits down again without more words.

"Gudbrand replies, 'We know nothing about him of whom thou speakest. Dost thou call him God, whom neither thou nor any one else can see? But we have a God who can be seen every day, although he is not out to-day because the weather is wet; and he will appear to thee terrible and very grand; and I expect that fear will mix with thy very blood when he comes into the Thing. But since thou sayest thy God is so great, let him make it so that to-morrow we have a cloudy day, but without rain, and then let us meet again.'

"The king accordingly returned home to his lodging, taking Gudbrand's son as a hostage; but he gave them a man as hostage in exchange. In the evening the king asked Gudbrand's son What their God was like? He replied that he bore the likeness of Thor; had a hammer in his hand; was of great size, but hollow within; and had a high stand, upon which he stood when he was out. 'Neither gold nor silver are wanting about him, and every day he receives four cakes of bread, besides meat.' They then went to bed; but the king watched all night in prayer. When day dawned the king went to mass; then to table, and from thence to the Thing. The weather was such as Gudbrand desired. Now the Bishop stood up in his choir-robes, with bishop's coif on his head, and bishop's crosier in his hand. He spoke to the Bonders of the true faith, told the many wonderful acts of God, and concluded his speech well.

"Thord Potbelly replies, 'Many things we are told of by this learned man with the staff in his hand, crooked at the top like a ram's horn. But since you say, comrades, that your God is so powerful, and can do so many wonders, tell him to make it clear sunshine to-morrow forenoon, and then we shall meet here again, and do one of two things, — either agree with you about this business, or fight you.' And they separated for the day."

Overnight the king instructed Kolbein the Strong, an immense fellow, the same who killed Gunhild's two brothers, that he, Kolbein, must stand next him to-morrow; people must go down to where the ships of the Bonders lay, and punctually bore holes in every one of them; *item*, to the

farms where their horses were, and punctually unhalter the whole of them, and let them loose: all which was done. Snorro continues: —

"Now the king was in prayer all night, beseeching God of his goodness and mercy to release him from evil. When mass was ended, and morning was gray, the king went to the Thing. When he came thither, some Bonders had already arrived, and they saw a great crowd coming along, and bearing among them a huge man's image, glancing with gold and silver. When the Bonders who were at the Thing saw it, they started up, and bowed themselves down before the ugly idol. Thereupon it was set down upon the Thing field; and on the one side of it sat the Bonders, and on the other the King and his people.

"Then Dale Gudbrand stood up and said, 'Where now, king, is thy God? I think he will now carry his head lower; and neither thou, nor the man with the horn, sitting beside thee there, whom thou callest Bishop, are so bold to-day as on the former days. For now our God, who rules over all, is come, and looks on you with an angry eye; and now I see well enough that you are terrified, and scarcely dare raise your eyes. Throw away now all your opposition, and believe in the God who has your fate wholly in his hands.'

"The king now whispers to Kolbein the Strong, without the Bonders perceiving it, 'If it come so in the course of my speech that the Bonders look another way than towards their idol, strike him as hard as thou canst with thy club.'

"The king then stood up and spoke: 'Much hast thou talked to us this morning, and greatly hast thou wondered that thou canst not see our God; but we expect that he will soon come to us. Thou wouldst frighten us with thy God, who is both blind and deaf, and cannot even move about without being carried; but now I expect it will be but a short time before he meets his fate: for turn your eyes towards the east, — behold our God advancing in great light.'

"The sun was rising, and all turned to look. At that moment Kolbein gave their God a stroke, so that he quite burst asunder; and there ran out of him mice as big almost as cats,

and reptiles and adders. The Bonders were so terrified that some fled to their ships; but when they sprang out upon them the ships filled with water, and could not get away. Others ran to their horses, but could not find them. The king then ordered the Bonders to be called together, saying he wanted to speak with them; on which the Bonders came back, and the Thing was again seated.

"The king rose up and said, 'I do not understand what your noise and running mean. You yourselves see what your God can do, — the idol you adorned with gold and silver, and brought meat and provisions to. You see now that the protecting powers, who used and got good of all that, were the mice and adders, the reptiles and lizards; and surely they do ill who trust to such, and will not abandon this folly. Take now your gold and ornaments that are lying strewed on the grass, and give them to your wives and daughters, but never hang them hereafter upon stocks and stones. Here are two conditions between us to choose upon: either accept Christianity, or fight this very day, and the victory be to them to whom the God we worship gives it.'

"Then Dale Gudbrand stood up and said, 'We have sustained great damage upon our God; but since he will not help us, we will believe in the God whom thou believest in.'

"Then all received Christianity. The Bishop baptized Gudbrand and his son. King Olaf and Bishop Sigurd left behind them teachers; and they who met as enemies parted as friends. And afterwards Gudbrand built a church in the valley."[1]

Olaf was by no means an unmerciful man, — much the reverse where he saw good cause. There was a wicked old King Rærik, for example, one of those five kinglets whom, with their bits of armaments, Olaf by stratagem had surrounded one night, and at once bagged and subjected when morning rose, all of them consenting; all of them except this Rærik, whom Olaf, as the readiest sure course, took home with him; blinded, and kept in his own house; finding there was no alternative but that or death to the obstinate old dog, who

[1] Snorro, ii. pp. 156–161.

was a kind of distant cousin withal, and could not conscientiously be killed. Stone-blind old Rærik was not always in murderous humor. Indeed, for most part he wore a placid, conciliatory aspect, and said shrewd amusing things; but had thrice over tried, with amazing cunning of contrivance, though stone-blind, to thrust a dagger into Olaf, and the last time had all but succeeded. So that, as Olaf still refused to have him killed, it had become a problem what was to be done with him. Olaf's good humor, as well as his quiet, ready sense and practicality, are manifested in his final settlement of this Rærik problem. Olaf's laugh, I can perceive, was not so loud as Tryggveson's, but equally hearty, coming from the bright mind of him!

Besides blind Rærik, Olaf had in his household one Thorarin, an Icelander; a remarkably ugly man, says Snorro, but a far-travelled, shrewdly observant, loyal-minded, and good-humored person, whom Olaf liked to talk with. "Remarkably ugly," says Snorro, "especially in his hands and feet, which were large and ill-shaped to a degree." One morning Thorarin, who, with other trusted ones, slept in Olaf's apartment, was lazily dozing and yawning, and had stretched one of his feet out of the bed before the king awoke. The foot was still there when Olaf did open his bright eyes, which instantly lighted on this foot.

"Well, here is a foot," says Olaf, gayly, "which one seldom sees the match of; I durst venture there is not another so ugly in this city of Nidaros."

"Hah, king!" said Thorarin, "there are few things one cannot match if one seek long and take pains. I would bet, with thy permission, King, to find an uglier."

"Done!" cried Olaf. Upon which Thorarin stretched out the other foot.

"A still uglier," cried he; "for it has lost the little toe."

"Ho, ho!" said Olaf; "but it is I who have gained the bet. The *less* of an ugly thing the less ugly, not the more!"

Loyal Thorarin respectfully submitted.

"What is to be my penalty, then? The king it is that must decide."

"To take me that wicked old Rærik to Leif Ericson in Greenland."

Which the Icelander did; leaving two vacant seats henceforth at Olaf's table. Leif Ericson, son of Eric discoverer of America, quietly managed Rærik henceforth; sent him to Iceland, — I think to father Eric himself; certainly to some safe hand there, in whose house, or in some still quieter neighboring lodging, at his own choice, old Rærik spent the last three years of his life in a perfectly quiescent manner.

Olaf's struggles in the matter of religion had actually settled that question in Norway. By these rough methods of his, whatever we may think of them, Heathenism had got itself smashed dead; and was no more heard of in that country. Olaf himself was evidently a highly devout and pious man; — whosoever is born with Olaf's temper now will still find, as Olaf did, new and infinite field for it! Christianity in Norway had the like fertility as in other countries; or even rose to a higher, and what Dahlmann thinks, exuberant pitch, in the course of the two centuries which followed that of Olaf. Him all testimony represents to us as a most righteous no less than most religious king. Continually vigilant, just, and rigorous was Olaf's administration of the laws; repression of robbery, punishment of injustice, stern repayment of evil-doers, wherever he could lay hold of them.

Among the Bonder or opulent class, and indeed everywhere, for the poor too can be sinners and need punishment, Olaf had, by this course of conduct, naturally made enemies. His severity so visible to all, and the justice and infinite beneficence of it so invisible except to a very few. But, at any rate, his reign for the first ten years was victorious; and might have been so to the end, had it not been intersected, and interfered with, by King Knut in *his* far bigger orbit and current of affairs and interests. Knut's English affairs and Danish being all settled to his mind, he seems, especially after that year of pilgrimage to Rome, and association with the Pontiffs and Kaisers of the world on that occasion, to have turned his more particular attention upon Norway, and the claims he himself had there. Jarl Hakon, too, sister's son of

Knut, and always well seen by him, had long been busy in this direction, much forgetful of that oath to Olaf when his barge got canted over by the cable of two capstans, and his life was given him, not without conditions altogether!

About the year 1026 there arrived two splendid persons out of England, bearing King Knut the Great's letter and seal, with a message, likely enough to be far from welcome to Olaf. For some days Olaf refused to see them or their letter, shrewdly guessing what the purport would be. Which indeed was couched in mild language, but of sharp meaning enough: a notice to King Olaf, namely, That Norway was properly, by just heritage, Knut the Great's; and that Olaf must become the great Knut's liegeman, and pay tribute to him, or worse would follow. King Olaf, listening to these two splendid persons and their letter, in indignant silence till they quite ended, made answer: "I have heard say, by old accounts there are, that King Gorm of Denmark [Blue-tooth's father, Knut's great-grandfather] was considered but a small king; having Denmark only and few people to rule over. But the kings who succeeded him thought that insufficient for them; and it has since come so far that King Knut rules over both Denmark and England, and has conquered for himself a part of Scotland. And now he claims also my paternal bit of heritage; cannot be contented without that too. Does he wish to rule over all the countries of the North? Can he eat up all the kale in England itself, this Knut the Great? He shall do that, and reduce his England to a desert, before I lay my head in his hands, or show him any other kind of vassalage. And so I bid you tell him these my words: I will defend Norway with battle-axe and sword as long as life is given me, and will pay tax to no man for my kingdom." Words which naturally irritated Knut to a high degree.

Next year accordingly (year 1027), tenth or eleventh year of Olaf's reign, there came bad rumors out of England: That Knut was equipping an immense army, — land-army, and such a fleet as had never sailed before; Knut's own ship in it, — a Gold Dragon with no fewer than sixty benches of oars. Olaf and Onund King of Sweden, whose sister he had married, well

guessed whither this armament was bound. They were friends withal, they recognized their common peril in this imminence; and had, in repeated consultations, taken measures the best that their united skill (which I find was mainly Olaf's, but loyally accepted by the other) could suggest. It was in this year that Olaf (with his Swedish king assisting) did his grand feat upon Knut in Lymfjord of Jutland, which was already spoken of. The special circumstances of which were these: —

Knut's big armament arriving on the Jutish coasts too late in the season, and the coast country lying all plundered into temporary wreck by the two Norse kings, who shrank away on sight of Knut, there was nothing could be done upon them by Knut this year, — or, if anything, what? Knut's ships ran into Lymfjord, the safe-sheltered frith, or intricate long straggle of friths and straits, which almost cuts Jutland in two in that region; and lay safe, idly rocking on the waters there, uncertain what to do farther. At last he steered in his big ship and some others, deeper into the interior of Lymfjord, deeper and deeper onwards to the mouth of a big river called the Helge (*Helge-aa*, the Holy River, not discoverable in my poor maps, but certainly enough still existing and still flowing somewhere among those intricate straits and friths), towards the bottom of which Helge river lay, in some safe nook, the small combined Swedish and Norse fleet, under the charge of Onund, the Swedish king, while at the top or source, which is a biggish mountain lake, King Olaf had been doing considerable engineering works, well suited to such an occasion, and was now ready at a moment's notice. Knut's fleet having idly taken station here, notice from the Swedish king was instantly sent; instantly Olaf's well-engineered flood-gates were thrown open; from the swollen lake a huge deluge of water was let loose; Olaf himself with all his people hastening down to join his Swedish friend, and get on board in time; Helge river all the while alongside of him, with ever-increasing roar, and wider-spreading deluge, hastening down the steeps in the night-watches. So that, along with Olaf, or some way ahead of him, came immeasurable roaring waste of waters upon Knut's negligent fleet; shattered, broke, and stranded many of his ships, and

was within a trifle of destroying the Golden Dragon herself, with Knut on board. Olaf and Onund, we need not say, were promptly there in person, doing their very best; the railings of the Golden Dragon, however, were too high for their little ships; and Jarl Ulf, husband of Knut's sister, at the top of his speed, courageously intervening, spoiled their stratagem, and saved Knut from this very dangerous pass.

Knut did nothing more this winter. The two Norse kings, quite unequal to attack such an armament, except by ambush and engineering, sailed away; again plundering at discretion on the Danish coast; carrying into Sweden great booties and many prisoners; but obliged to lie fixed all winter; and indeed to leave their fleets there for a series of winters, — Knut's fleet, posted at Elsinore on both sides of the Sound, rendering all egress from the Baltic impossible, except at his pleasure. Ulf's opportune deliverance of his royal brother-in-law did not much bestead poor Ulf himself. He had been in disfavor before, pardoned with difficulty, by Queen Emma's intercession; an ambitious, officious, pushing, stirring, and, both in England and Denmark, almost dangerous man; and this conspicuous accidental merit only awoke new jealousy in Knut. Knut, finding nothing pass the Sound worth much blockading, went ashore; "and the day before Michaelmas," says Snorro, "rode with a great retinue to Roeskilde." Snorro continues his tragic narrative of what befell there: —

"There Knut's brother-in-law, Jarl Ulf, had prepared a great feast for him. The Jarl was the most agreeable of hosts; but the King was silent and sullen. The Jarl talked to him in every way to make him cheerful, and brought forward everything he could think of to amuse him; but the King remained stern, and speaking little. At last the Jarl proposed a game of chess, which he agreed to. A chess-board was produced, and they played together. Jarl Ulf was hasty in temper, stiff, and in nothing yielding; but everything he managed went on well in his hands: and he was a great warrior, about whom there are many stories. He was the most powerful man in Denmark next to the King. Jarl Ulf's sister, Gyda, was married to Jarl Gudin (Godwin) Ulfnadson; and their sons

were, Harald King of England, and Jarl Tosti, Jarl Walthiof, Jarl Mauro-Kaare, and Jarl Svein. Gyda was the name of their daughter, who was married to the English King Edward, the Good (whom we call the Confessor).

"When they had played a while, the King made a false move; on which the Jarl took a knight from him; but the King set the piece on the board again, and told the Jarl to make another move. But the Jarl flew angry, tumbled the chess-board over, rose, and went away. The King said, 'Run thy ways, Ulf the Fearful.' The Jarl turned round at the door and said, 'Thou wouldst have run farther at Helge river hadst thou been left to battle there. Thou didst not call me Ulf the Fearful when I hastened to thy help while the Swedes were beating thee like a dog.' The Jarl then went out, and went to bed.

"The following morning, while the King was putting on his clothes, he said to his footboy, 'Go thou to Jarl Ulf and kill him.' The lad went, was away a while, and then came back. The King said, 'Hast thou killed the Jarl?' 'I did not kill him, for he was gone to St. Lucius's church.' There was a man called Ivar the White, a Norwegian by birth, who was the King's courtman and chamberlain. The King said to him, 'Go thou and kill the Jarl.' Ivar went to the church, and in at the choir, and thrust his sword through the Jarl, who died on the spot. Then Ivar went to the King, with the bloody sword in his hand.

"The King said, 'Hast thou killed the Jarl?' 'I have killed him,' said he. 'Thou hast done well,' answered the King."[1]

From a man who built so many churches (one on each battle-field where he had fought, to say nothing of the others), and who had in him such depths of real devotion and other fine cosmic quality, this does seem rather strong! But it is characteristic, withal, — of the man, and perhaps of the times still more. In any case, it is an event worth noting, the slain Jarl Ulf and his connections being of importance in the history of Denmark and of England also. Ulf's wife was Astrid,

[1] Snorro, ii. pp. 252, 253.

sister of Knut, and their only child was Svein, styled afterwards "Svein Estrithson" ("*Astrid*-son") when he became noted in the world, — at this time a beardless youth, who, on the back of this tragedy, fled hastily to Sweden, where were friends of Ulf. After some ten years' eclipse there, Knut and both his sons being now dead, Svein reappeared in Denmark under a new and eminent figure, "Jarl of Denmark," highest Liegeman to the then sovereign there. Broke his oath to said sovereign, declared himself, Svein Estrithson, to be real King of Denmark; and, after much preliminary trouble, and many beatings and disastrous flights to and fro, became in effect such, — to the wonder of mankind; for he had not had one victory to cheer him on, or any good luck or merit that one sees, except that of surviving longer than some others. Nevertheless he came to be the Restorer, so called, of Danish independence; sole remaining representative of Knut (or Knut's sister), of Fork-beard, Blue-tooth, and Old Gorm; and ancestor of all the subsequent kings of Denmark for some 400 years; himself coming, as we see, only by the Distaff side, all of the Sword or male side having died so soon. Early death, it has been observed, was the Great Knut's allotment, and all his posterity's as well; — fatal limit (had there been no others, which we see there were) to his becoming "Charlemagne of the North" in any considerable degree! Jarl Ulf, as we have seen, had a sister, Gyda by name, wife to Earl Godwin ("Gudin Ulfnadsson," as Snorro calls him) a very memorable Englishman, whose son and hers, King Harald, *Harold* in English books, is the memorablest of all. These things ought to be better known to English antiquaries, and will perhaps be alluded to again.

This pretty little victory or affront, gained over Knut in *Lymfjord*, was among the last successes of Olaf against that mighty man. Olaf, the skilful captain he was, need not have despaired to defend his Norway against Knut and all the world. But he learned henceforth, month by month ever more tragically, that his own people, seeing softer prospects under Knut, and in particular the chiefs of them, industriously bribed by Knut for years past, had fallen away from him; and that

his means of defence were gone. Next summer, Knut's grand fleet sailed, unopposed, along the coast of Norway; Knut summoning a Thing every here and there, and in all of them meeting nothing but sky-high acclamation and acceptance. Olaf, with some twelve little ships, all he now had, lay quiet in some safe fjord, near Lindenæs, what we now call the Naze, behind some little solitary isles on the southeast of Norway there; till triumphant Knut had streamed home again. Home to England again: "Sovereign of Norway" now, with nephew Hakon appointed Jarl and Vice-regent under him! This was the news Olaf met on venturing out; and that his worst anticipations were not beyond the sad truth All, or almost all, the chief Bonders and men of weight in Norway had declared against him, and stood with triumphant Knut.

Olaf, with his twelve poor ships, steered vigorously along the coast to collect money and force, — if such could now anywhere be had. He himself was resolute to hold out, and try. "Sailing swiftly with a fair wind, morning cloudy with some showers," he passed the coast of Jedderen, which was Erling Skjalgson's country, when he got sure notice of an endless multitude of ships, war-ships, armed merchant ships, all kinds of shipping-craft, down to fishermen's boats, just getting under way against him, under the command of Erling Skjalgson, — the powerfulest of his subjects, once much a friend of Olaf's, but now gone against him to this length, thanks to Olaf's severity of justice, and Knut's abundance in gold and promises for years back. To that complexion had it come with Erling; sailing with this immense assemblage of the naval people and populace of Norway to seize King Olaf, and bring him to the great Knut dead or alive.

Erling had a grand new ship of his own, which far outsailed the general miscellany of rebel ships, and was visibly fast gaining distance on Olaf himself, — who well understood what Erling's puzzle was, between the tail of his game (the miscellany of rebel ships, namely) that could not come up, and the head or general prize of the game which was crowding all sail to get away; and Olaf took advantage of the same. "Lower your sails!" said Olaf to his men (though we must go slower).

"Ho you, we have lost sight of them!" said Erling to his, and put on all his speed; Olaf going, soon after this, altogether invisible, — behind a little island that he knew of, whence into a certain fjord or bay (Bay of Fungen on the maps), which he thought would suit him. "Halt here, and get out your arms," said Olaf, and had not to wait long till Erling came bounding in, past the rocky promontory, and with astonishment beheld Olaf's fleet of twelve with their battle-axes and their grappling-irons all in perfect readiness. These fell on him, the unready Erling, simultaneous, like a cluster of angry bees; and in a few minutes cleared his ship of men altogether, except Erling himself. Nobody asked his life, nor probably would have got it if he had. Only Erling still stood erect on a high place on the poop, fiercely defensive, and very difficult to get at. "Could not be reached at all," says Snorro, "except by spears or arrows, and these he warded off with untiring dexterity; no man in Norway, it was said, had ever defended himself so long alone against many," — an almost invincible Erling, had his cause been good. Olaf himself noticed Erling's behavior, and said to him, from the foredeck below, "Thou hast turned against me to-day, Erling." "The eagles fight breast to breast," answers he. This was a speech of the king's to Erling once long ago, while they stood fighting, not as now, but side by side. The king, with some transient thought of possibility going through his head, rejoins, "Wilt thou surrender, Erling?" "That will I," answered he; took the helmet off his head; laid down sword and shield; and went forward to the forecastle deck. The king pricked, I think not very harshly, into Erling's chin or beard with the point of his battle-axe, saying, "I must mark thee as traitor to thy Sovereign, though." Whereupon one of the bystanders, Aslak Fitiaskalle, stupidly and fiercely burst up; smote Erling on the head with his axe; so that it struck fast in his brain and was instantly the death of Erling. "Ill-luck attend thee for that stroke; thou hast struck Norway out of my hand by it!" cried the king to Aslak; but forgave the poor fellow, who had done it meaning well. The insurrectionary Bonder fleet arriving soon after, as if for certain victory, was struck with astonishment at this Erling catas-

trophe; and being now without any leader of authority, made not the least attempt at battle; but, full of discouragement and consternation, thankfully allowed Olaf to sail away on his northward voyage, at discretion; and themselves went off lamenting, with Erling's dead body.

This small victory was the last that Olaf had over his many enemies at present. He sailed along, still northward, day after day; several important people joined him; but the news from landward grew daily more ominous: Bonders busily arming to rear of him; and ahead, Hakon still more busily at Trondhjem, now near by, "—and he will end thy days, King, if he have strength enough!" Olaf paused; sent scouts to a hill-top: "Hakon's armament visible enough, and under way hitherward, about the Isle of Bjarnö, yonder!" Soon after, Olaf himself saw the Bonder armament of twenty-five ships, from the southward, sail past in the distance to join that of Hakon; and, worse still, his own ships, one and another (seven in all), were slipping off on a like errand! He made for the Fjord of Fodrar, mouth of the rugged strath called Valdal, — which I think still knows Olaf, and has now an "Olaf's Highway," where, nine centuries ago, it scarcely had a path. Olaf entered this fjord, had his land-tent set up, and a cross beside it, on the small level green behind the promontory there. Finding that his twelve poor ships were now reduced to five, against a world all risen upon him, he could not but see and admit to himself that there was no chance left; and that he must withdraw across the mountains and wait for a better time.

His journey through that wild country, in these forlorn and straitened circumstances, has a mournful dignity and homely pathos, as described by Snorro: how he drew up his five poor ships upon the beach, packed all their furniture away, and with his hundred or so of attendants and their journey-baggage, under guidance of some friendly Bonder, rode up into the desert and foot of the mountains; scaled, after three days' effort (as if by miracle, thought his attendants and thought Snorro), the well-nigh precipitous slope that led across, — never without miraculous aid from Heaven and Olaf, could baggage-wagons have ascended that path! In short, How he

fared along, beset by difficulties and the mournfulest thoughts; but patiently persisted, steadfastly trusted in God; and was fixed to return, and by God's help try again. An evidently very pious and devout man; a good man struggling with adversity, such as the gods, we may still imagine with the ancients, do look down upon as their noblest sight.

He got to Sweden, to the court of his brother-in-law; kindly and nobly enough received there, though gradually, perhaps, ill-seen by the now authorities of Norway. So that, before long, he quitted Sweden; left his queen there with her only daughter, his and hers, the only child they had; he himself had an only son, "by a bondwoman," Magnus by name, who came to great things afterwards; of whom, and of which, by and by. With this bright little boy, and a selected escort of attendants, he moved away to Russia, to King Jarroslav; where he might wait secure against all risk of hurting kind friends by his presence. He seems to have been an exile altogether some two years, — such is one's vague notion; for there is no chronology in Snorro or his Sagas, and one is reduced to guessing and inferring. He had reigned over Norway, reckoning from the first days of his landing there to those last of his leaving it across the Dovrefjeld, about fifteen years, ten of them shiningly victorious.

The news from Norway were naturally agitating to King Olaf; and, in the fluctuation of events there, his purposes and prospects varied much. He sometimes thought of pilgriming to Jerusalem, and a henceforth exclusively religious life; but for most part his pious thoughts themselves gravitated towards Norway, and a stroke for his old place and task there, which he steadily considered to have been committed to him by God. Norway, by the rumors, was evidently not at rest. Jarl Hakon, under the high patronage of his uncle, had lasted there but a little while. I know not that his government was especially unpopular, nor whether he himself much remembered his broken oath. It appears, however, he had left in England a beautiful bride; and considering farther that in England only could bridal ornaments and other wedding outfit of a sufficiently royal kind be found, he set sail thither, to fetch her and them

himself. One evening of wildish-looking weather he was seen about the northeast corner of the Pentland Frith; the night rose to be tempestuous; Hakon or any timber of his fleet was never seen more. Had all gone down, — broken oaths, bridal hopes, and all else; mouse and man, — into the roaring waters. There was no farther Opposition-line; the like of which had lasted ever since old heathen Hakon Jarl, down to this his grandson Hakon's *finis* in the Pentland Frith. With this Hakon's disappearance it now disappeared.

Indeed Knut himself, though of an empire suddenly so great, was but a temporary phenomenon. Fate had decided that the grand and wise Knut was to be short-lived; and to leave nothing as successors but an ineffectual young Harald Harefoot, who soon perished, and a still stupider fiercely-drinking Harda-Knut, who rushed down of apoplexy (here in London City, as I guess), with the goblet at his mouth, drinking health and happiness at a wedding-feast, also before long.

Hakon having vanished in this dark way, there ensued a pause, both on Knut's part and on Norway's. Pause or interregnum of some months, till it became certain, first, whether Hakon were actually dead, secondly, till Norway, and especially till King Knut himself, could decide what to do. Knut, to the deep disappointment, which had to keep itself silent, of three or four chief Norway men, named none of these three or four Jarl of Norway; but bethought him of a certain Svein, a bastard son of his own, — who, and almost still more his English mother, much desired a career in the world fitter for him, thought they indignantly, than that of captain over Jomsburg, where alone the father had been able to provide for him hitherto. Svein was sent to Norway as king or vice-king for Father Knut; and along with him his fond and vehement mother. Neither of whom gained any favor from the Norse people by the kind of management they ultimately came to show.

Olaf on news of this change, and such uncertainty prevailing everywhere in Norway as to the future course of things, — whether Svein would come, as was rumored of at last, and be able to maintain himself if he did, — thought there might be

something in it of a chance for himself and his rights. And, after lengthened hesitation, much prayer, pious invocation, and consideration, decided to go and try it. The final grain that had turned the balance, it appears, was a half-waking morning dream, or almost ocular vision he had of his glorious cousin Olaf Tryggveson, who severely admonished, exhorted, and encouraged him; and disappeared grandly, just in the instant of Olaf's awakening; so that Olaf almost fancied he had seen the very figure of him, as it melted into air. "Let us on, let us on!" thought Olaf always after that. He left his son, not in Russia, but in Sweden with the Queen, who proved very good and carefully helpful in wise ways to him: — in Russia Olaf had now nothing more to do but give his grateful adieus, and get ready.

His march towards Sweden, and from that towards Norway and the passes of the mountains, down Værdal, towards Stickelstad, and the crisis that awaited, is beautifully depicted by Snorro. It has, all of it, the description (and we see clearly, the fact itself had), a kind of pathetic grandeur, simplicity, and rude nobleness; something Epic or Homeric, without the metre or the singing of Homer, but with all the sincerity, rugged truth to nature, and much more of piety, devoutness, reverence for what is forever High in this Universe, than meets us in those old Greek Ballad-mongers. Singularly visual all of it, too, brought home in every particular to one's imagination, so that it stands out almost as a thing one actually saw.

Olaf had about three thousand men with him; gathered mostly as he fared along through Norway. Four hundred, raised by one Dag, a kinsman whom he had found in Sweden and persuaded to come with him, marched usually in a separate body; and were, or might have been, rather an important element. Learning that the Bonders were all arming, especially in Trondhjem country, Olaf streamed down towards them in the closest order he could. By no means very close, subsistence even for three thousand being difficult in such a country. His speech was almost always free and cheerful, though his thoughts always naturally were of a high and earnest, almost sacred tone; devout above all. Stickelstad, a small poor ham-

let still standing where the valley ends, was seen by Olaf, and tacitly by the Bonders as well, to be the natural place for offering battle. There Olaf issued out from the hills one morning: drew himself up according to the best rules of Norse tactics, — rules of little complexity, but perspicuously true to the facts. I think he had a clear open ground still rather raised above the plain in front; he could see how the Bonder army had not yet quite arrived, but was pouring forward, in spontaneous rows or groups, copiously by every path. This was thought to be the biggest army that ever met in Norway; "certainly not much fewer than a hundred times a hundred men," according to Snorro; great Bonders several of them, small Bonders very many, — all of willing mind, animated with a hot sense of intolerable injuries. "King Olaf had punished great and small with equal rigor," says Snorro; "which appeared to the chief people of the country too severe; and animosity rose to the highest when they lost relatives by the King's just sentence, although they were in reality guilty. He again would rather renounce his dignity than omit righteous judgment. The accusation against him, of being stingy with his money, was not just, for he was a most generous man towards his friends. But that alone was the cause of the discontent raised against him, that he appeared hard and severe in his retributions. Besides, King Knut offered large sums of money, and the great chiefs were corrupted by this, and by his offering them greater dignities than they had possessed before." On these grounds, against the intolerable man, great and small were now pouring along by every path.

Olaf perceived it would still be some time before the Bonder army was in rank. His own Dag of Sweden, too, was not yet come up; he was to have the right banner; King Olaf's own being the middle or grand one; some other person the third or left banner. All which being perfectly ranked and settled, according to the best rules, and waiting only the arrival of Dag, Olaf bade his men sit down, and freshen themselves with a little rest. There were religious services gone through: a *matins*-worship such as there have been few; sternly earnest to the heart of it, and deep as death and eternity, at least on

Olaf's own part. For the rest Thormod sang a stave of the fiercest Skaldic poetry that was in him; all the army straightway sang it in chorus with fiery mind. The Bonder of the nearest farm came up, to tell Olaf that he also wished to fight for him. "Thanks to thee; but don't," said Olaf; "stay at home rather, that the wounded may have some shelter." To this Bonder, Olaf delivered all the money he had, with solemn order to lay out the whole of it in masses and prayers for the souls of such of his enemies as fell. "Such of thy enemies, King?" "Yes, surely," said Olaf, "my friends will all either conquer, or go whither I also am going."

At last the Bonder army too was got ranked; three commanders, one of them with a kind of loose chief command, having settled to take charge of it; and began to shake itself towards actual advance. Olaf, in the mean while, had laid his head on the knees of Finn Arneson, his trustiest man, and fallen fast asleep. Finn's brother, Kalf Arneson, once a warm friend of Olaf, was chief of the three commanders on the opposite side. Finn and he addressed angry speech to one another from the opposite ranks, when they came near enough. Finn, seeing the enemy fairly approach, stirred Olaf from his sleep. "Oh, why hast thou wakened me from such a dream?" said Olaf, in a deeply solemn tone. "What dream was it, then?" asked Finn. "I dreamt that there rose a ladder here reaching up to very Heaven," said Olaf; "I had climbed and climbed, and got to the very last step, and should have entered there hadst thou given me another moment." "King, I doubt thou art *fey;* I do not quite like that dream."

The actual fight began about one of the clock in a most bright last day of July, and was very fierce and hot, especially on the part of Olaf's men, who shook the others back a little, though fierce enough they too; and had Dag been on the ground, which he was n't yet, it was thought victory might have been won. Soon after battle joined, the sky grew of a ghastly brass or copper color, darker and darker, till thick night involved all things; and did not clear away again till battle was near ending. Dag, with his four hundred, arrived in the darkness, and made a furious charge, what was

afterwards, in the speech of the people, called "Dag's storm." Which had nearly prevailed, but could not quite; victory again inclining to the so vastly larger party. It is uncertain still how the matter would have gone; for Olaf himself was now fighting with his own hand, and doing deadly execution on his busiest enemies to right and to left. But one of these chief rebels, Thorer Hund (thought to have learnt magic from the Laplanders, whom he long traded with, and made money by), mysteriously would not fall for Olaf's best strokes. Best strokes brought only dust from the (enchanted) deer-skin coat of the fellow, to Olaf's surprise, — when another of the rebel chiefs rushed forward, struck Olaf with his battle-axe, a wild slashing wound, and miserably broke his thigh, so that he staggered or was supported back to the nearest stone; and there sat down, lamentably calling on God to help him in this bad hour. Another rebel of note (the name of him long memorable in Norway) slashed or stabbed Olaf a second time, as did then a third. Upon which the noble Olaf sank dead; and forever quitted this doghole of a world, — little worthy of such men as Olaf, one sometimes thinks. But that too is a mistake, and even an important one, should we persist in it.

With Olaf's death the sky cleared again. Battle, now near done, ended with complete victory to the rebels, and next to no pursuit or result, except the death of Olaf; everybody hastening home, as soon as the big Duel had decided itself. Olaf's body was secretly carried, after dark, to some out-house on the farm near the spot; whither a poor blind beggar, creeping in for shelter that very evening, was miraculously restored to sight. And, truly with a notable, almost miraculous, speed, the feelings of all Norway for King Olaf changed themselves, and were turned upside down, "within a year," or almost within a day. Superlative example of *Extinctus amabitur idem.* Not "Olaf the Thick-set" any longer, but "Olaf the Blessed" or Saint, now clearly in Heaven; such the name and character of him from that time to this. Two churches dedicated to him (out of four that once stood) stand in London at this moment. And the miracles that have been done there.

not to speak of Norway and Christendom elsewhere, in his name, were numerous and great for long centuries afterwards. Visibly a Saint Olaf ever since; and, indeed, in *Bollandus* or elsewhere, I have seldom met with better stuff to make a Saint of, or a true World-Hero in all good senses.

Speaking of the London Olaf Churches, I should have added that from one of these the thrice-famous Tooley Street gets its name, — where those Three Tailors, addressing Parliament and the Universe, sublimely styled themselves, "We, the People of England." Saint Olave Street, Saint Oley Street, Stooley Street, Tooley Street; such are the metamorphoses of human fame in the world!

The battle-day of Stickelstad, King Olaf's death-day, is generally believed to have been Wednesday, July 31, 1033. But on investigation, it turns out that there was no total eclipse of the sun visible in Norway that year; though three years before, there was one; but on the 29th instead of the 31st. So that the exact date still remains uncertain; Dahlmann, the latest critic, inclining for 1030, and its indisputable eclipse.[1]

CHAPTER XI.

MAGNUS THE GOOD AND OTHERS.

ST. OLAF is the highest of these Norway Kings, and is the last that much attracts us. For this reason, if a reason were not superfluous, we might here end our poor reminiscences of those dim Sovereigns. But we will, nevertheless, for the sake of their connection with bits of English History, still hastily mention the names of one or two who follow, and who throw a momentary gleam of life and illumination on events and epochs that have fallen so extinct among ourselves at present, though once they were so momentous and memorable.

The new King Svein from Jomsburg, Knut's natural son,

[1] *Saxon Chronicle* says expressly, under A. D. 1030: "In this year King Olaf was slain in Norway by his own people, and was afterwards sainted."

had no success in Norway, nor seems to have deserved any. His English mother and he were found to be grasping, oppressive persons; and awoke, almost from the instant that Olaf was suppressed and crushed away from Norway into Heaven, universal odium more and more in that country. Well-deservedly, as still appears; for their taxings and extortions of malt, of herring, of meal, smithwork and every article taxable in Norway, were extreme; and their service to the country otherwise nearly imperceptible. In brief their one basis there was the power of Knut the Great; and that, like all earthly things, was liable to sudden collapse, — and it suffered such in a notable degree. King Knut, hardly yet of middle age, and the greatest King in the then world, died at Shaftesbury, in 1035, as Dahlmann thinks,[1] — leaving two legitimate sons and a busy, intriguing widow (Norman Emma, widow of Ethelred the Unready), mother of the younger of these two; neither of whom proved to have any talent or any continuance. In spite of Emma's utmost efforts, Harald, the elder son of Knut, not hers, got England for his kingdom; Emma and her Harda-Knut had to be content with Denmark, and go thither, much against their will. Harald in England, — light-going little figure like his father before him, — got the name of Harefoot here; and might have done good work among his now orderly and settled people; but he died almost within year and day; and has left no trace among us, except that of "Harefoot," from his swift mode of walking. Emma and her Harda-Knut now returned joyful to England. But the violent, idle, and drunken Harda-Knut did no good there; and, happily for England and him, soon suddenly ended, by stroke of apoplexy at a marriage festival, as mentioned above. In Denmark he had done still less good. And indeed, under him, in a year or two, the grand imperial edifice, laboriously built by Knut's valor and wisdom, had already tumbled all to the ground, in a most unexpected and remarkable way. As we are now to indicate with all brevity.

[1] *Saxon Chronicle* says: "1035. In this year died King Cnut. . . . He departed at Shaftesbury, November 12, and they conveyed him thence to Winchester, and there buried him."

Svein's tyrannies in Norway had wrought such fruit that, within the four years after Olaf's death, the chief men in Norway, the very slayers of King Olaf, Kalf Arneson at the head of them, met secretly once or twice; and unanimously agreed that Kalf Arneson must go to Sweden, or to Russia itself; seek young Magnus, son of Olaf, home: excellent Magnus, to be king over all Norway and them, instead of this intolerable Svein. Which was at once done, — Magnus brought home in a kind of triumph, all Norway waiting for him. Intolerable Svein had already been rebelled against: some years before this, a certain young Tryggve out of Ireland, authentic son of Olaf Tryggveson and of that fine Irish Princess who chose him in his low habiliments and low estate, and took him over to her own Green Island, — this royal young Tryggve Olafson had invaded the usurper Svein, in a fierce, valiant, and determined manner; and though with too small a party, showed excellent fight for some time; till Svein, zealously bestirring himself, managed to get him beaten and killed. But that was a couple of years ago; the party still too small, not including one and all as now! Svein, without stroke of sword this time, moved off towards Denmark; never showing face in Norway again. His drunken brother, Harda-Knut, received him brother-like; even gave him some territory to rule over and subsist upon. But he lived only a short while; was gone before Harda-Knut himself; and we will mention him no more.

Magnus was a fine bright young fellow, and proved a valiant, wise, and successful King, known among his people as Magnus the Good. He was only natural son of King Olaf; but that made little difference in those times and there. His strange-looking, unexpected Latin name he got in this way: Alfhild, his mother, a slave through ill-luck of war, though nobly born, was seen to be in a hopeful way; and it was known in the King's house how intimately Olaf was connected with that occurrence, and how much he loved this "King's serving-maid," as she was commonly designated. Alfhild was brought to bed late at night; and all the world, especially King Olaf, was asleep; Olaf's strict rule, then and always, being, Don't awaken me: — seemingly a man sensitive about his sleep. The child

was a boy, of rather weakly aspect; no important person present, except Sigvat, the King's Icelandic Skald, who happened to be still awake; and the Bishop of Norway, who, I suppose, had been sent for in hurry. "What is to be done?" said the Bishop: "here is an infant in pressing need of baptism; and we know not what the name is: go, Sigvat, awaken the King, and ask." "I dare not for my life," answered Sigvat; "King's orders are rigorous on that point." "But if the child die unbaptized," said the Bishop, shuddering; too certain, he and everybody, where the child would go in that case! "I will myself give him a name," said Sigvat, with a desperate concentration of all his faculties; "he shall be namesake of the greatest of mankind, — imperial Carolus Magnus; let us call the infant Magnus!" King Olaf, on the morrow, asked rather sharply how Sigvat had dared take such a liberty; but excused Sigvat, seeing what the perilous alternative was. And Magnus, by such accident, this boy was called; and he, not another, is the prime origin and introducer of that name Magnus, which occurs rather frequently, not among the Norman Kings only, but by and by among the Danish and Swedish; and, among the Scandinavian populations, appears to be rather frequent to this day.

Magnus, a youth of great spirit, whose own, and standing at his beck, all Norway now was, immediately smote home on Denmark; desirous naturally of vengeance for what it had done to Norway, and the sacred kindred of Magnus. Denmark, its great Knut gone, and nothing but a drunken Harda-Knut, fugitive Svein and Co., there in his stead, was become a weak dislocated Country. And Magnus plundered in it, burnt it, beat it, as often as he pleased; Harda-Knut struggling what he could to make resistance or reprisals, but never once getting any victory over Magnus. Magnus, I perceive, was, like his Father, a skilful as well as valiant fighter by sea and land; Magnus, with good battalions, and probably backed by immediate alliance with Heaven and St. Olaf, as was then the general belief or surmise about him, could not easily be beaten. And the truth is, he never was, by Harda-Knut or any other. Harda-Knut's last transaction with him was, To make a firm Peace

and even Family-treaty sanctioned by all the grandees of both countries, who did indeed mainly themselves make it; their two Kings assenting: That there should be perpetual Peace, and no thought of war more, between Denmark and Norway; and that, if either of the Kings died childless while the other was reigning, the other should succeed him in both Kingdoms. A magnificent arrangement, such as has several times been made in the world's history; but which in this instance, what is very singular, took actual effect; drunken Harda-Knut dying so speedily, and Magnus being the man he was. One would like to give the date of this remarkable Treaty; but cannot with precision. Guess somewhere about 1040:[1] actual fruition of it came to Magnus, beyond question, in 1042, when Harda-Knut drank that wassail bowl at the wedding in Lambeth, and fell down dead; which in the Saxon Chronicle is dated 3d June of that year. Magnus at once went to Denmark on hearing this event; was joyfully received by the head men there, who indeed, with their fellows in Norway, had been main contrivers of the Treaty; both Countries longing for mutual peace, and the end of such incessant broils.

Magnus was triumphantly received as King in Denmark. The only unfortunate thing was, that Svein Estrithson, the exile son of Ulf, Knut's Brother-in-law, whom Knut, as we saw, had summarily killed twelve years before, emerged from his exile in Sweden in a flattering form; and proposed that Magnus should make him Jarl of Denmark, and general administrator there, in his own stead. To which the sanguine Magnus, in spite of advice to the contrary, insisted on acceding. "Too powerful a Jarl," said Einar Tamberskelver — the same Einar whose bow was heard to break in Olaf Tryggveson's last battle ("Norway breaking from thy hand, King!"), who had now become Magnus's chief man, and had long been among the highest chiefs in Norway; "too powerful a Jarl," said Einar earnestly. But Magnus disregarded it; and a troublesome experience had to teach him that it was true. In about a year, crafty Svein, bringing ends to meet, got himself declared King of Denmark for his own behoof, instead of Jarl for another's:

[1] Munch gives the date 1038 (ii. 840), Adam of Bremen 1040.

and had to be beaten and driven out by Magnus. Beaten every year; but almost always returned next year, for a new beating, — almost, though not altogether; having at length got one dreadful smashing-down and half-killing, which held him quiet for a while, — so long as Magnus lived. Nay in the end, he made good his point, as if by mere patience in being beaten; and did become King himself, and progenitor of all the Kings that followed. King Svein Estrithson; so called from Astrid or Estrith, his mother, the great Knut's sister, daughter of Svein Forkbeard by that amazing Sigrid the Proud, who *burnt* those two ineligible suitors of hers both at once, and got a switch on the face from Olaf Tryggveson, which proved the death of that high man.

But all this fine fortune of the often beaten Estrithson was posterior to Magnus's death; who never would have suffered it, had he been alive. Magnus was a mighty fighter; a fiery man; very proud and positive, among other qualities, and had such luck as was never seen before. Luck invariably good, said everybody; never once was beaten, — which proves, continued everybody, that his Father Olaf and the miraculous power of Heaven were with him always. Magnus, I believe, did put down a great deal of anarchy in those countries. One of his earliest enterprises was to abolish Jomsburg, and trample out that nest of pirates. Which he managed so completely that Jomsburg remained a mere reminiscence thenceforth; and its place is not now known to any mortal.

One perverse thing did at last turn up in the course of Magnus: a new Claimant for the Crown of Norway, and he a formidable person withal. This was Harald, half-brother of the late Saint Olaf; uncle or half-uncle, therefore, of Magnus himself. Indisputable son of the Saint's mother by St. Olaf's stepfather, who was himself descended straight from Harald Haarfagr. This new Harald was already much heard of in the world. As an ardent Boy of fifteen he had fought at King Olaf's side at Stickelstad; would not be admonished by the Saint to go away. Got smitten down there, not killed; was smuggled away that night from the field by friendly help; got

cured of his wounds, forwarded to Russia, where he grew to man's estate, under bright auspices and successes. Fell in love with the Russian Princess, but could not get her to wife; went off thereupon to Constantinople as *Væringer* (Life-Guardsman of the Greek Kaiser); became Chief Captain of the Væringers, invincible champion of the poor Kaisers that then were, and filled all the East with the shine and noise of his exploits. An authentic *Waring* or *Baring*, such the surname we now have derived from these people; who were an important institution in those Greek countries for several ages: Væringer Life-Guard, consisting of Norsemen, with sometimes a few English among them. Harald had innumerable adventures, nearly always successful, sing the Skalds; gained a great deal of wealth, gold ornaments, and gold coin; had even Queen Zoe (so they sing, though falsely) enamored of him at one time; and was himself a Skald of eminence; some of whose verses, by no means the worst of their kind, remain to this day.

This character of Waring much distinguishes Harald to me; the only Væringer of whom I could ever get the least biography, true or half-true. It seems the Greek History-books but indifferently correspond with these Saga records; and scholars say there could have been no considerable romance between Zoe and him, Zoe at that date being 60 years of age! Harald's own lays say nothing of any Zoe, but are still full of longing for his Russian Princess far away.

At last, what with Zoes, what with Greek perversities and perfidies, and troubles that could not fail, he determined on quitting Greece; packed up his immensities of wealth in succinct shape, and actually returned to Russia, where new honors and favors awaited him from old friends, and especially, if I mistake not, the hand of that adorable Princess, crown of all his wishes for the time being. Before long, however, he decided farther to look after his Norway Royal heritages; and, for that purpose, sailed in force to the Jarl or quasi-King of Denmark, the often-beaten Svein, who was now in Sweden on his usual winter exile after beating. Svein and he had evidently interests in common. Svein was charmed to see him, — so warlike, glorious and renowned a man, with masses of money

about him, too. Svein did by and by become treacherous; and even attempted, one night, to assassinate Harald in his bed on board ship: but Harald, vigilant of Svein, and a man of quick and sure insight, had providently gone to sleep elsewhere, leaving a log instead of himself among the blankets. In which log, next morning, treacherous Svein's battle-axe was found deeply sticking: and could not be removed without difficulty! But this was after Harald and King Magnus himself had begun treating; with the fairest prospects, — which this of the Svein battle-axe naturally tended to forward, as it altogether ended the other copartnery.

Magnus, on first hearing of Væringer Harald and his intentions, made instant equipment, and determination to fight his uttermost against the same. But wise persons of influence round him, as did the like sort round Væringer Harald, earnestly advised compromise and peaceable agreement. Which, soon after that of Svein's nocturnal battle-axe, was the course adopted; and, to the joy of all parties, did prove a successful solution. Magnus agreed to part his kingdom with Uncle Harald; uncle parting his treasures, or uniting them with Magnus's poverty. Each was to be an independent king, but they were to govern in common; Magnus rather presiding. He, to sit, for example, in the High Seat alone; King Harald opposite him in a seat not quite so high, though if a stranger King came on a visit, both the Norse Kings were to sit in the High Seat. With various other punctilious regulations; which the fiery Magnus was extremely strict with; rendering the mutual relation a very dangerous one, had not both the Kings been honest men, and Harald a much more prudent and tolerant one than Magnus. They, on the whole, never had any weighty quarrel, thanks now and then rather to Harald than to Magnus. Magnus too was very noble; and Harald, with his wide experience and greater length of years, carefully held his heat of temper well covered in.

Prior to Uncle Harald's coming, Magnus had distinguished himself as a Lawgiver. His Code of Laws for the Trondhjem Province was considered a pretty piece of legislation; and in subsequent times got the name of *Gray-goose* (Gràgas); one of

the wonderfulest names ever given to a wise Book. Some say it came from the gray color of the parchment, some give other incredible origins; the last guess I have heard is, that the name merely denotes antiquity; the witty name in Norway for a man growing old having been, in those times, that he was now "becoming a gray-goose." Very fantastic indeed; certain, however, that Gray-goose is the name of that venerable Law Book; nay, there is another, still more famous, belonging to Iceland, and not far from a century younger, the Iceland *Gray-goose*. The Norway one is perhaps of date about 1037, the other of about 1118; peace be with them both! Or, if anybody is inclined to such matters let him go to Dahlmann, for the amplest information and such minuteness of detail as might almost enable him to be an Advocate, with Silk Gown, in any Court depending on these Gray-geese.

Magnus did not live long. He had a dream one night of his Father Olaf's coming to him in shining presence, and announcing, That a magnificent fortune and world-great renown was now possible for him; but that perhaps it was his duty to refuse it; in which case his earthly life would be short. "Which way wilt thou do, then?" said the shining presence. "Thou shalt decide for me, Father, thou, not I!" and told his Uncle Harald on the morrow, adding that he thought he should now soon die; which proved to be the fact. The magnificent fortune, so questionable otherwise, has reference, no doubt, to the Conquest of England; to which country Magnus, as rightful and actual King of *Denmark*, as well as undisputed heir to drunken Harda-Knut, by treaty long ago, had now some evident claim. The enterprise itself was reserved to the patient, gay, and prudent Uncle Harald; and to him it did prove fatal, — and merely paved the way for Another, luckier, not likelier!

Svein Estrithson, always beaten during Magnus's life, by and by got an agreement from the prudent Harald to *be* King of Denmark, then; and end these wearisome and ineffectual brabbles; Harald having other work to do. But in the autumn of 1066, Tosti, a younger son of our English Earl Godwin, came to Svein's court with a most important announcement; namely,

that King Edward the Confessor, so called, was dead, and that Harold, as the English write it, his eldest brother would give him, Tosti, no sufficient share in the kingship. Which state of matters, if Svein would go ahead with him to rectify it, would be greatly to the advantage of Svein. Svein, taught by many beatings, was too wise for this proposal; refused Tosti, who indignantly stepped over into Norway, and proposed it to King Harald there. Svein really had acquired considerable teaching, I should guess, from his much beating and hard experience in the world; one finds him afterwards the esteemed friend of the famous Historian Adam of Bremen, who reports various wise humanities, and pleasant discoursings with Svein Estrithson.

As for Harald Hardrade, "Harald the Hard or Severe," as he was now called, Tosti's proposal awakened in him all his old Væringer ambitions and cupidities into blazing vehemence. He zealously consented; and at once, with his whole strength, embarked in the adventure. Fitted out two hundred ships, and the biggest army he could carry in them; and sailed with Tosti towards the dangerous Promised Land. Got into the Tyne, and took booty; got into the Humber, thence into the Ouse; easily subdued any opposition the official people or their populations could make; victoriously scattered these, victoriously took the City of York in a day; and even got himself homaged there, "King of Northumberland," as per covenant, — Tosti proving honorable, — Tosti and he going with faithful strict copartnery, and all things looking prosperous and glorious. Except only (an important exception!) that they learnt for certain, English Harold was advancing with all his strength; and, in a measurable space of hours, unless care were taken, would be in York himself. Harald and Tosti hastened off to seize the post of Stamford Bridge on Derwent River, six or seven miles east of York City, and there bar this dangerous advent. Their own ships lay not far off in Ouse River, in case of the worst. The battle that ensued the next day, September 20, 1066, is forever memorable in English history.

Snorro gives vividly enough his view of it from the Icelandic side: A ring of stalwart Norsemen, close ranked, with

their steel tools in hand; English Harold's Army, mostly cavalry, prancing and pricking all around; trying to find or make some opening in that ring. For a long time trying in vain, till at length, getting them enticed to burst out somewhere in pursuit, they quickly turned round, and quickly made an end of that matter. Snorro represents English Harold, with a first party of these horse coming up, and, with preliminary salutations, asking if Tosti were there, and if Harald were; making generous proposals to Tosti; but, in regard to Harald and what share of England was to be his, answering Tosti with the words, "Seven feet of English earth, or more if he require it, for a grave." Upon which Tosti, like an honorable man and copartner, said, "No, never; let us fight you rather till we all die." "Who is this that spoke to you?" inquired Harald, when the cavaliers had withdrawn. "My brother Harold," answers Tosti; which looks rather like a Saga, but may be historical after all. Snorro's history of the battle is intelligible only after you have premised to it, what he never hints at, that the scene was on the east side of the bridge and of the Derwent; the great struggle for the bridge, one at last finds, was after the fall of Harald; and to the English Chroniclers, said struggle, which was abundantly severe, is all they know of the battle.

Enraged at that breaking loose of his steel ring of infantry, Norse Harald blazed up into true Norse fury, all the old Væringer and Berserkir rage awakening in him; sprang forth into the front of the fight, and mauled and cut and smashed down, on both hands of him, everything he met, irresistible by any horse or man, till an arrow cut him through the windpipe, and laid him low forever. That was the end of King Harald and of his workings in this world. The circumstance that he was a Waring or Baring, and had smitten to pieces so many Oriental cohorts or crowds, and had made love-verses (kind of *iron* madrigals) to his Russian Princess, and caught the fancy of questionable Greek queens, and had amassed such heaps of money, while poor nephew Magnus had only one gold ring (which had been his father's, and even his father's *mother's*, as Uncle Harald noticed), and nothing more whatever of that

precious metal to combine with Harald's treasures : — all this is new to me, naturally no hint of it in any English book ; and lends some gleam of romantic splendor to that dim business of Stamford Bridge, now fallen so dull and torpid to most English minds, transcendently important as it once was to all Englishmen. Adam of Bremen says, the English got as much gold plunder from Harald's people as was a heavy burden for twelve men ;[1] a thing evidently impossible, which nobody need try to believe. Young Olaf, Harald's son, age about sixteen, steering down the Ouse at the top of his speed, escaped home to Norway with all his ships, and subsequently reigned there with Magnus, his brother. Harald's body did lie in English earth for about a year ; but was then brought to Norway for burial. He needed more than seven feet of grave, say some ; Laing, interpreting Snorro's measurements, makes Harald eight feet in stature, — I do hope, with some error in excess !

CHAPTER XII.

OLAF THE TRANQUIL, MAGNUS BAREFOOT, AND SIGURD THE CRUSADER.

The new King Olaf, his brother Magnus having soon died, bore rule in Norway for some five-and-twenty years. Rule soft and gentle, not like his father's, and inclining rather to improvement in the arts and elegancies than to anything severe or dangerously laborious. A slim-built, witty-talking, popular and pretty man, with uncommonly bright eyes, and hair like floss silk : they called him Olaf *Kyrre* (the Tranquil or Easy-going).

The ceremonials of the palace were much improved by him. Palace still continued to be built of huge logs pyramidally sloping upwards, with fireplace in the middle of the floor, and no egress for smoke or ingress for light except right overhead,

[1] Camden, Rapin, &c. quote.

which, in bad weather, you could shut, or all but shut, with a lid. Lid originally made of mere opaque board, but changed latterly into a light frame, covered (*glazed*, so to speak) with entrails of animals, clarified into something of pellucidity. All this Olaf, I hope, further perfected, as he did the placing of the court ladies, court officials, and the like; but I doubt if the luxury of a glass window were ever known to him, or a cup to drink from that was not made of metal or horn. In fact it is chiefly for his son's sake I mention him here; and with the son, too, I have little real concern, but only a kind of fantastic.

This son bears the name of Magnus *Barfod* (Barefoot, or Bareleg); and if you ask why so, the answer is: He was used to appear in the streets of Nidaros (Trondhjem) now and then in complete Scotch Highland dress. Authentic tartan plaid and philibeg, at that epoch, — to the wonder of Trondhjem and us! The truth is, he had a mighty fancy for those Hebrides and other Scotch possessions of his; and seeing England now quite impossible, eagerly speculated on some conquest in Ireland as next best. He did, in fact, go diligently voyaging and inspecting among those Orkney and Hebridian Isles; putting everything straight there, appointing stringent authorities, jarls, — nay, a king, "Kingdom of the Suderöer" (Southern Isles, now called *Sodor*), — and, as first king, Sigurd, his pretty little boy of nine years. All which done, and some quarrel with Sweden fought out, he seriously applied himself to visiting in a still more emphatic manner; namely, to invading, with his best skill and strength, the considerable virtual or actual kingdom he had in Ireland, intending fully to enlarge it to the utmost limits of the Island if possible. He got prosperously into Dublin (guess A.D. 1102). Considerable authority he already had, even among those poor Irish Kings, or kinglets, in their glibs and yellow-saffron gowns; still more, I suppose, among the numerous Norse Principalities there. "King Murdog, King of Ireland," says the Chronicle of Man, "had obliged himself, every Yule-day, to take a pair of shoes, hang them over his shoulder, as your servant does on a

journey, and walk across his court, at bidding and in presence of Magnus Barefoot's messenger, by way of homage to the said "King." Murdog on this greater occasion did whatever homage could be required of him; but that, though comfortable, was far from satisfying the great King's ambitious mind. The great King left Murdog; left his own Dublin; marched off westward on a general conquest of Ireland. Marched easily victorious for a time; and got, some say, into the wilds of Connaught, but there saw himself beset by ambuscades and wild Irish countenances intent on mischief; and had, on the sudden, to draw up for battle; — place, I regret to say, altogether undiscoverable to me; known only that it was boggy in the extreme. Certain enough, too certain and evident, Magnus Barefoot, searching eagerly, could find no firm footing there; nor, fighting furiously up to the knees or deeper, any result but honorable death! Date is confidently marked "24 August, 1103," — as if people knew the very day of the month. The natives did humanely give King Magnus Christian burial. The remnants of his force, without further molestation, found their ships on the Coast of Ulster; and sailed home, — without conquest of Ireland; nay perhaps, leaving royal Murdog disposed to be relieved of his procession with the pair of shoes.

Magnus Barefoot left three sons, all kings at once, reigning peaceably together. But to us, at present, the only noteworthy one of them was Sigurd; who, finding nothing special to do at home, left his brothers to manage for him, and went off on a far Voyage, which has rendered him distinguishable in the crowd. Voyage through the Straits of Gibraltar, on to Jerusalem, thence to Constantinople; and so home through Russia, shining with such renown as filled all Norway for the time being. A King called Sigurd Jorsalafarer (*Jerusalemer*) or Sigurd the Crusader henceforth. His voyage had been only partially of the Viking type; in general it was of the Royal-Progress kind rather; Vikingism only intervening in cases of incivility or the like. His reception in the Courts of Portugal, Spain, Sicily, Italy, had been honorable and sumptuous. The King of Jerusalem broke out into utmost splendor and effusion at sight of such a pilgrim; and Constantinople did its

highest honors to such a Prince of Væringers. And the truth is, Sigurd intrinsically was a wise, able, and prudent man; who, surviving both his brothers, reigned a good while alone in a solid and successful way. He shows features of an original, independent-thinking man; something of ruggedly strong, sincere, and honest, with peculiarities that are amiable and even pathetic in the character and temperament of him; as certainly, the course of life he took was of his own choosing, and peculiar enough. He happens furthermore to be, what he least of all could have chosen or expected, the last of the Haarfagr Genealogy that had any success, or much deserved any, in this world. The last of the Haarfagrs, or as good as the last! So that, singular to say, it is in reality, for one thing only that Sigurd, after all his crusadings and wonderful adventures, is memorable to us here: the advent of an Irish gentleman called "Gylle Krist" (Gil-christ, Servant of Christ), who, — not over welcome, I should think, but (unconsciously) big with the above result, — appeared in Norway, while King Sigurd was supreme. Let us explain a little.

This Gylle Krist, the unconsciously fatal individual, who "spoke Norse imperfectly," declared himself to be the natural son of whilom Magnus Barefoot; born to him there while engaged in that unfortunate "Conquest of Ireland." "Here is my mother come with me," said Gilchrist, "who declares my real baptismal name to have been Harald, given me by that great King; and who will carry the red-hot ploughshares or do any reasonable ordeal in testimony of these facts. I am King Sigurd's veritable half-brother: what will King Sigurd think it fair to do with me?" Sigurd clearly seems to have believed the man to be speaking truth; and indeed nobody to have doubted but he was. Sigurd said, "Honorable sustenance shalt thou have from me here. But, under pain of extirpation, swear that, neither in my time, nor in that of my young son Magnus, wilt thou ever claim any share in this Government." Gylle swore; and punctually kept his promise during Sigurd's reign. But during Magnus's, he conspicuously broke it; and, in result, through many reigns, and during three or four generations afterwards, produced unspeakable contentions,

massacrings, confusions in the country he had adopted. There are reckoned, from the time of Sigurd's death (A.D. 1130), about a hundred years of civil war: no king allowed to distinguish himself by a solid reign of well-doing, or by any continuing reign at all, — sometimes as many as four kings simultaneously fighting; — and in Norway, from sire to son, nothing but sanguinary anarchy, disaster and bewilderment; a Country sinking steadily as if towards absolute ruin. Of all which frightful misery and discord Irish Gylle, styled afterwards King Harald Gylle, was, by ill destiny and otherwise, the visible origin: an illegitimate Irish Haarfagr who proved to be his own destruction, and that of the Haarfagr kindred altogether!

Sigurd himself seems always to have rather favored Gylle, who was a cheerful, shrewd, patient, witty, and effective fellow; and had at first much quizzing to endure, from the younger kind, on account of his Irish way of speaking Norse, and for other reasons. One evening, for example, while the drink was going round, Gylle mentioned that the Irish had a wonderful talent of swift running, and that there were among them people who could keep up with the swiftest horse. At which, especially from young Magnus, there were peals of laughter; and a declaration from the latter that Gylle and he would have it tried to-morrow morning! Gylle in vain urged that he had not himself professed to be so swift a runner as to keep up with the Prince's horses; but only that there were men in Ireland who could. Magnus was positive; and, early next morning, Gylle had to be on the ground; and the race, naturally under heavy bet, actually went off. Gylle started parallel to Magnus's stirrup; ran like a very roe, and was clearly ahead at the goal. "Unfair," said Magnus; "thou must have had hold of my stirrup-leather, and helped thyself along; we must try it again." Gylle ran behind the horse this second time; then at the end, sprang forward; and again was fairly in ahead. "Thou must have held by the tail," said Magnus; "not by fair running was this possible; we must try a third time!" Gylle started ahead of Magnus and his horse, this third time; kept ahead with increasing distance, Magnus

galloping his very best; and reached the goal more palpably foremost than ever. So that Magnus had to pay his bet, and other damage and humiliation. And got from his father, who heard of it soon afterwards, scoffing rebuke as a silly fellow, who did not know the worth of men, but only the clothes and rank of them, and well deserved what he had got from Gylle. All the time King Sigurd lived, Gylle seems to have had good recognition and protection from that famous man; and, indeed, to have gained favor all round, by his quiet social demeanor and the qualities he showed.

CHAPTER XIII.

MAGNUS THE BLIND, HARALD GYLLE, AND MUTUAL EXTINCTION OF THE HAARFAGRS.

On Sigurd the Crusader's death, Magnus naturally came to the throne; Gylle keeping silence and a cheerful face for the time. But it was not long till claim arose on Gylle's part, till war and fight arose between Magnus and him, till the skilful, popular, ever-active and shifty Gylle had entirely beaten Magnus; put out his eyes; mutilated the poor body of him in a horrid and unnamable manner, and shut him up in a convent as out of the game henceforth. There in his dark misery Magnus lived now as a monk; called "Magnus the Blind" by those Norse populations; King Harald Gylle reigning victoriously in his stead. But this also was only for a time. There arose avenging kinsfolk of Magnus, who had no Irish accent in their Norse, and were themselves eager enough to bear rule in their native country. By one of these, — a terribly strong-handed, fighting, violent, and regardless fellow, who also was a Bastard of Magnus Barefoot's, and had been made a Priest, but liked it unbearably ill, and had broken loose from it into the wildest courses at home and abroad; so that his current name got to be "Slembi-diakn," Slim or Ill Deacon, under

which he is much noised of in Snorro and the Sagas: by this Slim-Deacon, Gylle was put an end to (murdered by night, drunk in his sleep); and poor blind Magnus was brought out, and again set to act as King, or King's Cloak, in hopes Gylle's posterity would never rise to victory more. But Gylle's posterity did, to victory and also to defeat, and were the death of Magnus and of Slim-Deacon too, in a frightful way; and all got their own death by and by in a ditto. In brief, these two kindreds (reckoned to be authentic enough Haarfagr people, both kinds of them) proved now to have become a veritable crop of dragon's teeth; who mutually fought, plotted, struggled, as if it had been their life's business; never ended fighting, and seldom long intermitted it, till they had exterminated one another, and did at last all rest in death. One of these later Gylle temporary Kings I remember by the name of Harald Herdebred, Harald of the Broad Shoulders. The very last of them I think was Harald Mund (Harald of the *Wry-Mouth*), who gave rise to two Impostors, pretending to be Sons of his, a good while after the poor Wry-Mouth itself and all its troublesome belongings were quietly underground. What Norway suffered during that sad century may be imagined.

CHAPTER XIV.

SVERRIR AND DESCENDANTS, TO HAKON THE OLD.

The end of it was, or rather the first abatement, and *beginning* of the end, That, when all this had gone on ever worsening for some forty years or so, one Sverrir (A.D. 1177), at the head of an armed mob of poor people called *Birkebeins*, came upon the scene. A strange enough figure in History, this Sverrir and his Birkebeins! At first a mere mockery and dismal laughing-stock to the enlightened Norway public. Nevertheless by unheard-of fighting, hungering, exertion, and endurance, Sverrir, after ten years of such a death-wrestle

against men and things, got himself accepted as King; and by wonderful expenditure of ingenuity, common cunning, unctuous Parliamentary Eloquence or almost Popular Preaching, and (it must be owned) general human faculty and valor (or value) in the overclouded and distorted state, did victoriously continue such. And founded a new Dynasty in Norway, which ended only with Norway's separate existence, after near three hundred years.

This Sverrir called himself a Son of Harald Wry-Mouth; but was in reality the son of a poor Comb-maker in some little town of Norway; nothing heard of Sonship to Wry-Mouth till after good success otherwise. His Birkebeins (that is to say, *Birchlegs;* the poor rebellious wretches having taken to the woods; and been obliged, besides their intolerable scarcity of food, to thatch their bodies from the cold with whatever covering could be got, and their legs especially with birch bark; sad species of fleecy hosiery; whence their nickname), — his Birkebeins I guess always to have been a kind of Norse *Jacquerie:* desperate rising of thralls and indigent people, driven mad by their unendurable sufferings and famishings, — theirs the *deepest* stratum of misery, and the densest and heaviest, in this the general misery of Norway, which had lasted towards the third generation and looked as if it would last forever: — whereupon they had risen proclaiming, in this furious dumb manner, *un*intelligible except to Heaven, that the same could not, nor would not, be endured any longer! And, by their Sverrir, strange to say, they did attain a kind of permanent success; and, from being a dismal laughing-stock in Norway, came to be important, and for a time all-important there. Their opposition nicknames, "*Baglers* (from Bagall, *baculus*, bishop's staff; Bishop Nicholas being chief Leader)," "*Gold-legs*," and the like obscure terms (for there was still a considerable course of counter-fighting ahead, and especially of counter-nicknaming), I take to have meant in Norse prefigurement seven centuries ago, "bloated Aristocracy," "tyrannous *Bourgeoisie*," — till, in the next century, these rents were closed again! —

King Sverrir, not himself bred to comb-making, had, in

his fifth year, gone to an uncle, Bishop in the Faröe Islands; and got some considerable education from him, with a view to Priesthood on the part of Sverrir. But, not liking that career, Sverrir had fled and smuggled himself over to the Birkebeins; who, noticing the learned tongue, and other miraculous qualities of the man, proposed to make him Captain of them; and even threatened to kill him if he would not accept, — which thus at the sword's point, as Sverrir says, he was obliged to do. It was after this that he thought of becoming son of Wry-Mouth and other higher things.

His Birkebeins and he had certainly a talent of campaigning which has hardly ever been equalled. They fought like devils against any odds of number; and before battle they have been known to march six days together without food, except, perhaps, the inner barks of trees, and in such clothing and shoeing as mere birch bark: — at one time, somewhere in the Dovrefjeld, there was serious counsel held among them whether they should not all, as one man, leap down into the frozen gulfs and precipices, or at once massacre one another wholly, and so finish. Of their conduct in battle, fiercer than that of *Baresarks*, where was there ever seen the parallel? In truth they are a dim strange object to one, in that black time; wondrously bringing light into it withal; and proved to be, under such unexpected circumstances, the beginning of better days!

Of Sverrir's public speeches there still exist authentic specimens; wonderful indeed, and much characteristic of such a Sverrir. A comb-maker King, evidently meaning several good and solid things; and effecting them too, athwart such an element of Norwegian chaos-come-again. His descendants and successors were a comparatively respectable kin. The last and greatest of them I shall mention is Hakon VII., or Hakon the Old; whose fame is still lively among us, from the Battle of Largs at least.

CHAPTER XV.

HAKON THE OLD AT LARGS.

IN the Norse annals our famous Battle of Largs makes small figure, or almost none at all among Hakon's battles and feats. They do say indeed, these Norse annalists, that the King of Scotland, Alexander III. (who had such a fate among the crags about Kinghorn in time coming), was very anxious to purchase from King Hakon his sovereignty of the Western Isles, but that Hakon pointedly refused; and at length, being again importuned and bothered on the business, decided on giving a refusal that could not be mistaken. Decided, namely, to go with a big expedition, and look thoroughly into that wing of his Dominions; where no doubt much has fallen awry since Magnus Barefoot's grand visit thither, and seems to be inviting the cupidity of bad neighbors! "All this we will put right again," thinks Hakon, "and gird it up into a safe and defensive posture." Hakon sailed accordingly, with a strong fleet; adjusting and rectifying among his Hebrides as he went long, and landing withal on the Scotch coast to plunder and punish as he thought fit. The Scots say he had claimed of them Arran, Bute, and the Two Cumbraes ("given my ancestors by Donald Bain," said Hakon, to the amazement of the Scots) "as part of the Sudöer" (Southern Isles): — so far from selling that fine kingdom! — and that it was after taking both Arran and Bute that he made his descent at Largs.

Of Largs there is no mention whatever in Norse books. But beyond any doubt, such is the other evidence, Hakon did land there; land and fight, not conquering, probably rather beaten; and very certainly "retiring to his ships," as in either case he behooved to do! It is further certain he was dreadfully maltreated by the weather on those wild coasts; and altogether credible, as the Scotch records bear, that he was

so at Largs very specially. The Norse Records or Sagas say merely, he lost many of his ships by the tempests, and many of his men by land fighting in various parts, — tacitly including Largs, no doubt, which was the last of these misfortunes to him. "In the battle here he lost 15,000 men, say the Scots, we 5,000"! Divide these numbers by ten, and the excellently brief and lucid Scottish summary by Buchanan may be taken as the approximately true and exact.[1] Date of the battle is A.D. 1263.

To this day, on a little plain to the south of the village, now town, of Largs, in Ayrshire, there are seen stone cairns and monumental heaps, and, until within a century ago, one huge, solitary, upright stone; still mutely testifying to a battle there, — altogether clearly, to this battle of King Hakon's; who by the Norse records, too, was in these neighborhoods at that same date, and evidently in an aggressive, high kind of humor. For "while his ships and army were doubling the Mull of Cantire, he had his own boat set on wheels, and therein, splendidly enough, had himself drawn across the Promontory at a flatter part," no doubt with horns sounding, banners waving. "All to the left of me is mine and Norway's," exclaimed Hakon in his triumphant boat progress, which such disasters soon followed.

Hakon gathered his wrecks together, and sorrowfully made for Orkney. It is possible enough, as our Guide Books now say, he may have gone by Iona, Mull, and the narrow seas inside of Skye; and that the *Kyle-Akin*, favorably known to sea-bathers in that region, may actually mean the *Kyle* (narrow strait) of Hakon, where Hakon may have dropped anchor, and rested for a little while in smooth water and beautiful environment, safe from equinoctial storms. But poor Hakon's heart was now broken. He went to Orkney; died there in the winter; never beholding Norway more.

He it was who got Iceland, which had been a Republic for four centuries, united to his kingdom of Norway: a long and intricate operation, — much presided over by our Snorro

[1] *Buchanani Hist.* i. 130.

Sturleson, so often quoted here, who indeed lost his life (by assassination from his sons-in-law) and out of great wealth sank at once into poverty of zero, — one midnight in his own cellar, in the course of that bad business. Hakon was a great Politician in his time; and succeeded in many things before he lost Largs. Snorro's death by murder had happened about twenty years before Hakon's by broken heart. He is called Hakon the Old, though one finds his age was but fifty-nine, probably a longish life for a Norway King. Snorro's narrative ceases when Snorro himself was born; that is to say, at the threshold of King Sverrir; of whose exploits and doubtful birth it is guessed by some that Snorro willingly forbore to speak in the hearing of such a Hakon.

CHAPTER XVI.

EPILOGUE.

HAARFAGR'S kindred lasted some three centuries in Norway; Sverrir's lasted into its third century there; how long after this, among the neighboring kinships, I did not inquire. For, by regal affinities, consanguinities, and unexpected chances and changes, the three Scandinavian kingdoms fell all peaceably together under Queen Margaret, of the Calmar Union (A.D. 1397); and Norway, incorporated now with Denmark, needed no more kings.

The History of these Haarfagrs has awakened in me many thoughts: Of Despotism and Democracy, arbitrary government by one and self-government (which means no government, or anarchy) by all; of Dictatorship with many faults, and Universal Suffrage with little possibility of any virtue. For the contrast between Olaf Tryggveson and a Universal-Suffrage Parliament or an "Imperial" Copper Captain has, in these nine centuries, grown to be very great. And the eternal Providence that guides all this, and produces alike

these entities with their epochs, is not *its* course still through the great deep? Does not it still speak to us, if we have ears? Here, clothed in stormy enough passions and instincts, unconscious of any aim but their own satisfaction, is the blessed beginning of Human Order, Regulation, and real Government; there, clothed in a highly different, but again suitable garniture of passions, instincts, and equally unconscious as to real aim, is the accursed-looking ending (temporary ending) of Order, Regulation, and Government; — very dismal to the sane onlooker for the time being; not dismal to him otherwise, his hope, too, being steadfast! But here, at any rate, in this poor Norse theatre, one looks with interest on the first transformation, so mysterious and abstruse, of human Chaos into something of articulate Cosmos; witnesses the wild and strange birth-pangs of Human Society, and reflects that without something similar (little as men expect such now), no Cosmos of human society ever was got into existence, nor can ever again be.

The violences, fightings, crimes — ah yes, these seldom fail, and they are very lamentable. But always, too, among those old populations, there was one saving element; the now want of which, especially the unlamented want, transcends all lamentation. Here is one of those strange, piercing, winged-words of Ruskin, which has in it a terrible truth for us in these epochs now come: —

"My friends, the follies of modern Liberalism, many and great though they be, are practically summed in this denial or neglect of the quality and intrinsic value of things. Its rectangular beatitudes, and spherical benevolences, — theology of universal indulgence, and jurisprudence which will hang no rogues, mean, one and all of them, in the root, incapacity of discerning, or refusal to discern, worth and unworth in anything, and least of all in man; whereas Nature and Heaven command you, at your peril, to discern worth from unworth in everything, and most of all in man. Your main problem is that ancient and trite one, 'Who is best man?' and the Fates forgive much, — forgive the wildest, fiercest, cruelest experiments, — if fairly made for the determination of that.

Theft and bloodguiltiness are not pleasing in their sight; yet the favoring powers of the spiritual and material world will confirm to you your stolen goods, and their noblest voices applaud the lifting of your spear, and rehearse the sculpture of your shield, if only your robbing and slaying have been in fair arbitrament of that question, 'Who is best man?' But if you refuse such inquiry, and maintain every man for his neighbor's match, — if you give vote to the simple and liberty to the vile, the powers of those spiritual and material worlds in due time present you inevitably with the same problem, soluble now only wrong side upwards; and your robbing and slaying must be done then to find out, 'Who is *worst* man?' Which, in so wide an order of merit, is, indeed, not easy; but a complete Tammany Ring, and lowest circle in the Inferno of Worst, you are sure to find, and to be governed by."[1]

All readers will admit that there was something naturally royal in these Haarfagr Kings. A wildly great kind of kindred; counts in it two Heroes of a high, or almost highest, type: the first two Olafs, Tryggveson and the Saint. And the view of them, withal, as we chance to have it, I have often thought, how essentially Homeric it was: — indeed what is "Homer" himself but the *Rhapsody* of five centuries of Greek Skalds and wandering Ballad-singers, done (*i. e.* "stitched together") by somebody more musical than Snorro was? Olaf Tryggveson and Olaf Saint please me quite as well in their prosaic form; offering me the truth of them as seen in their real lineaments by some marvellous opening (through the art of Snorro) across the black strata of the ages. Two high, almost among the highest sons of Nature, seen as they veritably were; fairly comparable or superior to god-like Achilleus, goddess-wounding Diomedes, much more to the two Atreidai, Regulators of the Peoples.

I have also thought often what a Book might be made of Snorro, did there but arise a man furnished with due literary insight, and indefatigable diligence; who, faithfully acquaint-

[1] *Fors Clavigera*, Letter XIV. pp. 8–10.

ing himself with the topography, the monumental relics and illustrative actualities of Norway, carefully scanning the best testimonies as to place and time which that country can still give him, carefully the best collateral records and chronologies of other countries, and who, himself possessing the highest faculty of a Poet, could, abridging, arranging, elucidating, reduce Snorro to a polished Cosmic state, unweariedly purging away his much chaotic matter! A modern "highest kind of Poet," capable of unlimited slavish labor withal; — who, I fear, is not soon to be expected in this world, or likely to find his task in the *Heimskringla* if he did appear here.

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